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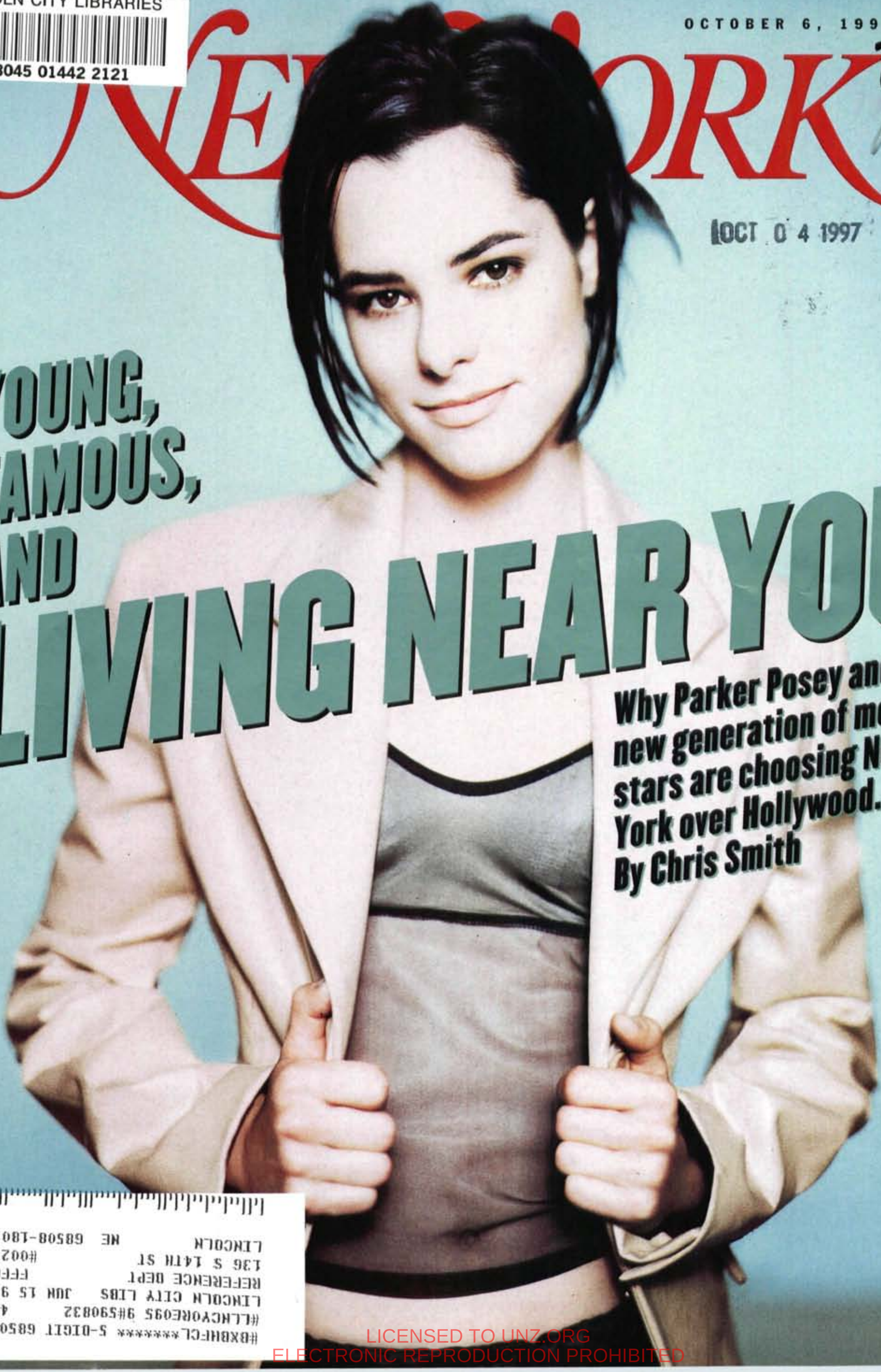

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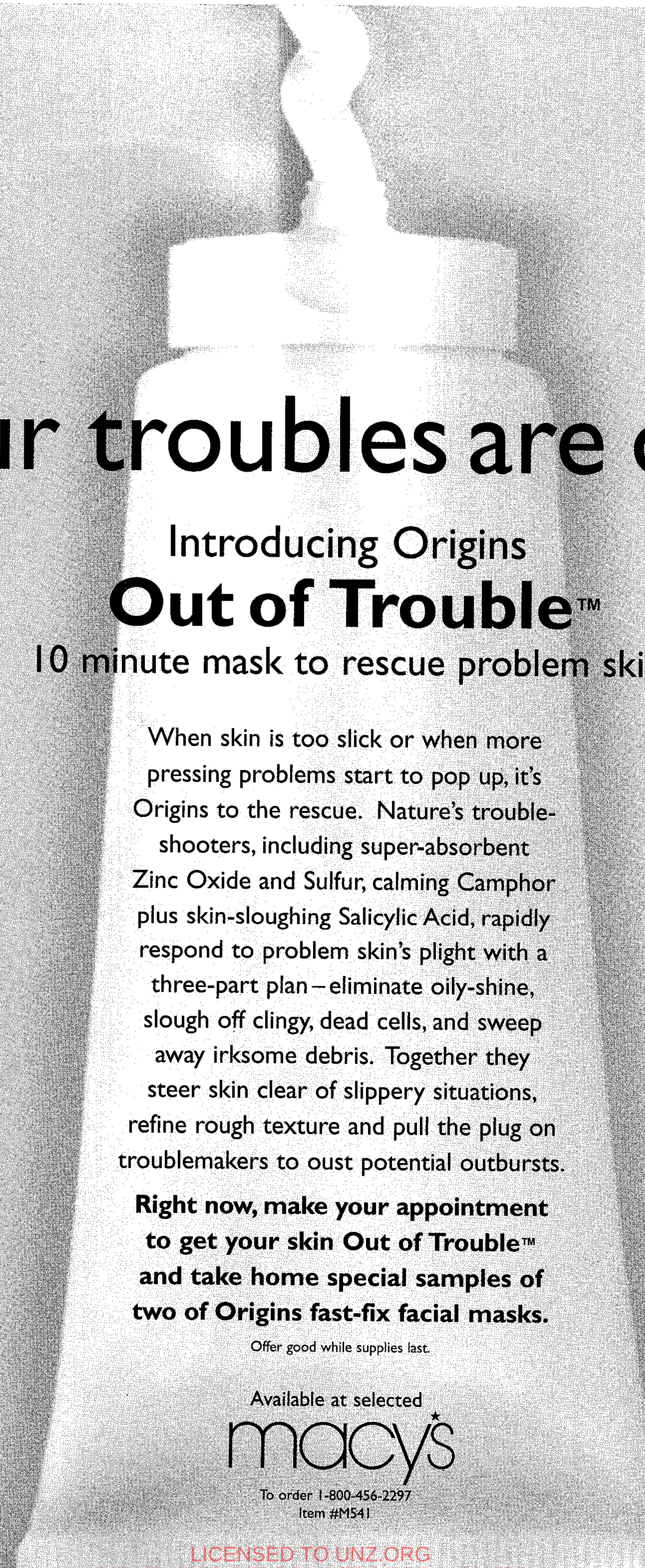
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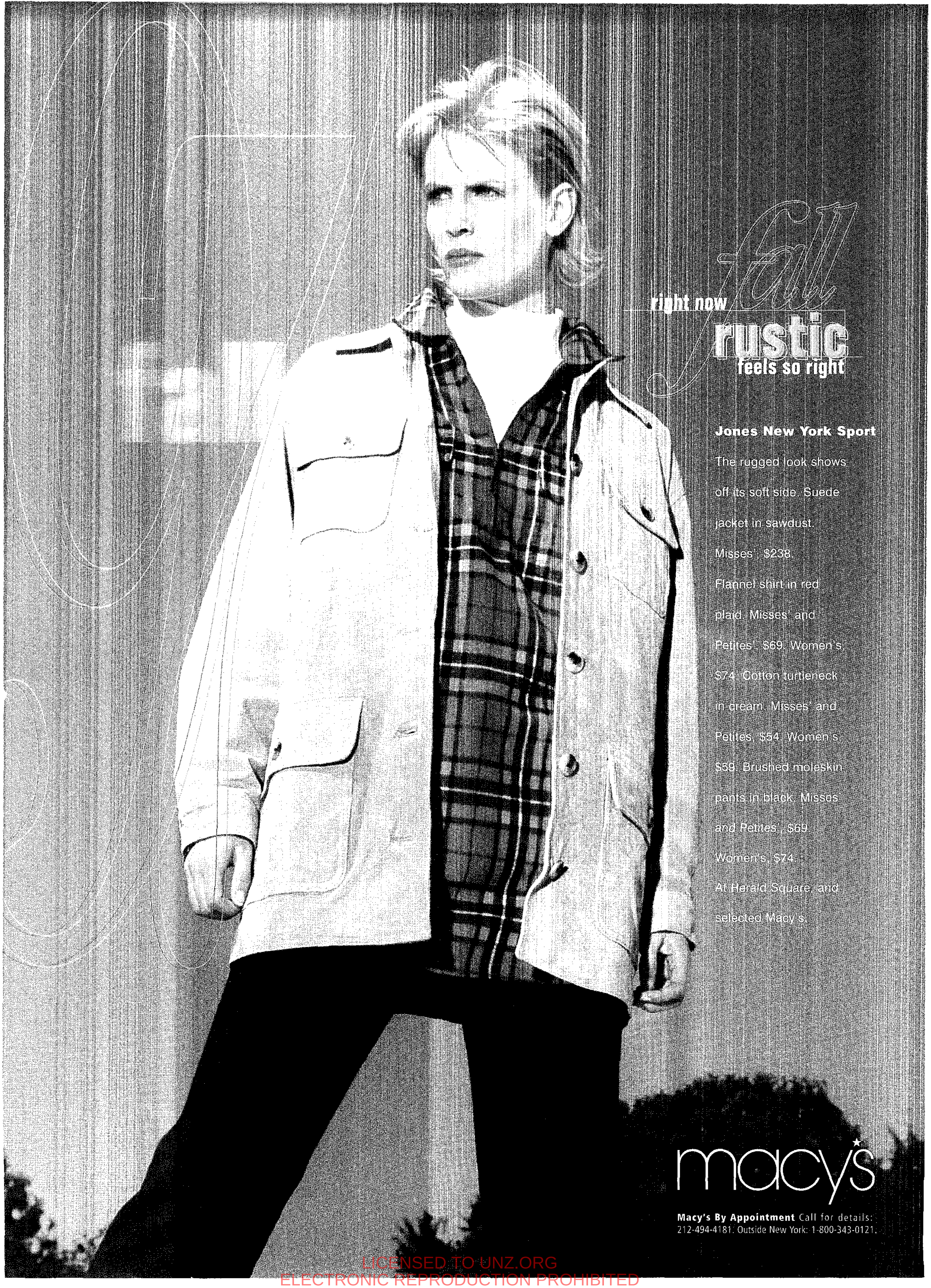

Jones New York Sport

The rugged look shows off its soft side. Suede jacket in sawdust. Misses', $238. Flannel shirt in red plaid. Misses' and Petites', $69. Women's, $74. Cotton turtleneck in cream. Misses' and Petites, $54. Women's, $59. Brushed moleskin pants in black. Misses' and Petites', $69. Women's, $74. At Herald Square, and selected Macy's.

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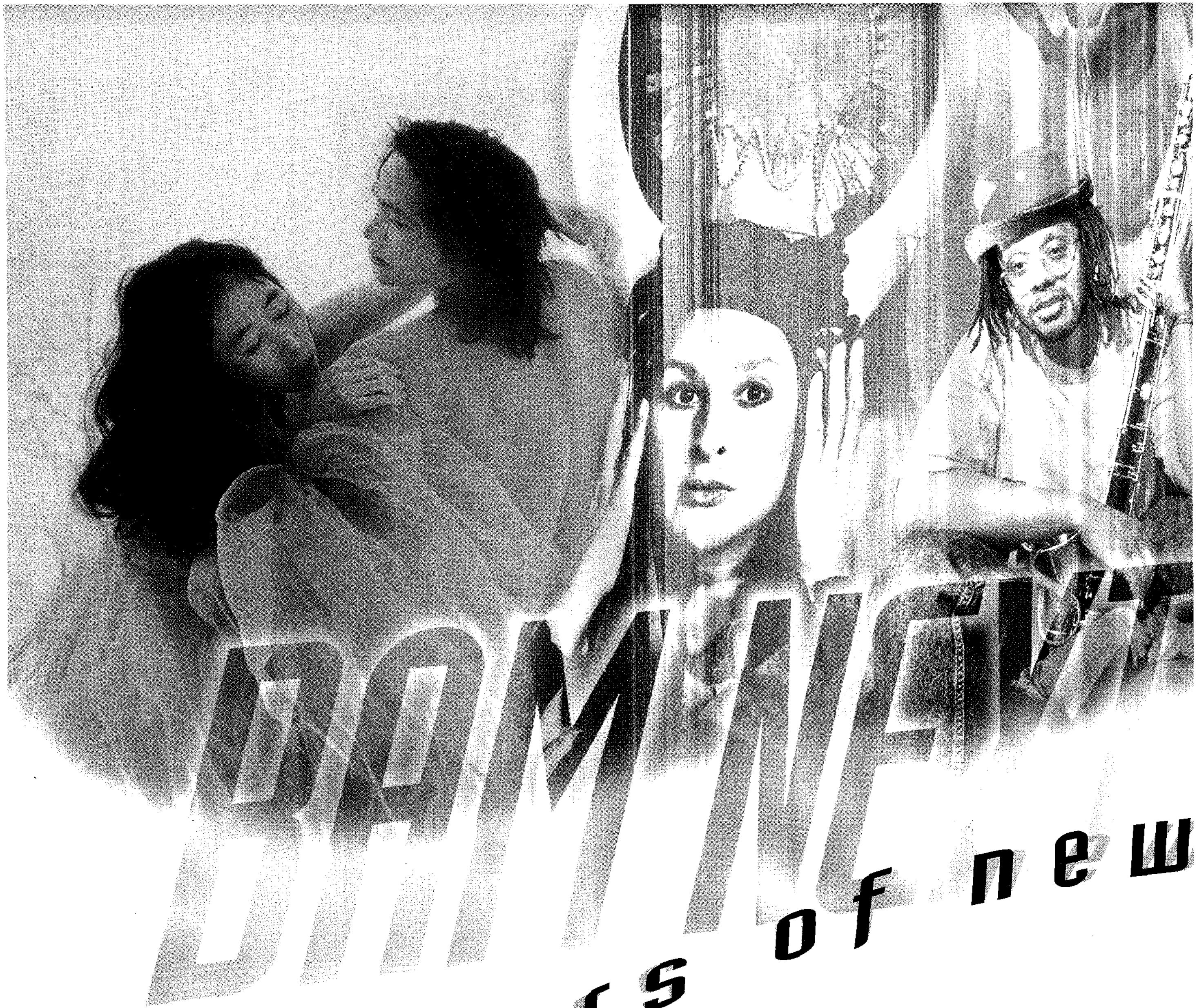

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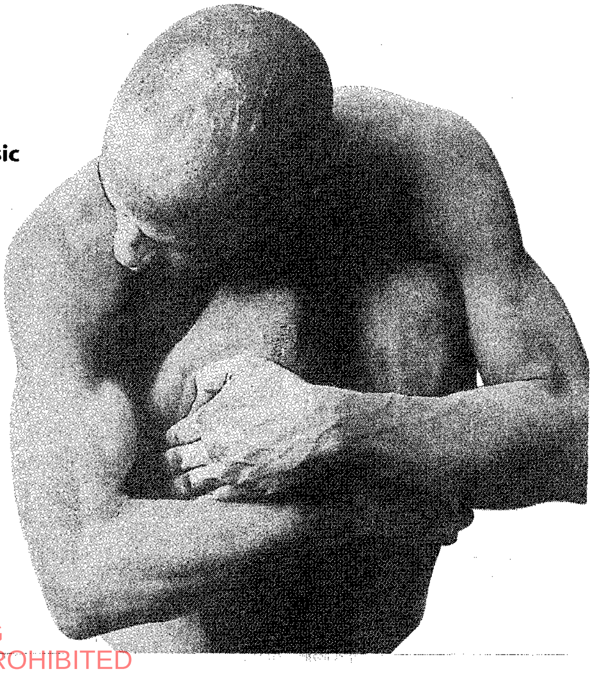

twists and turns

The *Next Wave Festival* at Brooklyn Academy of Music celebrates its 15th anniversary and pulses with the unexpected, breaking through convention in hot pursuit of the new. As it has for a decade and a half, *Next Wave* now takes to the street, hits the stage, and shows the world what's next—in dance, music, theater, opera and more.

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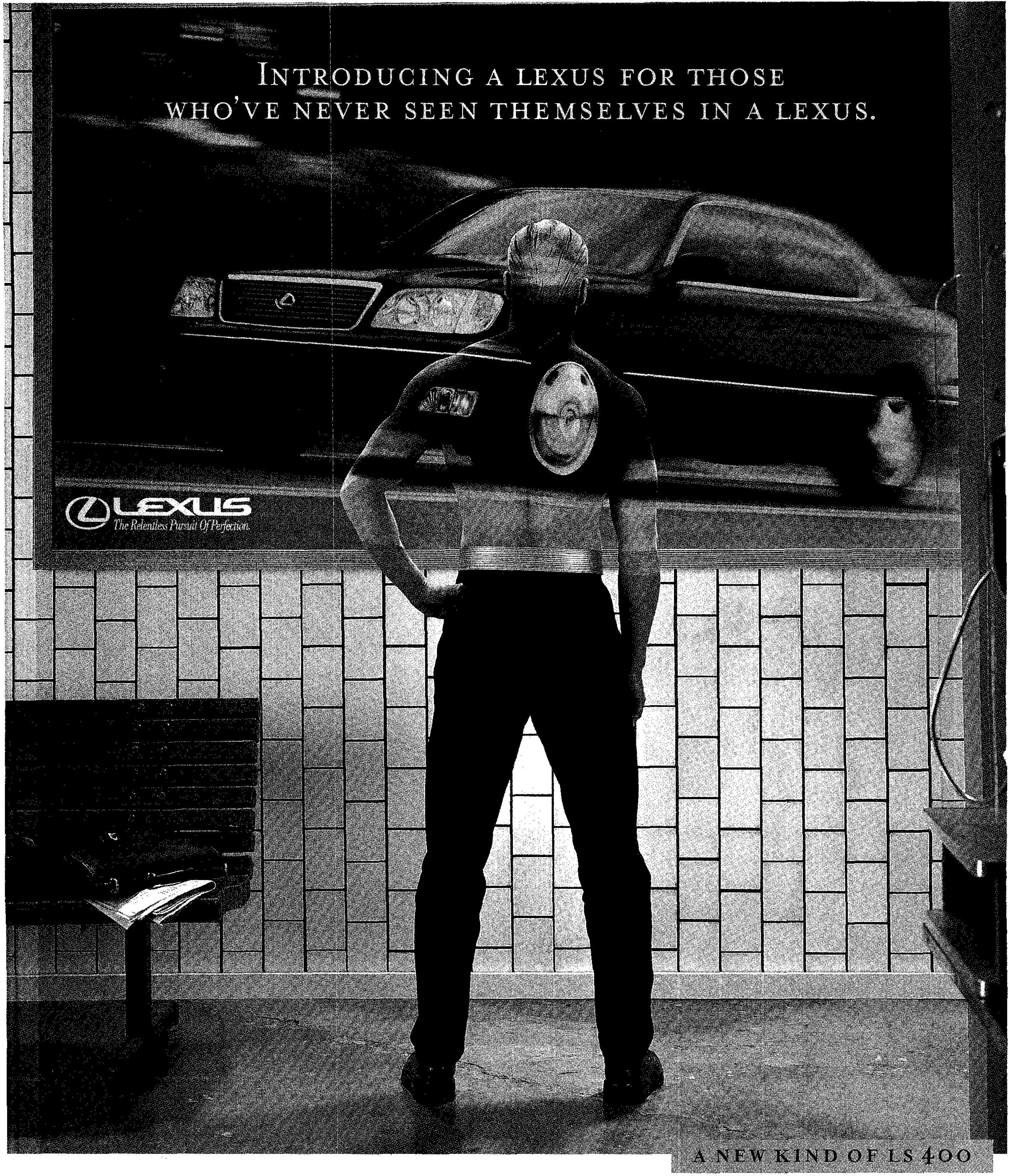
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>
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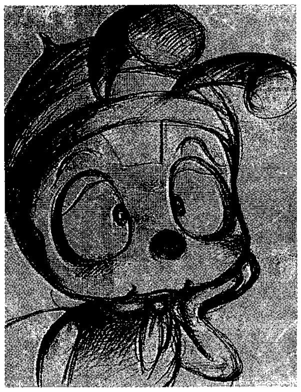
By Chris Smith

The old conventional wisdom was that if you wanted to make it in the movies, you had to go West. But as downtown's independent-film-production industry sizzles, a new generation of talented young actors is coming up—led by indie queen Parker Posey—who wouldn't dream of moving to the other coast. How a new star constellation rose in the East.

44 *Anime* Planet

By Lang Phipps

In the coming weeks, bizarre sloganeering (REFUSE TO WEAR YOUR GLASSES) will blanket billboards and subway cars citywide. It's not the latest Gap campaign, but the work of Japanese *anime* artist Yoshitaka Amano, who realized—per Warhol and Kostabi—that artistic talent will only get you so far: There must also be marketing.



50 For Better, For Nurse

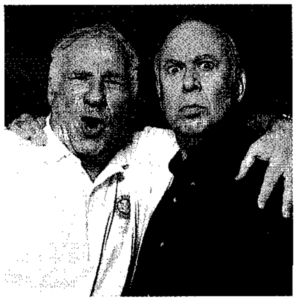
By Susan Brenna

After years of nursing activism, HMO patients at midtown's newest clinic will receive basic care and counseling not from doctors but from nurses with advanced training. Will New York's wary doctors and warier patients accept this new—and potentially cheaper—form of care?

56 Their Show of Shows

By Judith Stone

The 2000 Year Old Man is alive and well and spreading his shtick around the world. On their new album (the first since 1973), Mel Brooks and Carl Reiner discuss where to spend the millennium (the Red Sea or Vegas?) and whether Ovid or Ovitz got a better severance package. *Oy.*



Photograph, bottom left, by Robert Trachtenberg.

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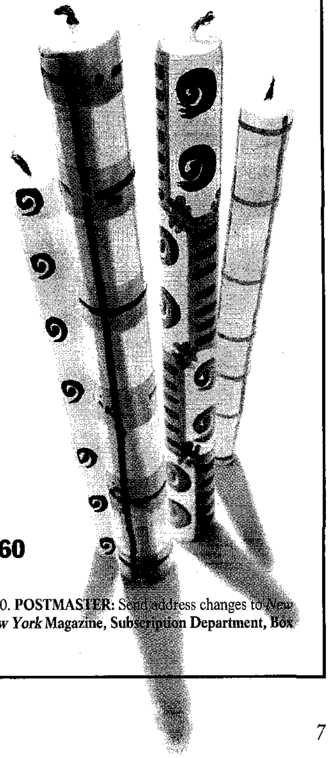
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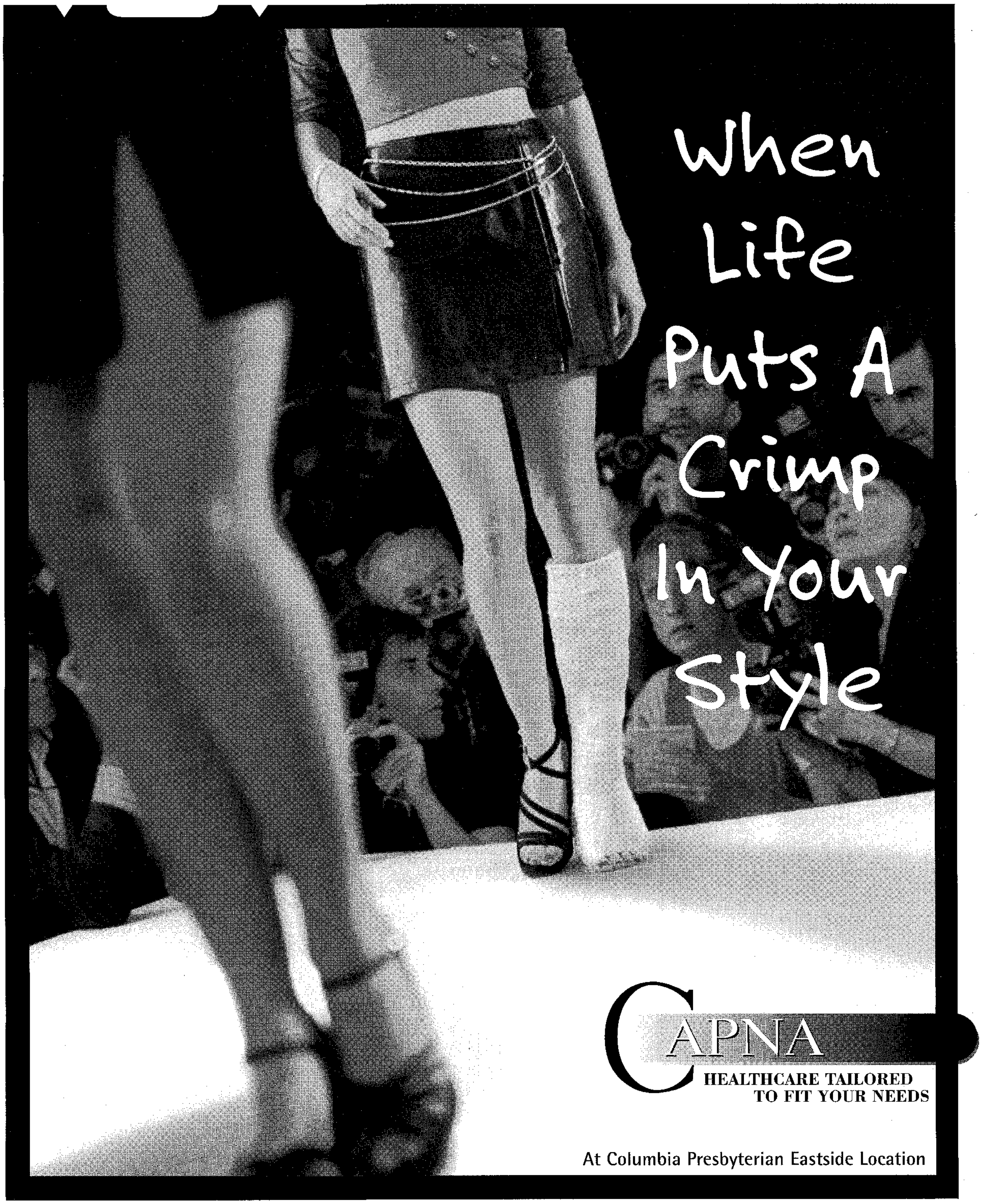
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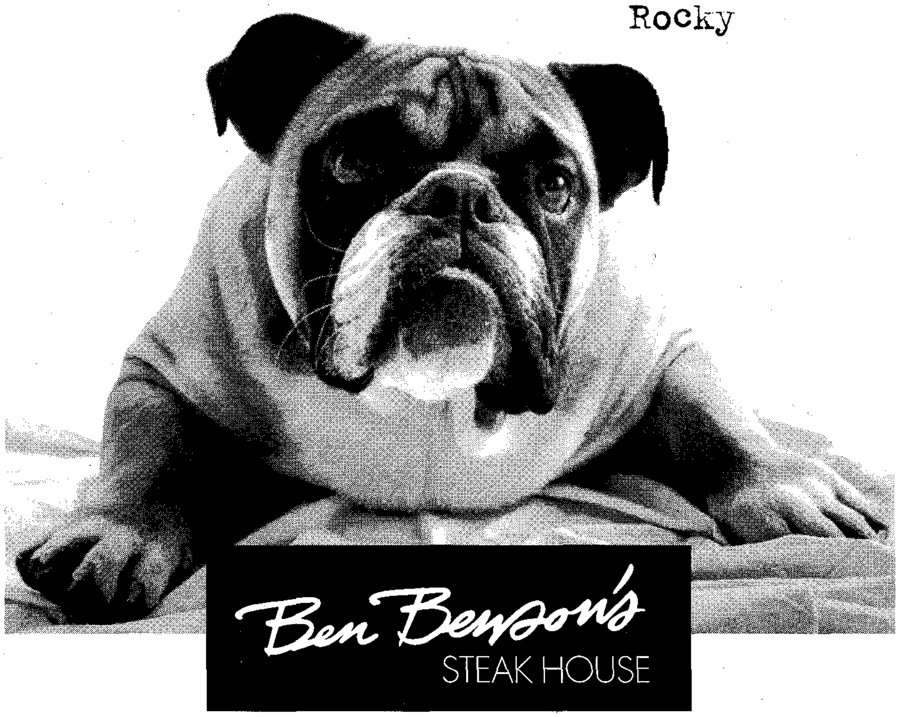
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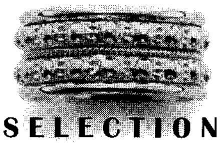

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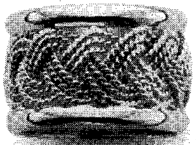

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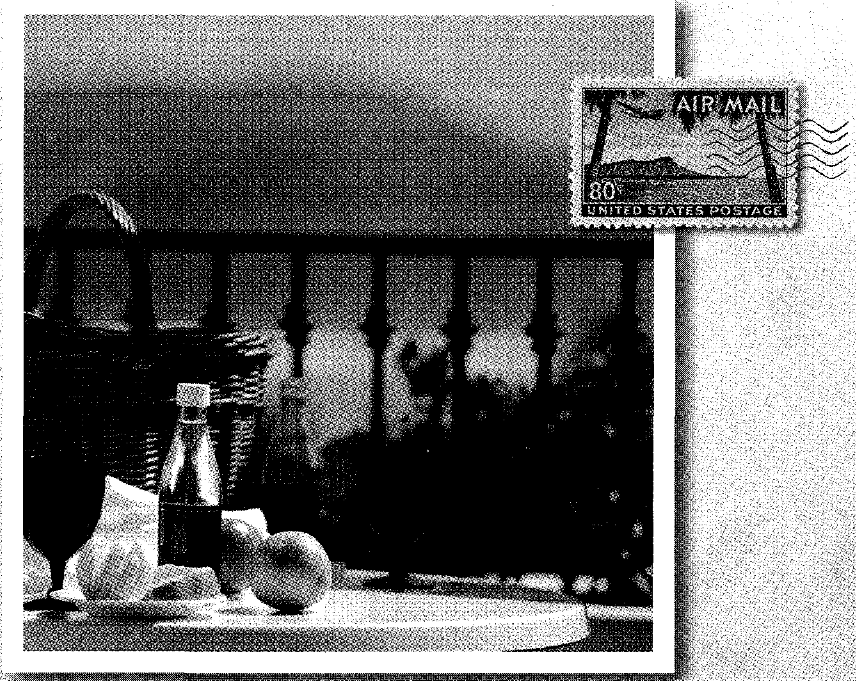

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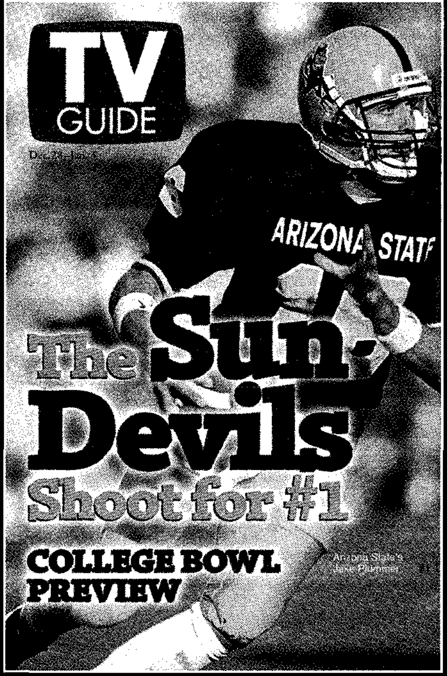
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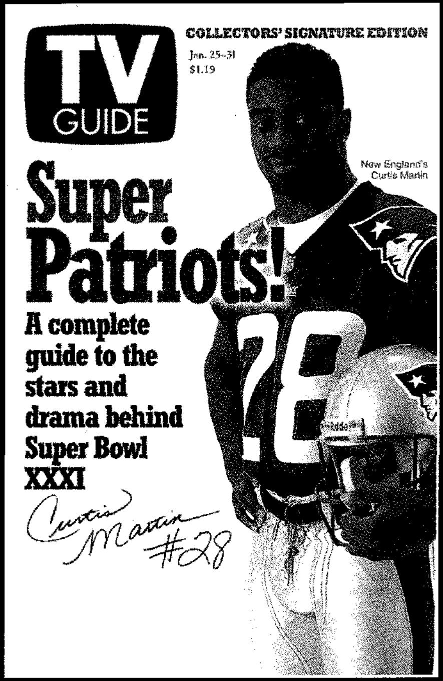
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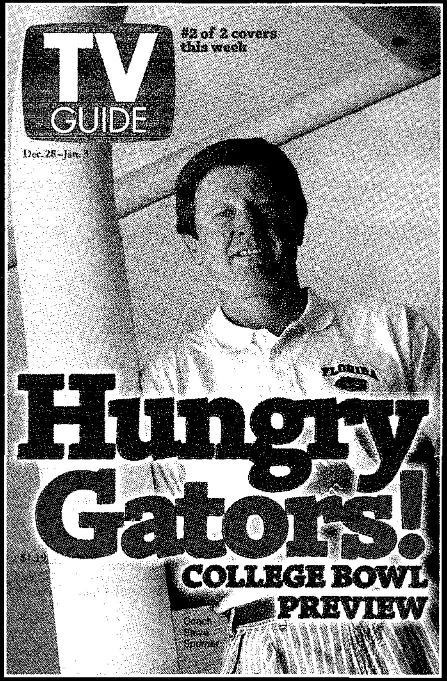
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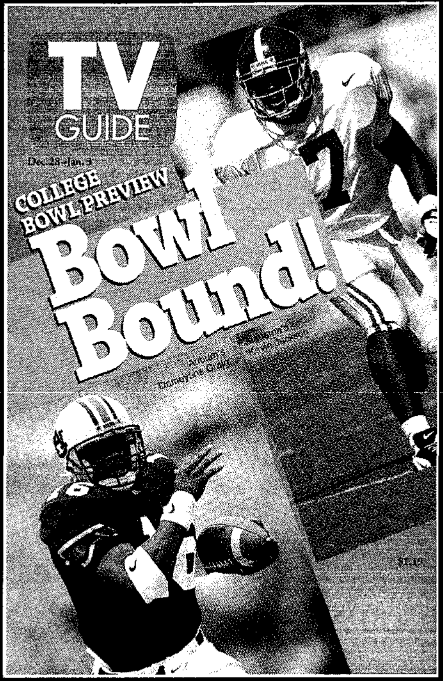
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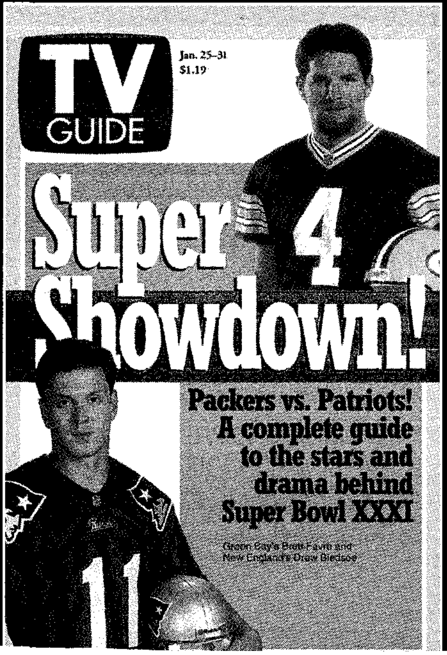
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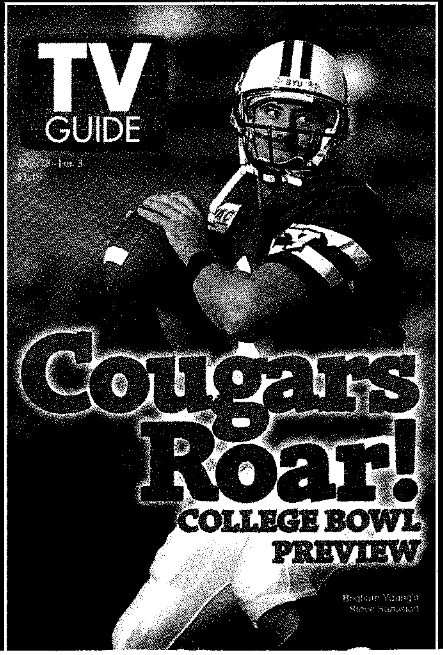
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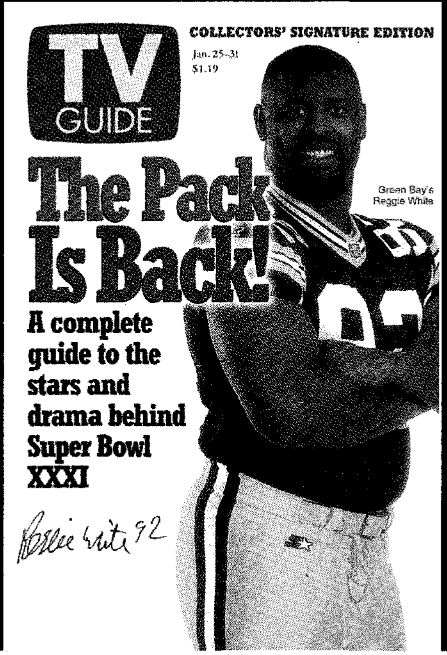
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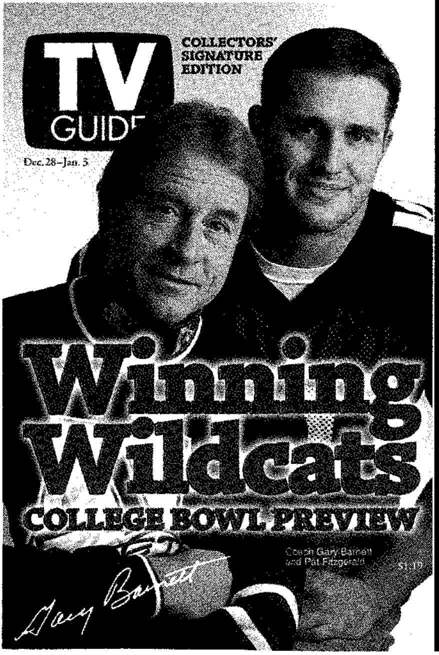
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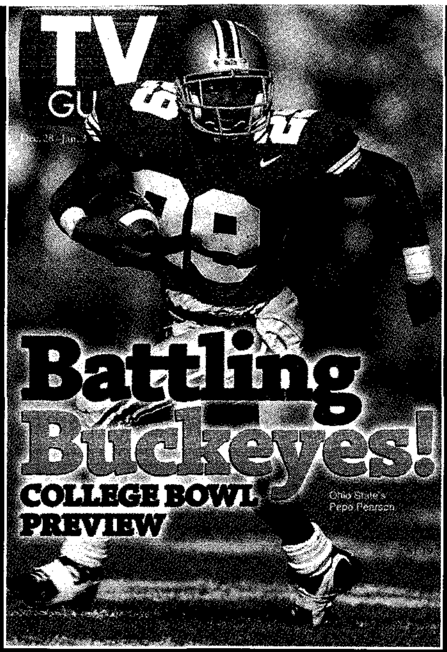
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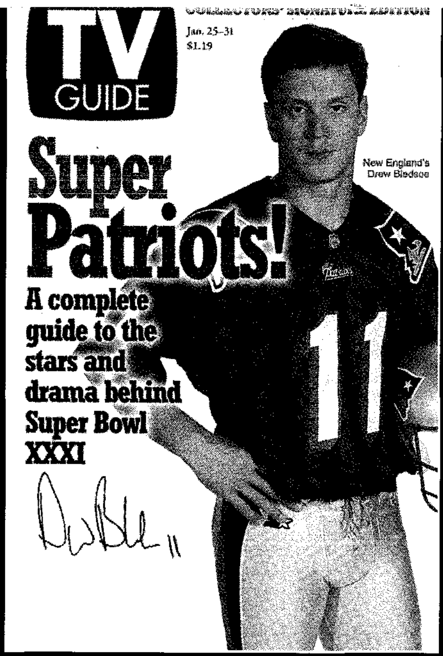
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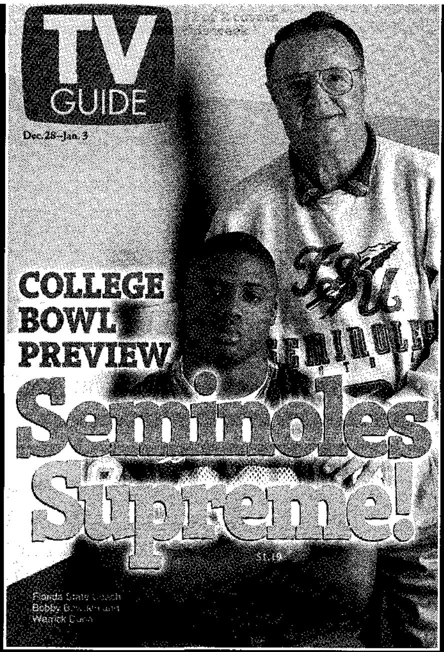
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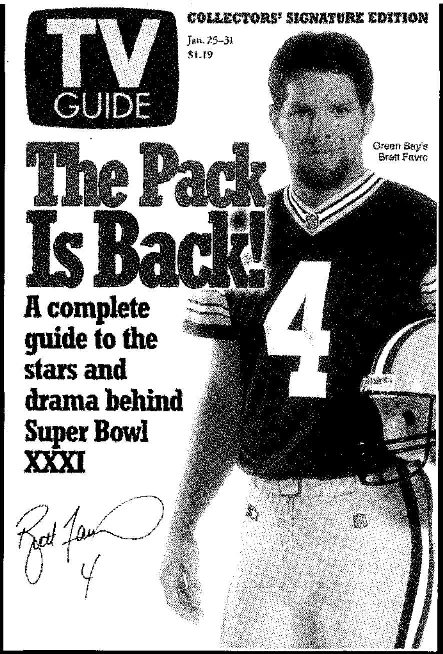
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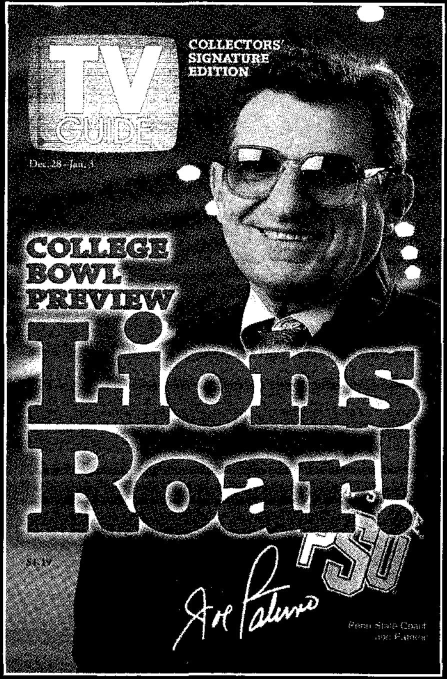
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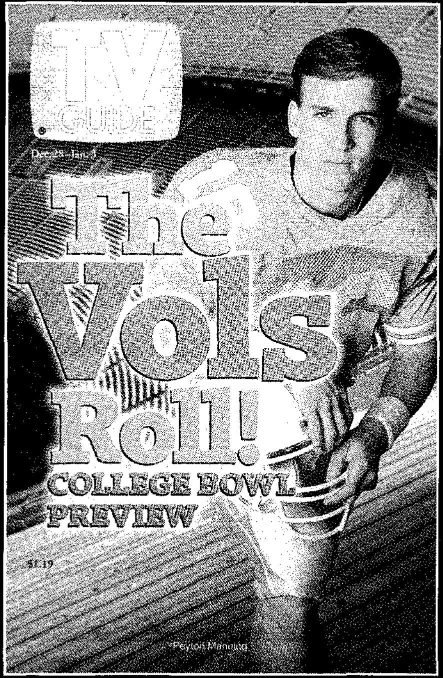
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LETTERS OCTOBER 6, 1997

Twice-Told Tale

Joyce Wadler's second cancer experience prompts readers to respond in kind, with stories of their own fear, frustration, and survival.

I READ THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF JOYCE Wadler's "Double Exposure" the other night, and it struck me in my heart and my gut [September 15 and 22]. I was diagnosed with Stage Three ovarian cancer in 1989 and spent the year enduring chemotherapy, multiple surgeries, and radiation. Your writing brought me back to the fear, anger, and sorrow of that period in my life. I am also Jewish with an Ashkenazi background and now have another thing to worry about—the real threat of breast cancer. But I have survived—so far! The first few years after the treatments ended, it was very much "one day at a time" and "if you want it, buy it." Now, eight years later, I've gotten kind of lazy. I do think I'll be around next year.

Shelley Casey
LOS ALTOS, CALIF.

I, TOO, WAS DIAGNOSED WITH STAGE Three–plus ovarian cancer. I freaked out. Everyone I knew or had heard of with this stage of the disease had died or was dying. I was not ready to do either. I decided to fight. I began by phoning the National Institutes of Health and discussed the availability of national trials. I felt that my only hope was to do something different—to have an opportunity to benefit from the newest research. The NIH gave me a listing of seven hospitals in the United States that are equipped for these trials.

The Arizona Medical Center in Tucson was just starting a new trial. I was operated on there on December 26, 1996. My ovaries, uterus, appendix, and omentum were removed—as well as a small portion of my intestines and diaphragm. Two ports were inserted for the chemo, one below my shoulder, the other on the side of my abdomen. The national trial was feeding the Taxol directly into my veins through the shoulder port and the Cisplatin directly into my peritoneum.

I'm fine. My CA-125 dropped from 1,000 to 17. I truly believe this method of treatment saved my life. Fight. Ask questions. Do research. Take charge of your treatment. Be your own advocate.

Marilyn W. Fisher
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to 104700.2560@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

I AM CONSIDERED A SUCCESS STORY BY MY doctors. True, I am alive at 44, but 21 years ago—because of the uncomfortable feeling I had making love with my boyfriend—I had myself checked out. A clinician at a women's center found a mass in my uterus the size of a grapefruit. No one believed that so many doctors had missed all the signs. Excruciating pain from periods for years, a bloated stomach—no one saw the writing on the wall.

And then the quick hysterectomy overnight, the awful chemo, the depressions, the mood swings, menopause overnight. The lack of counseling, a hysterical mother, denial by my doctors of what they had done to me. *Did they really need to take the ovaries?*

Now, 23 years later, I have osteoporosis. And a figure like an old woman's. And of course I am single.

The doctors, as I look back, were inhuman, insensitive creatures. Give us healing touch for the patients, at least. Bring some humanity into the hospital. Maybe that foot massage is the beginning of the only healing thing that happens to you in the hospital. It's about time.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

AFTER READING "DOUBLE EXPOSURE," I was not surprised by the mix of emotion that went through me. I am a 39-year-old single Jewish female with a very strong Ashkenazi background and a grandmother who had cancer, diagnosed late in her life. Ms. Wadler presents her unpredictable future with truth and humor. I am also a registered nurse who can understand her need for a kind word or at least a smile during her time in the hospital. We as women need to support one another. Those who fail in this aspect of our profession have yet to accept the reality that this could happen to them.

Claudia Reis
MANHATTAN

THANKS TO JOYCE WADLER FOR SPEAKING out about her cancer, and to *New York* for putting her on the cover. Wadler's candor, humor, and anger are what's needed to advance the fight against this terrible disease. Those of us battling advanced cancer may suffer—but we need not and should not suffer in silence.

Many cancer organizations, including New York's SHARE: Self-Help for Women with Breast or Ovarian Cancer (212-719-0364), have active advocacy organizations and welcome those interested in working to increase research funding so that improved treatments can be developed and made available to those who need them.

Carol E. Hochberg
MANHATTAN

I WAS DEEPLY MOVED BY JOYCE WADLER'S account of her new battle with cancer, this time ovarian. To tell her story in such a candid and funny way made me cry. Courage, Joyce. I couldn't wait to read part two to find out how it doesn't end.

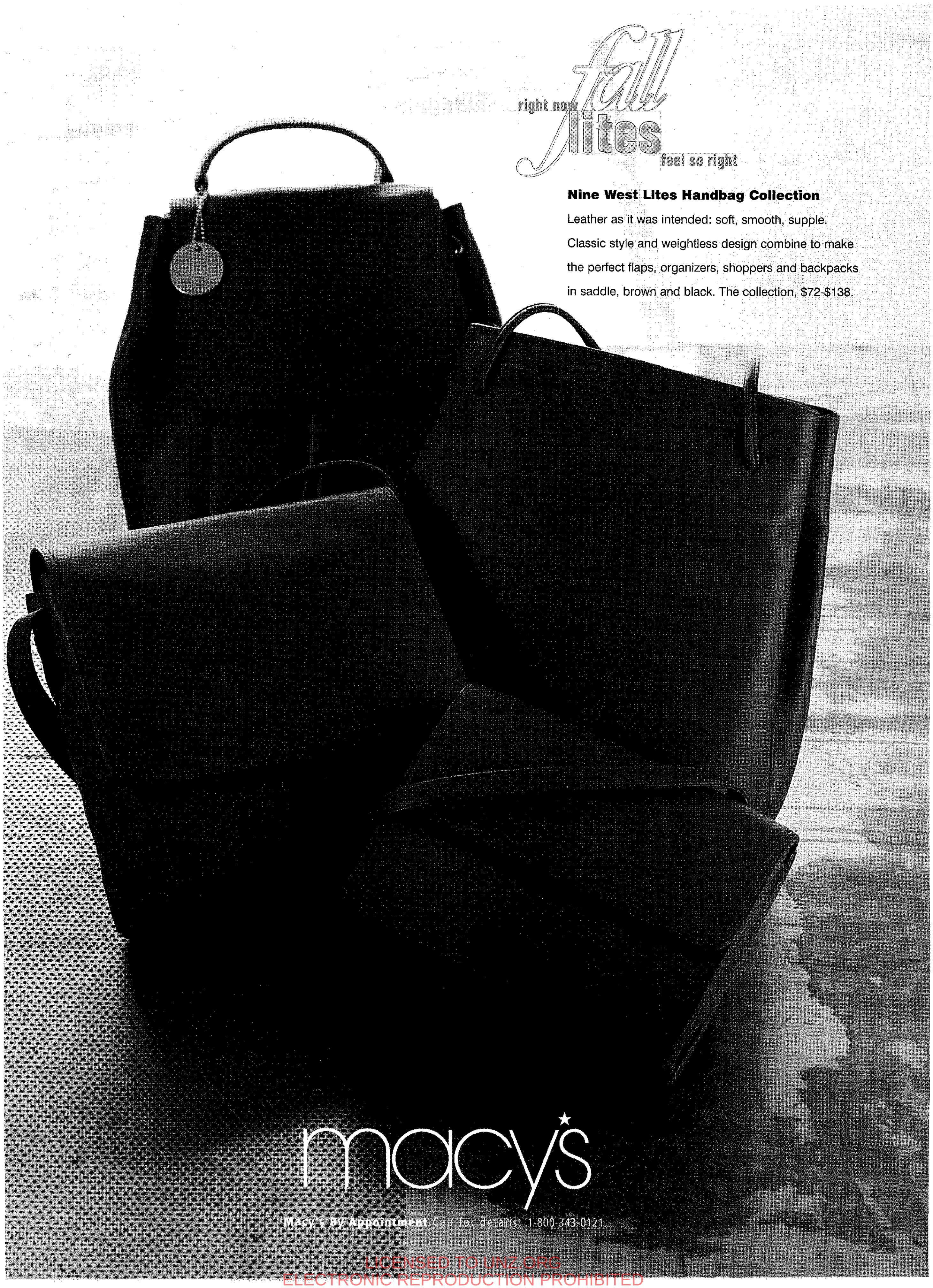
Lisa Eaton
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHAT IN THE WORLD MAKES YOU THINK your readers want a blow-by-blow account of someone's gruesome cancer experience? It's not *humorous*—it's revolting, and very narcissistic and self-indulgent on her part. An article like that belongs in one of those women's magazines—maybe—or a cancer publication. Totally inappropriate here.

Let's stick to celebrity, politics, and New Yorky things and leave the vainglorious biography to a more appropriate venue.

Veronica Washam
MANHATTAN

Correction In last week's "Senator Superfluous," Hanna Rosin wrote that New York's share of the Senate's new transportation bill is 90 cents for every dollar the state pays. In fact, the figure is $1.12 for every dollar. She also wrote that under the bill, New York loses $600 million; in fact, the state gets a $1.1 billion increase over six years, though New York's overall allotment still drops from 5.5 to 5.1 percent of the total federal highway outlay. ■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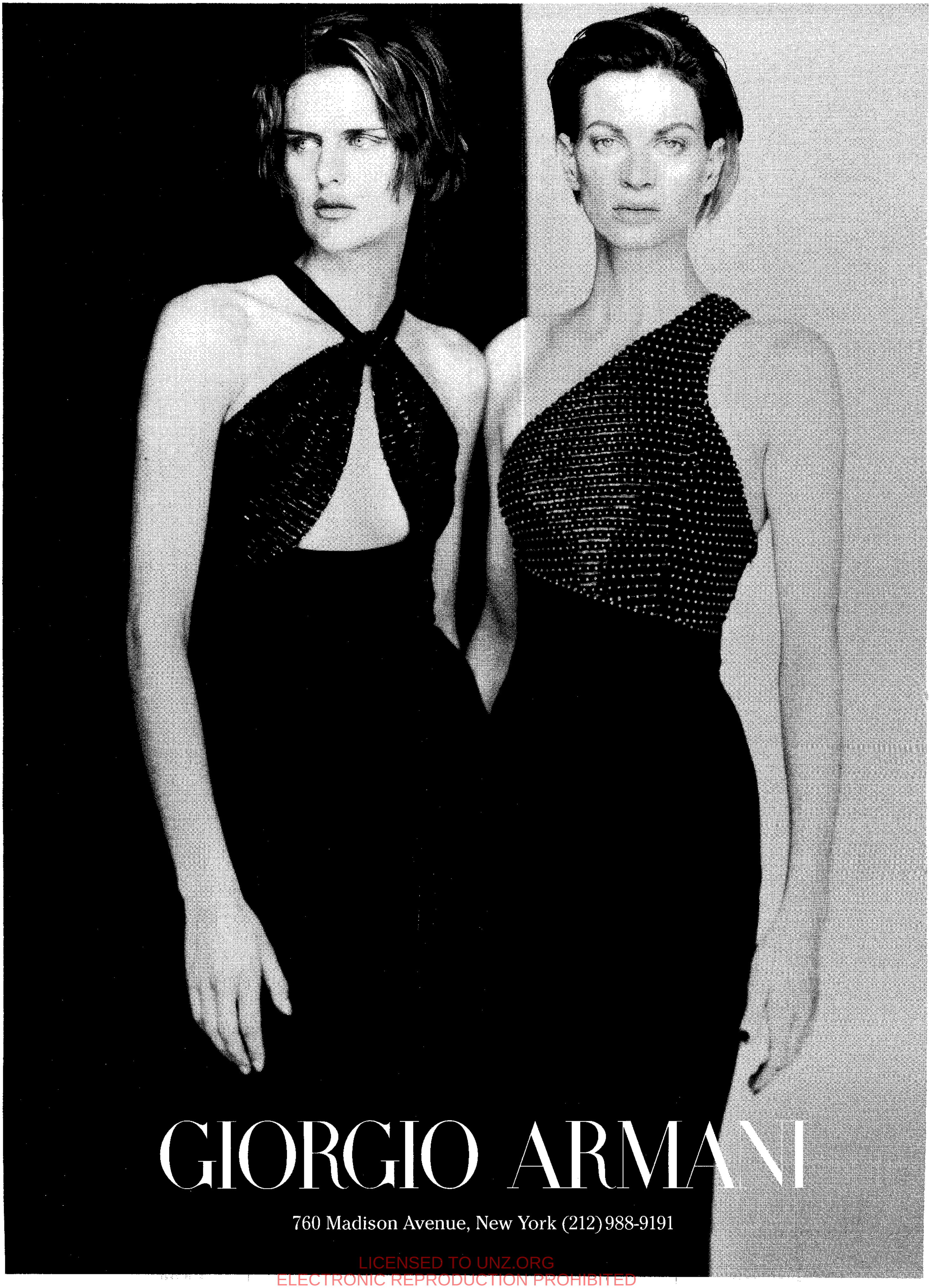

GIORGIO ARMANI

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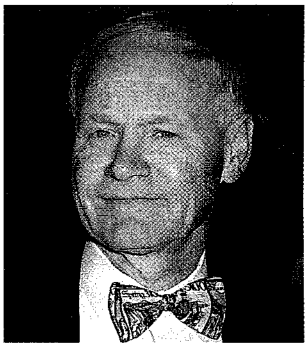
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

IS SAFIR SAFE AS THE TOP COP?

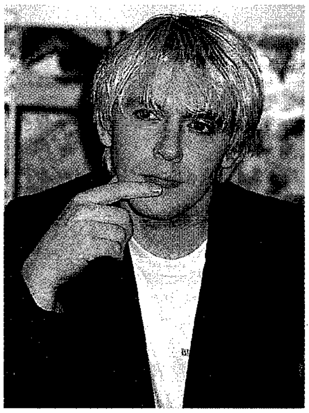
Is **Rudy Giuliani** having trouble with yet another police commissioner? Rumors are rife in criminal-justice circles that the mayor's relationship with his old friend **Howard Safir** has soured. "Safir's putting the word out that he wants to go; he's very unhappy," reports one law-and-order source. Another source close to the cops says Safir wants out by the end of the year. From the start, Safir was regarded as Rudy's guy, a "first deputy under Police Commissioner Rudolph Giuliani," as *Newsday* put it early in his tenure. And Safir embarrassed the administration by flying off to the Dominican Republic last year to ferret out fugitives hiding on the island, which doesn't have an extradition treaty with the U.S., ignoring the delicate ongoing negotiations between Dominican officials and the Manhattan D.A.'s office and the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District. Possible successors? Department chief **Louis Anemone,** and **Benito Romano,** a former U.S. Attorney now in practice at Willkie Farr & Gallagher. The name of **Katherine Lapp,** the mayor's criminal-justice coordinator, has been bandied about, but others say Lapp is likely to go to work for Governor Pataki soon. Safir spokeswoman **Marilyn Mode** says rumors about his troubled relationship with the mayor are "totally untrue and pure fantasy." "The mayor thinks Howard Safir is doing a terrific job, " reports Giuliani press secretary **Colleen Roche.**



Howard Safir:
Out of commish?

DURAN DURAN POLISH UP THEIR ACT

Will Duran Duran be doing in-store appearances at the mall this fall and showing up in the pages of *Allure*? The eighties-spawned pop band will be pushing more than tunes when their new CD, *Madazzaland,* is released next month—they'll also be peddling nail polish. Negotiations have just begun to launch three nail colors with the former *Teenbeat* pinups: The first, Electric Barbarella, is named after the album's first single. Duran Duran, half of whose members have married models, seem to have no problem with the product's feminine image. "We've had the last ten years of dark misery," muses keyboardist **Nick Rhodes.** "Makeup for men is always looked at in a strange light. But I look at it as totally pop."



Nick Rhodes:
Hand that feeds him

KEEPING THE FURIES AT *BAYWATCH*

Yasmine Bleeth doesn't hate *Baywatch,* and she'd like the editors of *Details* to tell that to the show's producers. After reading her quotes in the magazine's October cover story featuring TV's hottest babes, Yasmine had her spokesperson call the magazine to register her displeasure and request that someone there write a letter to the show smoothing things over. In the piece, Yasmine responds to the question "Do you ever have days when you think, I can't believe I'm playing this idiotic character?" with "All the time! That's why I'm leaving *Baywatch.* . . . I don't want to take money for doing something I hate. . . . Thank you very much for the opportunity." Says the rep, "She was upset because she felt she was misunderstood. She has never badmouthed the show. It doesn't make her look nice. She wants a letter sent to *Baywatch* explaining that she didn't say that. Everything was taken out of context." But, says editor **Michael Caruso,** "there was a line which perhaps had caused her some problems with the people at *Baywatch,* but we double checked and we had her quote on tape, verbatim." According to the spokesperson, the writer, **Sarah Miller,** actually asked a slightly different question: how Bleeth felt about playing this *fucking* character, not *idiotic* character. "Yasmine told me she never would have responded to a question about an idiotic character," says Miller. "She would have found it too insulting."

GOLDBERG WON'T DIS HIS OWN BABYFACES

The buzz at Wednesday night's event to honor MTV president **Judy McGrath** for her work with Phoenix House was not about the stellar performances by **Babyface** and **Stevie Wonder** but the hasty exit by co-host, and newly appointed Mercury Group chairman, **Danny Goldberg.** As soon as the presentation part of the evening was over, Goldberg, who chaired the evening with **Tina Brown** and MTV chairman **Tom Freston,** slipped out with his wife, **Rosemary Carroll.** He left before seeing any artist on the bill perform, including Wonder, one of the only stars of the Motown label that just last week came under Goldberg's auspices. "People were in shock," says one attendee. "I mean, he was the *host* of the evening, and he couldn't be respectful enough of the artists to stay for their performance." But Goldberg had other priorities. According to a source close to the exec, "He agreed to participate in the evening because of his friendship with Judy. He has great re-

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Gregg DeGuire/London Features Int;Jeff Slocomb/Outline.

Don Henley:
Kick 'im when he's up?

AIRING HENLEY'S DIRTY LAUNDRY

At least we know the title is accurate: **Don Henley** really went to the limit when he got his hands on an early copy of the embargoed book *To the Limit: The Untold Story of the Eagles,* which Little, Brown is publishing this fall. First Henley's lawyer sent the requisite letter to the publishers, angrily announcing that the unauthorized bio was full of lies. The publisher wrote back, offering to review facts before publication, a process that is now under way, according to insiders. But Henley's lawyers had another trick up their sleeve: They called in corporate muscle at Warner Bros., which has just signed Henley to a $9 million deal, asking them to kill the book at the Time Warner–owned publisher. Synergy will apparently get you only so far, since that ploy didn't work, and **Marc Eliot**'s book—which goes into Henley's relationship with **Stevie Nicks** in the late seventies and his 1980 drug bust—is still on track. **David Geffen,** the band's first manager, also got an early copy, but he just called the author instead of dealing through lawyers. Eliot calls Geffen "a real mensch." Little, Brown publisher **Sarah Crichton** says the book is "undergoing a basic legal review."

Robin Tunney and Bob Gosse:
Cinephiles

spect for the artists, but he also has young children at home, and the baby-sitter couldn't stay. He felt it was better to leave before the performances than in the middle of them."

LOCAL DEMS TURN CATHERINE'S WHEEL

Watch out, folks: New York's Democratic Party is trying to discipline itself. To topple state Attorney General **Dennis Vacco** next year, a seat that's regarded as vulnerable, New York's Democratic county leaders want to avoid a bruising primary. So they've been interviewing the three all-but-declared candidates—State Senator **Catherine Abate** and lawyers **Eliot Spitzer** and **G. Oliver Koppell**—with the dream of unifying everyone behind one candidate, forcing the others to give up or switch to other races. "We will have discipline in the attorney general's race," vows one state leader, who adds that there's "no question we will be in agreement on the candidate." Well, maybe. Several county leaders who say they're leaning toward Spitzer are trying to get Abate to switch over to the lieutenant governor's race. But Abate calls that "wishful thinking" on the part of Spitzer loyalists. "No one within months and months seriously has said to me, 'Catherine, I think you should run for lieutenant governor,' " she says. "In the last six months, the calls have been [for] governor or attorney general." She says she's committed to the AG's race. Says Spitzer: "I'm running as a lawyer, not a politician."

VENETIAN AFFAIR; NEW JET LAIR

CITY OF LOVE: Rising star **Robin Tunney** took home more than just the Best Actress prize from the Venice Film Festival. The actress, who starred in *The Craft* and won for her performance as a Tourette's-syndrome sufferer in *Niagara, Niagara,* is now engaged to the film's director, **Bob Gosse.** The couple will wed early next month.

MEET THE JETS' SON: The owners of Jet Lounge, Groove Jet, and Jet East are about to unveil their fourth club—the second in New York— just in time for Fashion Week. Jet, as it is simply (if unoriginally) named, will be a two-story lounge on Lafayette Street near Spring Street, next to Balthazar.

ASPEN BOUND: What do **Colin** and **Alma Powell, Bob** and **Liddy Dole, Herbert Allen, Michael Eisner, Jack Nicklaus,** and **Bob Woodward** have in common? Turns out they all spent the second weekend in September in Aspen, courtesy of **Teddy Forstmann.** The financier has been gathering captains of industry for a weekend power conference in Aspen for a few years now, a sort of non-mergers-and-acquisitions version of Allen's famed Sun Valley retreat. Forstmann's guests go to panels and lectures in the mornings, then attend lunches, dinners, and, this year at least, an evening with the comic **Danny Gans** and a **Willie Nelson** concert.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Shana Ting Lipton.

A KINK IN HIS PUBLISHING PLANS

When it rains, it pours. Just ask **Norman Lawrence,** 84, a clothing manufacturer who pioneered water-resistant apparel (remember **Sophia Loren**'s fur-lined raincoat?) in the fifties and sixties. Now retired, Norman decided to write a book, *A World of Fashion,* about his wet-'n'-wild experiences and gathered together vintage rainwear designs from the houses of Dior, Valentino, Givenchy, Chanel, Balmain, and others. Not wanting to damage the original sketches while he was writing, Lawrence took the signed pen-and-ink drawings—valued at $377,000—to be copied at his local Kinko's. "Sorry," Lawrence says he was told by the copiers a few days later. "We seem to have lost your materials." The drawings have never been found. Lawrence is kicking up a storm: He has filed a lawsuit with the New York State Supreme Court against Kinko's, asking for just over $1 million in damages. "The drawings were a record of a whole life spent in fashion," laments Lawrence. "In a way, it's as if that whole world itself were lost to me." A spokesperson for Kinko's responds: "We're currently in discussion with Mr. Lawrence's attorney, and we anticipate that this matter will be resolved in the near future."

Photographs: left, Neal Preston/Outline; right, Patrick McMullen.

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An immense vertical mess set upon a square horizontal order—*Nicolas Nabokov*

GOTHAM

You can't play its slot machines yet, but the Tropicana sure brightens up the Erie Basin.

CRUISE TO NOWHERE

A casino ship sits idle in Brooklyn—with a crew about to mutiny.

OUT BY THE MOUTH OF the Gowanus Canal, the landscape is dotted with rusting cranes, scrap yards, and ramshackle buildings of indeterminate purpose. Since late last spring, however, a most unlikely structure has dominated the scene: 410 feet of gleaming-white cruise ship bearing the brightly painted name *Tropicana.* A South Carolina businessman named Fred Collins brought the vessel up from Florida in hopes of cashing in on a new market for offshore gambling. But so far, nothing has come of these ambitious plans, so while Collins loses thousands of dollars a day (and his patience), the ship and its crew sit there, waiting for his luck to change.

According to New York's recently created Gambling Commission, however, that's not likely to happen anytime soon. Collins bought the ship before authorization was possible. He did go to the trouble of calling Deputy Mayor Rudy Washington's office last March, according to Jack Deacy, deputy press secretary, but he was "advised that legislation had been introduced and that when the commission was set up, he would not be able to sail without a license."

"I didn't know I wouldn't be able to sail," says Collins. "I didn't come in at night and try to be clandestine."

As it is, applications for the licenses won't even be available until at least November, and then they'll require extensive background checks. Meanwhile, the ship's 55-person crew, made up largely of Third World nationals, has grown a tad restless. Earlier this month, as reported by the *Journal of Commerce,* Mark O'Dean, the ship's assistant bartender, was so bold as to demand his back wages; Collins terminated his

SPIN CYCLE

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF P.R.

Hey, TV Lovers, It's Premiere Week

- "If a bunch of these shows tank, *someone* will have to pay."
  —*'Entertainment Weekly'*
- The networks "are tortured..., but the use of pilots is still absolutely vital. And every year is an urgent year."
  —*Ron Fredrick, executive director, J. Walter Thompson's National Broadcast Group*
- "EARLY RETURNS FOR THE SEASON: The rating news provided an odd set of roller coaster experiences...NBC looked early on as if it had a mixed bag of news...CBS all but collapsed in the national ratings."—*New York 'Times,' September 24*
- "We're off to a solid start, but you try not to make too much of first-week numbers. We're generally pretty pleased."
  —*CBS spokesperson, September 25*
- "We are very pleased with the performance of all our new shows."
  —*ABC spokesperson, September 25*
- "No comment."
  —*NBC spokesperson, September 25*

CAMEO

Pacino Couldn't Have Played It Better

FRANK SERPICO HAS THE theatrical intensity of a man who's at home in his own legend. He knows what's expected of him—secrets, revelations, vague intimations of conspiracy—and at last week's City Council police-corruption hearings, he didn't disappoint. He told a story about the FBI's requesting his help in a police investigation. "They found me in a remote cold-water chalet in the Swiss Alps," he told the hushed room. "When I refused to cooperate, it was necessary for me to flee Switzerland, without any possessions, naked in the snow, my clothes under my arm, and my dog, Alfie, at my side."

As always, Serpico raised more questions than he answered: What kind of a dog was Alfie? Why would *anyone* live in a cold-water chalet in the Alps? Did Serpico know the Unabomber? The council members wondered if he was joking, or perhaps, in his loneliness, had gone off the deep end. Maybe a whistle-blower can never truly come in from the cold.

hotographs: top, Evan Kafka; bottom, AP/Wide World.

contract. When O'Dean refused to leave the ship without being paid, Collins hired a private detective to go onboard, handcuff the man, and force him onto a plane headed to Antigua, where he lives. Over the past five months, eighteen other crew members, all non–U.S. citizens who cannot legally stay in the country if they're not onboard, have left.

"I didn't owe Mark O'Dean one doggone cent," Collins fumes. "I know the law. It was not only my right but my *duty* to put Mark O'Dean in manacles." That view differs somewhat from the official one: According to a source at the Immigration and Naturalization Service, "the owner has the responsibility to repatriate a worker whose contract is up, but that doesn't give him carte blanche authority to drive people off his ship."

With the recent departure of the captain—who did not respond well to having his authority repeatedly usurped by Collins—Mary Jane Shaw, the ship's assistant manager, is in charge, and she graciously escorts visitors around the chrome-and-mirrored lounges. Throughout one recent visit, however, crew members were scarce, and when two chaplains from the Seaman's Church Institute approached her, hoping to deliver magazines to the crew, she told them to return in five days.

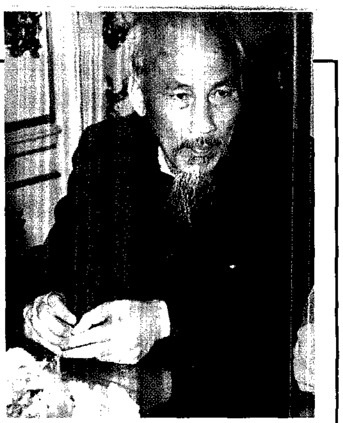
In ten years on the job, Bob Montgomery, one of the ministers, said, he'd only once before been denied permission to board, and that time the ship was pulling up anchor. "This is a bad sign," he added.

Shaw assured the ministers that the "50 humans" onboard were very well cared for. "And they leave the ship all the time. They know where to shop—even where to get bargains around here," she said, gesturing at the barren industrial landscape. JUDY RICHHEIMER

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

A Good Minh

Former U.S. spooks recall an accidental enemy.

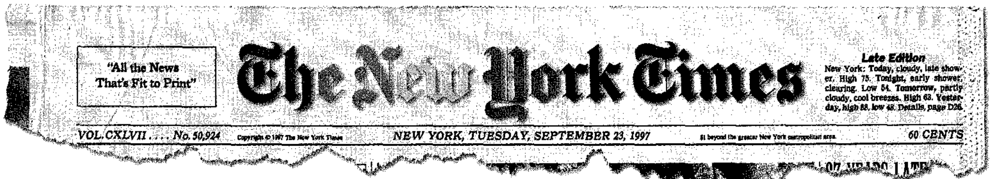


The Abe Lincoln of Vietnam: Ho Chi Minh in 1957.

VIET REGRET NEVER SLEEPS, so how could the lamenting boomer pass up a program entitled "Foundations of U.S.-Vietnam Relations: The Missed Opportunity of 1945"? In the post-embargo era, these "meet the enemy" fests have become fairly common, but this reunion (held at the Asia Society last week), between soldiers from the Office of Strategic Services (the predecessor to the CIA) and Ho Chi Minh's Vietminh army, offered special resonance. Fifty-two years ago, the then-fledgling OSS parachuted into the jungles north of Hanoi, seeking to bolster the guerrilla Vietminh in the fight against the Japanese. Now, deep into their seventies and eighties, the former OSS men still wonder how things could have gone so wrong.

Historians indicate Uncle Ho was once a thoroughgoing Americanophile, extensively quoting from the Declaration of Independence while asserting Vietnam's own (fleeting) liberation from France back in 1945. But no Americans knew Ho like the OSS men who spent time with him in the bush and are still haunted by the memory of him. "To me he was a combination of St. Francis of Assisi and Abraham Lincoln," says George Wickes, who later became an English professor at the University of Oregon. To the now-90-year-old playwright Charles Fenn, the Vietnamese patriarch was "clearly a great man. . . . That we would wind up fighting his country is one of the great tragedies of the twentieth century."

Most telling, however, is the testimony of Frank Tan, one of the first of the Americans who met Ho, marching with him from China to the Vietminh base at Tan Trao. After the Japanese surrender, Ho gave Tan a letter expressing his hopes that the U.S. might aid the Viet cause. But Tan says he was never able to get anyone "important" to read the letter. "People said, 'Frank, forget it. Nothing can or will happen.' Now, perhaps, I would have given the letter to the newspapers, but then I was not up to the task." Tan shook his head mournfully. "I have been suffering for 50 years with this." MARK JACOBSON



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The New York Times

Late Edition

New York: Today, cloudy, late shower. High 75. Tonight, early shower, clearing. Low 54. Tomorrow, partly cloudy, cool breezes. High 63. Yesterday, high 68, low 48. Details, page D26.

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SURVEY

The Best of the *Times*, the Worst of the *Times* . . .

The Americanization of the Big Apple has reached its apotheosis: the New York *Times* in Technicolor, spruced up like its sanitized Times Square environs. Is this the best thing since the Chelsea Piers, or is it the new Coke? A jury of New Yorkers rendered their verdict after a week of adjustment. SARAH BERNARD

Ed Koch, nouveau *People's Court* personality: "I happen to love color. I think it adds to the paper. I started reading it when I was 10, so a day for me is not complete if I haven't read the *Times*."

Avery Corman, New York observer and writer: "I'm reading less of the paper than I was before. What I see happening is their format starts to run the content."

Eric Ripert, Le Bernardin chef extraordinaire: "It's much better. For me it's the best food section I ever saw in a newspaper. They have a team, it's like the food commandos."

Nadine Johnson, society publicist and wife of gossip guru: "I love it. I like 'House & Home' the best. It's a hot section because of the trend of more people staying home. Young people are reading 'Home' the way they used to read the style section five years ago."

Tom Wolfe, eighties icon and veteran newspaperman: "Marshall McLuhan once said people don't read the morning newspaper; they slip into it like a warm bath. A lot of people don't like to see color; it's not a familiar warm bath."

Milton Glaser, aesthetic authority: "I hate all those little skinny sections. They make me crazy. Give me a one-section *Times* and I'll be a happy man."

Diane von Furstenberg, wrap dresser: "I was very concerned and nervous about how it would make the transition to color, but I think the New York *Times* is the classiest paper and it remains it."

Esther Newberg, superagent and Red Sox fan: "I hate the Yankees in black and white. I really hate them in color. And how come with all these sections there's only one crummy little book review? When did we become the least important part of the culture?"

Photograph by UPI/Corbis-Bettmanı

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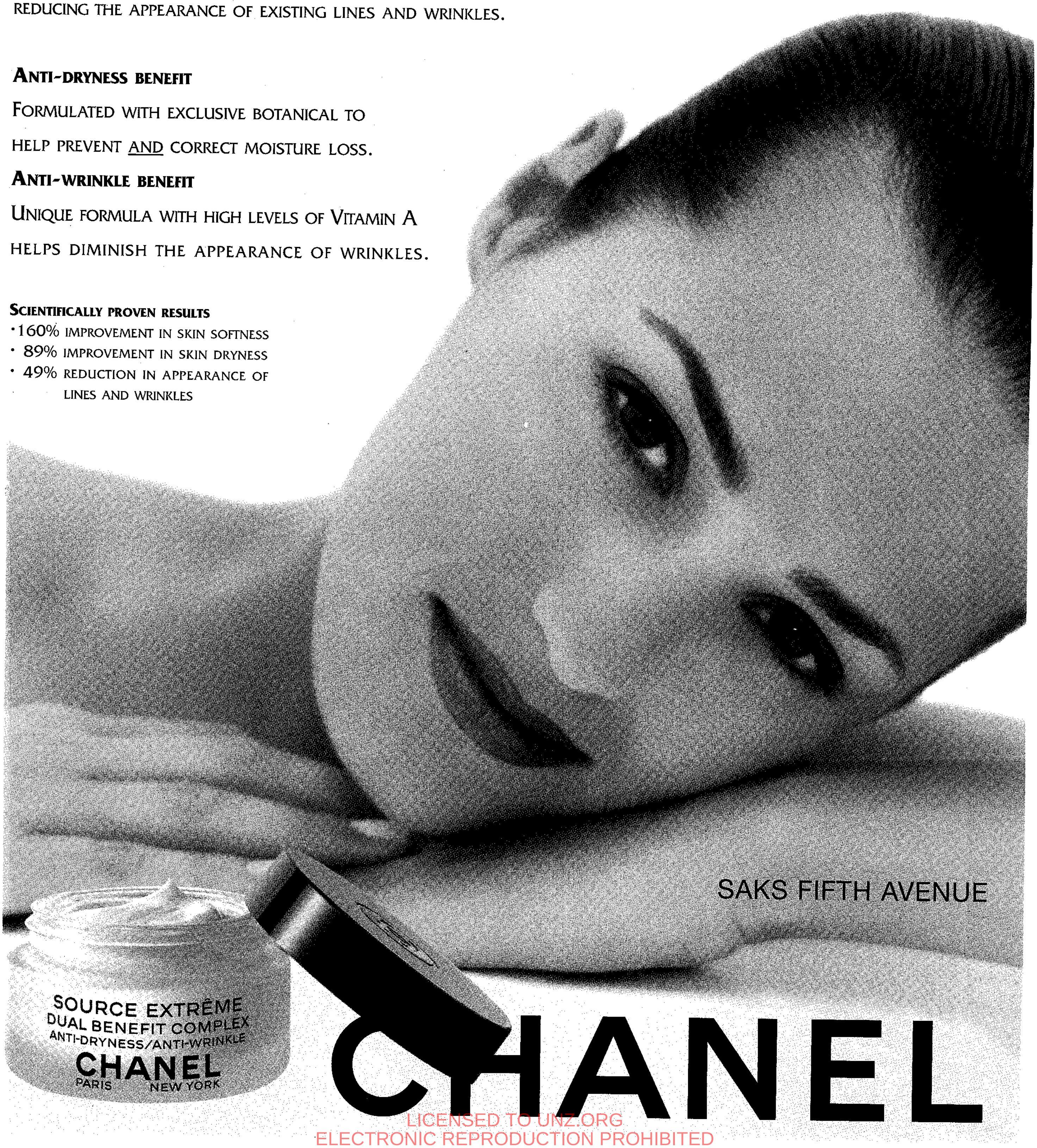
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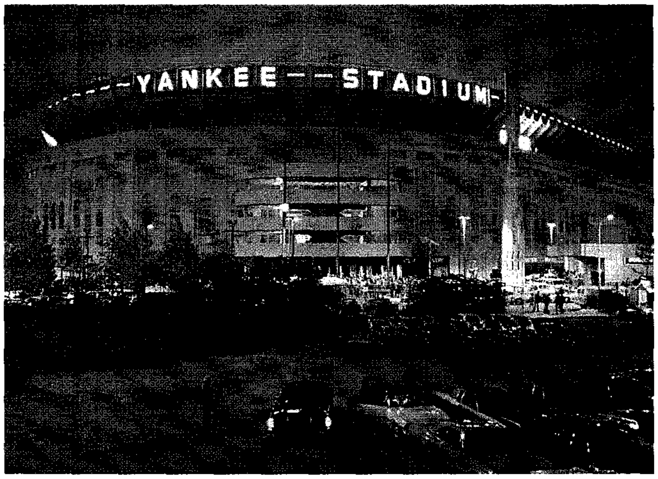

Not exactly home sweet home: Yanks are set to abandon the Bronx.

SPORTS

Play at the Plate

Yanks and Mets vie for new stadiums.

IT'S THE CLOSEST WE'LL GET this year to a Subway Series. As soon as the box score on Giuliani's re-election hits the papers, the Yankees and Mets will compete for taxpayer-funded stadiums that will define their fortunes and images deep into the next century.

George Steinbrenner, naturally, will grab most of the headlines. Sources confirm the he'll pick his site by the end of the year. The stakes are higher for him because he's angling to play in a new global-tycoon subdivision of Major League Baseball, which includes Disney's Anaheim Angels, Rupert Murdoch's Los Angeles Dodgers, Wayne Huizenga's Florida Marlins, and Ted Turner's Atlanta Braves. Together, these behemoths threaten to shatter the old baseball collective—profit-sharing with Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, good Lord, how quaint!

With rivals like these, it's easy to see why Steinbrenner's heart is set on a telegenic new playground built above a rail yard on West 34th Street, and not one in the Bronx or even New Jersey. He has already been making deals that might help pay for the stadium. In March, the team cut a ten-year sponsorship deal with Adidas reportedly worth $95 million. A couple months later, the two joined forces in a lawsuit against Major League Baseball, challenging league rules that limit each team's ability to increase profits and keep them. Then Steinbrenner shelled out $12 million for Japanese pitcher Hideki Irabu. Irabu has bombed, but the ten Japanese reporters still shadowing him attest to his potential as a draw for worldwide audiences.

Steinbrenner, team sources say, came away from pre-playoff chats with George Pataki confident that the governor—while publicly advocating no move—won't stand in the way of a Bronx evacuation. Last year, many observers wrote off the West Side plan because of a government report that priced a multipurpose domed stadium at $1.1 billion. But a baseball-only, open-air park costs half that in 1996 dollars, even including the $100 million needed to build a platform over the rail yards. Debt service on such a project would come to about $45 million a year, about a third of what a Manhattan park could generate, according to *Financial World* newsletter. The San Francisco Giants, who are building a privately financed stadium near Fisherman's Wharf, are showing how a picturesque park in the middle of a major city can raise huge bundles of cash up front, with pre-sold seat rights, luxury boxes, and long-term sponsorship deals.

Where might all this leave the mundane Mets? Probably still in Queens. Though the team has looked at sites everywhere from Nassau to Long Island City, team executives profess loyalty to Flushing, where they already have access to Long Island's rich suburbs. Now more tight-lipped than the Yankees, they'd earlier spoken of capturing the intimacy of Brooklyn's long-gone Ebbets Field in a versatile new park with a retractable roof and even retractable grass.

It'll be the Empire versus the Underdog, the Haves against the Wouldn't-Want-It-Anyways. With all due respect to Brooklyn, who needs the Dodgers? CHRIS MITCHELL

SITE LINES

There *Are* Children Here: Central Park's New Zoo

LAST WEDNESDAY, WHEN the Wildlife Conservation Society reopened the Central Park Children's Zoo as the Tisch Children's Zoo (the Tisch family donated most of the $6 million needed for reconstruction), there was no trace of what had come before: The Candyland aesthetic of the original 1961 zoo, with its walk-in whale, cheese-wedge-shaped mouse cage, and daffodil street lamps, has been relegated to history. It's been replaced with a childproof version of nature, cushioned with beauty bark and stocked with the world's most even-tempered animals: a Vietnamese pot-bellied pig, African pygmy goats, a Cotswold sheep. Earth tones prevail. It is possible, in theory, to regard this zoo as a bland, Al Gore–flavored showcase of environmental sanctimony.

Critical perspective, however, dissolves the instant one passes through an arch cut into a fiberglass tree and enters the "enchanted forest." Toddlers, liberated from their MacLaren strollers (which stand empty on the sidewalk outside, like limos outside Jean Georges), roam the scant acre with impunity. Everywhere, preschoolers press food pellets against goat snouts, crawl inside jumbo turtle eggs, and pet statues of farm animals that resemble pagan idols and baa or snort when rubbed. Children, parents, and nannies—this is the most blissful crowd ever seen in the city of New York. It is as if the netting that keeps the exotic birds in also keeps the meanness of the city out.

Well, almost.

"Oh, you can be a spider, Zoe!" exclaims one East Side mother to her little daughter as they approach a giant web crowded with children. A storybook-style sign nearby asks kids to choose a role, spider or fly, and poses a question designed, perhaps, to acquaint 3-year-olds with the harsh Darwinism of life in the city: WILL YOU EAT OR BE EATEN?

KARRIE JACOBS

Photographs: top, Focus On Sports; bottom, Barry Munge

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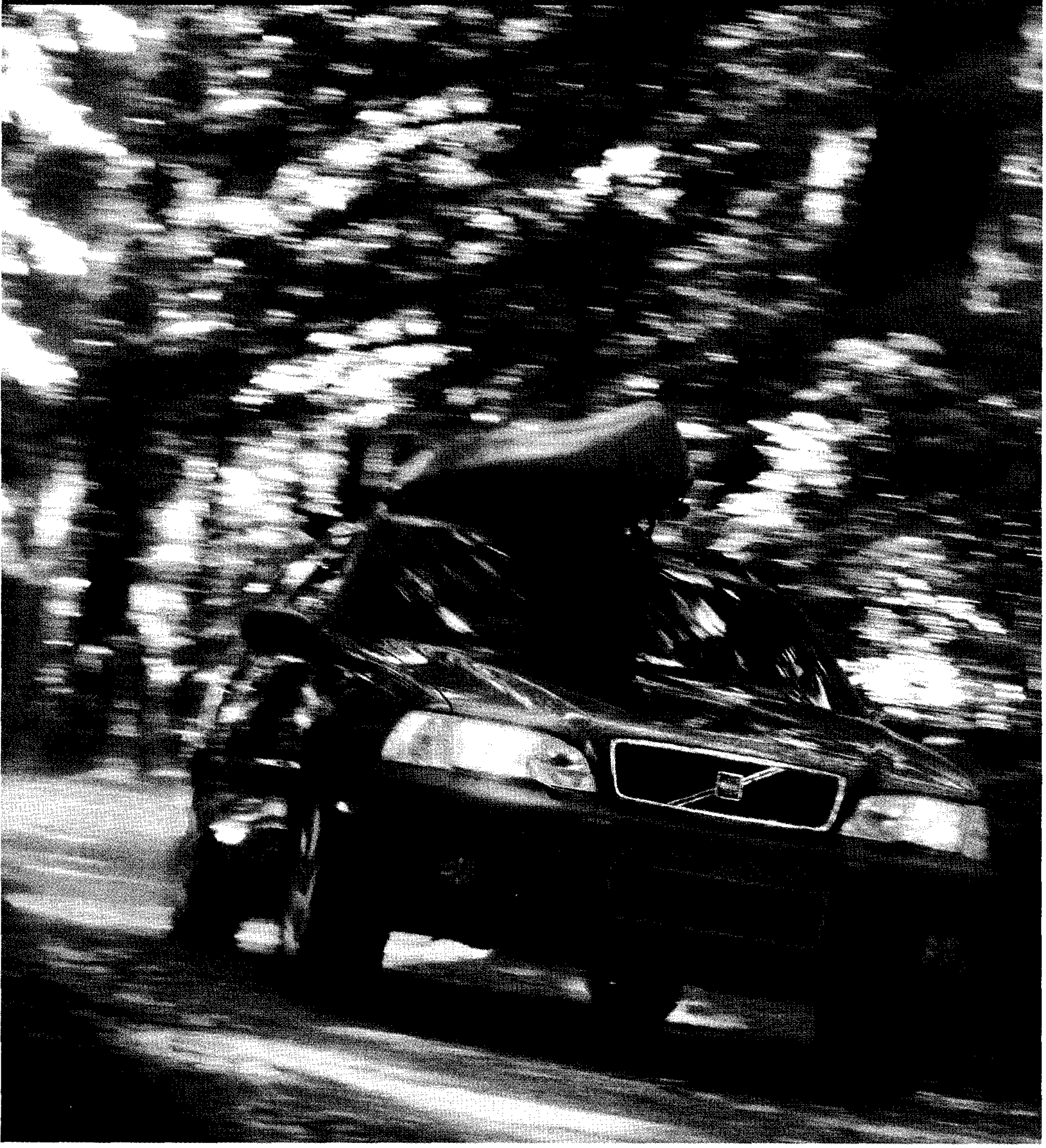

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VOLVO

At your age, with your high cholesterol, what's your risk of a first heart attack?

If you have high cholesterol, figure your risk of a first heart attack.

Fill in your points for each risk factor.

☐ **Age: Men**
0 pts. Less than 35 2 pts. 40 to 48 4 pts. 54+
1 pt. 35 to 39 3 pts. 49 to 53

☐ **Age: Women**
0 pts. Less than 42 2 pts. 45 to 54 4 pts. 74+
1 pt. 42 to 44 3 pts. 55 to 73

☐ **Family History:**
2 pts. My family has a history of heart disease or heart attacks before the age of 60

☐ **Inactive Lifestyle:**
1 pt. I rarely exercise or do anything physically demanding

☐ **Weight:**
1 pt. I'm more than 20 lbs. over my ideal weight

☐ **Smoking:**
1 pt. I'm a smoker

☐ **Diabetic:**
1 pt. Male Diabetic
2 pts. Female Diabetic

☐ **Total Cholesterol Level:**
0 pts. Less than 240 mg/dL
1 pt. 240 to 315 mg/dL
2 pts. More than 315 mg/dL

☐ **HDL Level (good cholesterol):**
0 pts. 39 to 59 mg/dL
1 pt. 30 to 38 mg/dL
2 pts. Under 30 mg/dL
-1 pt. Over 60 mg/dL

☐ **Blood Pressure:**
I don't take blood pressure medication; my blood pressure is:
(Use your top or higher blood pressure number)
0 pts. Less than 140 mmHg
1 pt. 140 to 170 mmHg
2 pts. Greater than 170 mmHg
(or)
1 pt. I am currently taking blood pressure medication

☐ **Total Points**

If you scored 4 points or more, you could be at above average risk of a first heart attack compared to the general adult population. The more points you score, the greater your risk.

If you have already had a heart attack or have heart disease, your heart attack risk is significantly higher. **Only your doctor can evaluate your risk and recommend treatment plans to reduce your risk.** If you don't know your cholesterol level or blood pressure, ask your doctor if your levels should be checked.

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PRAVACHOL should not be taken by women who are pregnant or nursing, people who are allergic to any of its ingredients or by anyone with liver disease. Your doctor may perform simple blood tests to check your liver function before and during treatment with PRAVACHOL. Muscle pain or weakness could be a sign of a rare but serious side effect and should be reported to your doctor right away. Be sure your doctor knows about other medications you may be taking in order to avoid any possible serious drug interactions. Please see important information on the next page.

PRAVACHOL®

Pravastatin Sodium Tablets

CONTRAINDICATIONS: Hypersensitivity to any component of this medication. Active liver disease or unexplained, persistent elevations in liver function tests (see **WARNINGS**). *Pregnancy and lactation.* Atherosclerosis is a chronic process and discontinuation of lipid-lowering drugs during pregnancy should have little impact on the outcome of long-term therapy of primary hypercholesterolemia. Cholesterol and other products of cholesterol biosynthesis are essential components for fetal development (including synthesis of steroids and cell membranes). Since HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors decrease cholesterol synthesis and possibly the synthesis of other biologically active substances derived from cholesterol, they may cause fetal harm when administered to pregnant women. Therefore, HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are contraindicated during pregnancy and in nursing mothers. **Pravastatin should be administered to women of childbearing age only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards.** If the patient becomes pregnant while taking this class of drug, therapy should be discontinued and the patient apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus.

WARNINGS: Liver Enzymes: HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors, like some other lipid-lowering therapies, have been associated with biochemical abnormalities of liver function. Increases of serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values to more than 3 times the upper limit of normal occurring on 2 or more (not necessarily sequential) occasions have been reported in 1.3% of patients treated with pravastatin in the US over an average period of 18 months. These abnormalities were not associated with cholestasis and did not appear to be related to treatment duration. In those patients in whom these abnormalities were believed to be related to pravastatin and who were discontinued from therapy, the transaminase levels usually fell slowly to pretreatment levels. These biochemical findings are usually asymptomatic although worldwide experience indicates that anorexia, weakness, and/or abdominal pain may also be present in rare patients. In the largest long-term placebo-controlled clinical trial with pravastatin (Pravastatin Primary Prevention Study; See **Clinical Pharmacology**), the overall incidence of AST and/or ALT elevations to greater than three times the upper limit of normal was 1.05% in the pravastatin group as compared to 0.75% in the placebo group. One (0.03%) pravastatin-treated patient and 2 (0.06%) placebo-treated patients were discontinued because of transaminase elevations. Of the patients with normal liver function at week 12, three of 2875 treated with pravastatin (0.10%) and one of the 2919 placebo patients (0.03%) had elevations of AST greater than three times the upper limit of normal *on two consecutive measurements and/or discontinued due to elevations in transaminase levels during the 4.8 years (median* treatment) of the study. **It is recommended that liver function tests be performed prior to and at 12 weeks following initiation of therapy or the elevation of dose.** Patients who develop increased transaminase levels or signs and symptoms of liver disease should be monitored with a second liver function evaluation to confirm the finding and be followed thereafter with frequent liver function tests until the abnormality(ies) return to normal. Should an increase in AST or ALT of three times the upper limit of normal or greater persist, withdrawal of pravastatin therapy is recommended. Active liver disease or unexplained transaminase elevations are contraindications to the use of pravastatin (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). Caution should be exercised when pravastatin is administered to patients with a history of liver disease or heavy alcohol ingestion (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Pharmacokinetics/Metabolism**). Such patients should be closely monitored, started at the lower end of the recommended dosing range, and titrated to the desired therapeutic effect. **Skeletal Muscle: Rare cases of rhabdomyolysis with acute renal failure secondary to myoglobinuria have been reported with pravastatin and other drugs in this class.** Uncomplicated myalgia has also been reported in pravastatin-treated patients (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). Myopathy, defined as muscle aching or muscle weakness in conjunction with increases in creatine phosphokinase (CPK) values to greater than 10 times the upper normal limit, was rare (< 0.1%) in pravastatin clinical trials. Myopathy should be considered in any patient with diffuse myalgias, muscle tenderness or weakness, and/or marked elevation of CPK. Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Pravastatin therapy should be discontinued if markedly elevated CPK levels occur or myopathy is diagnosed or suspected. *Pravastatin therapy should also be temporarily withheld in any patient* experiencing an acute or serious condition predisposing to the development of renal failure secondary to rhabdomyolysis, e.g., sepsis; hypotension; major surgery; trauma; severe metabolic, endocrine, or electrolyte disorders; or uncontrolled epilepsy.** The risk of myopathy during treatment with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor is increased with concurrent therapy with either erythromycin, cyclosporine, niacin, or fibrates. However, neither myopathy nor significant increases in CPK levels have been observed in three reports involving a total of 100 post-transplant patients (24 renal and 76 cardiac) treated for up to two years concurrently with pravastatin 10-40 mg and cyclosporine. Some of these patients also received other concomitant immunosuppressive therapies. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. Further, in clinical trials involving small numbers of patients who were treated concurrently with pravastatin and niacin, there were no reports of myopathy. Also, myopathy was not reported in a trial of combination pravastatin (40 mg/day) and gemfibrozil (1200 mg/day), although 4 of 75 patients on the *combination showed marked CPK elevations versus one of 73 patients receiving placebo. There was a trend toward more* frequent CPK elevations and patient withdrawals due to musculoskeletal symptoms in the group receiving combined treatment as compared with the groups receiving placebo, gemfibrozil, or pravastatin monotherapy (see **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**). **The use of fibrates alone may occasionally be associated with myopathy. The combined use of pravastatin and fibrates should be avoided unless the benefit of further alterations in lipid levels is likely to outweigh the increased risk of this drug combination.**

PRECAUTIONS: General: Pravastatin may elevate creatinine phosphokinase and transaminase levels (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). This should be considered in the differential diagnosis of chest pain in a patient on therapy with pravastatin. *Homozygous Familial Hypercholesterolemia.* Pravastatin has not been evaluated in patients with rare homozygous familial hypercholesterolemia. In this group of patients, it has been reported that HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are less effective because the patients lack functional LDL receptors. *Renal Insufficiency.* A single 20 mg oral dose of pravastatin was *administered to 24 patients with varying degrees of renal impairment (as determined by creatinine clearance). No effect was* observed on the pharmacokinetics of pravastatin or its 3α-hydroxy isomeric metabolite (SQ 31,906). A small increase was seen in mean AUC values and half-life (t½) for the inactive enzymatic ring hydroxylation metabolite (SQ 31,945). Given this small sample size, the dosage administered, and the degree of individual variability, patients with renal impairment who are receiving pravastatin should be closely monitored. **Information for Patients:** Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Drug Interactions:** *Immunosuppressive Drugs, Gemfibrozil, Niacin (Nicotinic Acid), Erythromycin:* See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle**. *Antipyrine:* Since concomitant administration of pravastatin had no effect on the clearance of antipyrine, interactions with other drugs metabolized via the same hepatic cytochrome isozymes are not expected. *Cholestyramine/Colestipol:* Concomitant administration resulted in an approximately 40 to 50% decrease in the mean AUC of pravastatin. However, when pravastatin was administered 1 hour before or 4 hours after cholestyramine or 1 hour before colestipol and a standard meal, there was no clinically significant decrease in bioavailability or therapeutic effect. (See **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION: Concomitant Therapy**.) *Warfarin:* In a study involving 10 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and warfarin concomitantly for 6 days, bioavailability parameters at steady state for pravastatin (parent compound) were not altered. Pravastatin did not alter the plasma protein-binding of warfarin. Concomitant dosing did increase the AUC and Cmax of warfarin but did not produce any changes in its anticoagulant action (i.e., no increase was seen in mean prothrombin time after 6 days of concomitant therapy). However, bleeding and extreme prolongation of prothrombin time has been reported with another drug in this class. Patients receiving warfarin-type *anticoagulants should have their prothrombin times closely monitored when pravastatin is initiated or the dosage of pravastatin* is changed. *Cimetidine:* The $AUC_{0\text{-}12\,hr}$ for pravastatin when given with cimetidine was not significantly different from the AUC for pravastatin when given alone. A significant difference was observed between the AUC's for pravastatin when given with cimetidine compared to when administered with antacid. *Digoxin:* In a crossover trial involving 18 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and digoxin concurrently for 9 days, the bioavailability parameters of digoxin were not affected. The AUC of pravastatin tended to increase, but the overall bioavailability of pravastatin plus its metabolites SQ 31,906 and SQ 31,945 was not altered. *Cyclosporine:* Some investigators have measured cyclosporine levels in patients on pravastatin, and to date, these results indicate no clinically meaningful elevations in cyclosporine levels. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. *Gemfibrozil:* In a crossover study in 20 healthy male volunteers given concomitant single doses of pravastatin and gemfibrozil, there was a significant decrease in urinary excretion and protein binding of pravastatin. In addition, there was a significant increase in AUC, Cmax, and Tmax for the pravastatin metabolite SQ 31,906. Combination therapy with pravastatin and gemfibrozil is generally not recommended. In interaction studies with *aspirin, antacids* (1 hour prior to PRAVACHOL), *cimetidine, nicotinic acid,* or *probucol,* no statistically significant differences in bioavailability were seen when PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) was administered. *Other Drugs:* During clinical trials, no noticeable drug interactions were reported when PRAVACHOL was added to: diuretics, antihypertensives, digitalis, ACE inhibitors, calcium channel blockers, beta-blockers, or nitroglycerin. **Endocrine Function:** HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors interfere with cholesterol synthesis and lower circulating cholesterol levels and, as such, might theoretically blunt adrenal or *gonadal steroid hormone production. Results of clinical trials with pravastatin in males and post-menopausal females were* inconsistent with regard to possible effects of the drug on basal steroid hormone levels. In a study of 21 males, the mean testosterone response to human chorionic gonadotropin was significantly reduced ($p < 0.004$) after 16 weeks of treatment with 40 mg of pravastatin. However, the percentage of patients showing a ≥ 50% rise in plasma testosterone after human chorionic gonadotropin stimulation did not change significantly after therapy in these patients. The effects of HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors on spermatogenesis and fertility have not been studied in adequate numbers of patients. The effects, if any, of pravastatin on the pituitary-gonadal axis in pre-menopausal females are unknown. Patients treated with pravastatin who display clinical evidence of endocrine dysfunction should be evaluated appropriately. Caution should also be exercised if an HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor or other agent used to lower cholesterol levels is administered to patients also receiving other drugs (e.g., ketoconazole, spironolactone, cimetidine) that may diminish the levels or activity of steroid hormones. **CNS Toxicity:** CNS vascular lesions, characterized by perivascular hemorrhage and edema and mononuclear cell infiltration of perivascular *spaces, were seen in dogs treated with pravastatin at a dose of 25 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced a plasma drug level about* 50 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking 40 mg/day. Similar CNS vascular lesions have been observed with several other drugs in this class. A chemically similar drug in this class produced optic nerve degeneration (Wallerian degeneration of retinogeniculate fibers) in clinically normal dogs in a dose-dependent fashion starting at 60 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced mean plasma drug levels about 30 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking the highest recommended dose (as measured by total enzyme inhibitory activity). This same drug also produced vestibulocochlear Wallerian-like degeneration and retinal ganglion cell chromatolysis in dogs treated for 14 weeks at 180 mg/kg/day, a dose which resulted in a mean plasma drug level similar to that seen with the 60 mg/kg/day dose. **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility:** In a 2-year study in rats fed pravastatin at doses of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg body weight, there was an increased incidence of hepatocellular carcinomas in males at the highest dose ($p < 0.01$). Although rats were given up to 125 times the human dose (HD) on a mg/kg body weight basis, serum drug levels were only 6 to 10 times higher than those measured in humans given 40 mg pravastatin as measured by AUC. The oral administration of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg (producing plasma drug levels approximately 0.5 to 5.0 times the human drug levels at 40 mg) of pravastatin to mice for 22 months resulted in a statistically significant increase in the incidence of malignant lymphomas in treated females when all treatment groups were pooled and compared to controls ($p < 0.05$). The incidence was not dose-related and male mice were not affected. A chemically similar drug in this class was administered to mice for 72 weeks at 25, 100, and 400 mg/kg body weight, which resulted in mean serum drug levels approximately 3, 15, and 33 times higher than the mean human serum drug concentration (as total inhibitory activity) after a 40 mg oral dose. Liver carcinomas were significantly increased in high-dose females and mid- and high-dose males, with a maximum incidence of 90 percent in males. The incidence of adenomas of the liver was significantly increased in mid- and high-dose females. Drug treatment also significantly increased the incidence of lung adenomas in mid- and high-dose males and females. Adenomas of the eye Harderian gland (a gland of the eye of rodents) were significantly higher in high-dose mice than in controls. No evidence of mutagenicity was observed *in vitro*, with or without rat-liver metabolic activation, in the following studies: microbial mutagen tests, using mutant strains of *Salmonella typhimurium* or *Escherichia coli*; a forward mutation assay in L5178Y TK +/- mouse lymphoma cells; a chromosomal aberration test in hamster *cells; and a gene conversion assay using Saccharomyces cerevisiae. In addition, there was no evidence of mutagenicity in* either a dominant lethal test in mice or a micronucleus test in mice. In a study in rats, with daily doses up to 500 mg/kg, pravastatin did not produce any adverse effects on fertility or general reproductive performance. However, in a study with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, there was decreased fertility in male rats treated for 34 weeks at 25 mg/kg body weight, although this effect was not observed in a subsequent fertility study when this same dose was administered for 11 weeks (the entire cycle of spermatogenesis, including epididymal maturation). In rats treated with this same reductase inhibitor at 180 mg/kg/day, seminiferous tubule degeneration (necrosis and loss of spermatogenic epithelium) was observed. Although not seen with pravastatin, two similar drugs in this class caused drug-related testicular atrophy, decreased spermatogenesis, spermatocytic degeneration, and giant cell formation in dogs. The clinical significance of these findings is unclear. **Pregnancy: Pregnancy Category X.** See **CONTRAINDICATIONS**. Safety in pregnant women has not been established. Pravastatin was not teratogenic in rats at doses up to 1000 mg/kg daily or in rabbits at doses of up to 50 mg/kg daily. These doses resulted in 20x (rabbit) or 240x (rat) the human exposure based on surface area ($mg/meter^2$). However, in studies with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, skeletal malformations were observed in rats and mice. There has been one report of severe congenital bony deformity, tracheo-esophageal fistula, and anal atresia (Vater association) in a baby born to a woman who took another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor with dextroamphetamine sulfate during the first trimester of pregnancy. PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) should be administered to women of child-bearing potential only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards. If the woman becomes pregnant while taking PRAVACHOL (pravastatin *sodium), it should be discontinued and the patient advised again as to the potential hazards to the fetus.* ***Nursing Mothers:*** A small amount of pravastatin is excreted in human breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, women taking PRAVACHOL should not nurse (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). **Pediatric Use:** Safety and effectiveness in individuals less than 18 years old have not been established. Hence, treatment in patients less than 18 years old is not recommended at this time.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: Pravastatin is generally well tolerated; adverse reactions have usually been mild and transient. In 4-month long placebo-controlled trials, 1.7% of pravastatin-treated patients and 1.2% of placebo-treated patients were discontinued from treatment because of adverse experiences attributed to study drug therapy; this difference was not statistically significant. In long-term studies, the most common reasons for discontinuation were asymptomatic serum transaminase increases and mild, non-specific gastrointestinal complaints. During clinical trials the overall incidence of adverse events in the elderly was not different from the incidence observed in younger patients. **Adverse Clinical Events:** All adverse *clinical events (regardless of attribution) reported in more than 2% of pravastatin-treated patients in the placebo-controlled* trials are identified in the table below; also shown are the percentages of patients in whom these medical events were believed to be related or possibly related to the drug:

	All Events		**Events Attributed to Study Drug**	
Body System/Event	***Pravastatin* (N = 900) %**	***Placebo* (N = 411) %**	***Pravastatin* (N = 900) %**	***Placebo* (N = 411) %**
Cardiovascular				
Cardiac Chest Pain	4.0	3.4	0.1	0.0
Dermatologic Rash	*4.0**	*1.1*	*1.3*	*0.9*
Gastrointestinal				
Nausea/Vomiting	7.3	7.1	2.9	3.4
Diarrhea	6.2	5.6	2.0	1.9
Abdominal Pain	5.4	6.9	2.0	3.9
Constipation	4.0	7.1	2.4	5.1
Flatulence	3.3	3.6	2.7	3.4
Heartburn	2.9	1.9	2.0	0.7
General				
Fatigue	3.8	3.4	1.9	1.0
Chest Pain	3.7	1.9	0.3	0.2
Influenza	2.4*	0.7	0.0	0.0
Musculoskeletal				
Localized Pain	10.0	9.0	1.4	1.5
Myalgia	2.7	1.0	0.6	0.0
Nervous System				
Headache	6.2	3.9	1.7*	0.2
Dizziness	3.3	3.2	1.0	0.5
Renal/Genitourinary				
Urinary Abnormality	2.4	2.9	0.7	1.2
Respiratory				
Common Cold	7.0	6.3	0.0	0.0
Rhinitis	4.0	4.1	0.1	0.0
Cough	2.6	1.7	0.1	0.0

*Statistically significantly different from placebo.

In the Pravastatin Primary Prevention Study (West of Scotland Coronary Prevention Study) (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Clinical Studies**) *involving 6595 patients treated with PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) (N = 3302) or placebo (n = 3293)* the adverse event profile in the pravastatin group was comparable to that of the placebo group over the median 4.8 years of the study. The following effects have been reported with drugs in this class; not all the effects listed below have necessarily been associated with pravastatin therapy: *Skeletal:* myopathy, rhabdomyolysis, arthralgia. *Neurological:* dysfunction of certain cranial nerves (including alteration of taste, impairment of extra-ocular movement, facial paresis), tremor, vertigo, memory loss, paresthesia, peripheral neuropathy, peripheral nerve palsy, anxiety, insomnia, depression. *Hypersensitivity Reactions:* An apparent hypersensitivity syndrome has been reported rarely which has included one or more of the following features: anaphylaxis, angioedema, lupus erythematous-like syndrome, polymyalgia rheumatica, dermatomyositis, vasculitis, purpura, thrombocytopenia, leukopenia, hemolytic anemia, positive ANA, ESR increase, eosinophilia, arthritis, arthralgia, urticaria, asthenia, photosensitivity, fever, chills, flushing, malaise, dyspnea, toxic epidermal necrolysis, erythema multiforme, including Stevens-Johnson syndrome. *Gastrointestinal:* pancreatitis, hepatitis, including chronic active hepatitis, cholestatic jaundice, *fatty change in liver, and, rarely, cirrhosis, fulminant hepatic necrosis, and hepatoma; anorexia, vomiting. Skin:* alopecia, pruritus. A variety of skin changes (e.g., nodules, discoloration, dryness of skin/mucous membranes, changes to hair/nails) have been reported. *Reproductive:* gynecomastia, loss of libido, erectile dysfunction. *Eye:* progression of cataracts (lens opacities), ophthalmoplegia. *Laboratory Abnormalities*: elevated transaminases, alkaline phosphatase, and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities. **Laboratory Test Abnormalities:** Increases in serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values and CPK have been observed (see **WARNINGS**). Transient, asymptomatic eosinophilia has been reported. Eosinophil counts usually returned to normal despite continued therapy. Anemia, thrombocytopenia, and leukopenia have been reported with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors. **Concomitant Therapy:** Pravastatin has been administered concurrently with cholestyramine, colestipol, nicotinic acid, probucol and gemfibrozil. Preliminary data suggest that the addition of either probucol or gemfibrozil to therapy with lovastatin or pravastatin is **not** associated with greater reduction in LDL-cholesterol than that achieved with lovastatin or pravastatin alone. No adverse reactions unique to the combination or in addition to those previously reported for each drug alone have been reported. Myopathy and rhabdomyolysis (with or without acute renal failure) have been reported when another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor was used in combination with immunosuppressive drugs, gemfibrozil, erythromycin, or lipid-lowering doses of nicotinic acid. Concomitant therapy with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors and these agents is generally not recommended. (See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle** and **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**.)

OVERDOSAGE: To date, there are two reported cases of overdosage with pravastatin, both of which were asymptomatic and not associated with clinical laboratory abnormalities. If an overdose occurs, it should be treated symptomatically and supportive measures should be instituted as required.

CAUTION: Federal (USA) law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

Revised April 1997
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RELIGION

Newt Meets the Rabbis

And they eat liberals for lunch.

FRESH FROM HIS BATTLE over the representation of gays and lesbians at New York's new Holocaust memorial, 81-year-old Howard Hurwitz grabs the hand of former vice-presidential candidate Jack Kemp. "I'm the biggest homophobe in America!" Hurwitz boasts. Kemp manages a nervous smile as the cameras flash.

The two men crossed paths last week at Washington, D.C.'s, tony Capitol Hilton for a conference of Toward Tradition, a Seattle-based Jewish group that is among the leaders of the newest conservative political fad: an alliance between Jews and the Christian Right. "The liberal Jewish community is the enemy," Gary Polland, chairman of the Harris County, Texas, Republican Party, told some 300 attendees at the opening-night formal banquet. "They're the intellectual backbone of everything that's wrong with this country."

Among Jewish speakers, this refrain was especially popular. Invited non-Jews, like former Christian Coalition executive director Ralph Reed and former drug czar Bill Bennett, wowed the mostly middle-aged audience with promises of tax cuts, school vouchers, and a reinvigorated Strategic Defense Initiative. "We believe that Christians should recognize and honor the observant Orthodox Jewish tradition," Reed told the crowd, in answer to a question about the Southern Baptists' mission to convert Jews, leaving the sole Reform rabbi in attendance to wonder whether Reed considered Reform and Conservative Jews fair game.

Newt Gingrich, too, was in rare form, opining that only God-fearing people really understand "that murder is more than just the extinguishing of a transitional life which after all is going to end someday."

Perhaps the most illuminating episode, though, occurred on the final evening of the three-day conference. Missouri senator John Ashcroft lauded car-maker Henry Ford for "his commitment to values." Ford's four-volume anti-Semitic tract *The International Jew* fanned flames of anti-Jewish hatred across the United States in the twenties, but nobody booed. In fact, Ashcroft received a standing ovation.

The Toward Tradition board member who followed the senator reiterated Ford's positive contributions. Finally, film critic Michael Medved, the evening's last speaker, told the crowd, "We are not celebrating tonight some kind of bar mitzvah for Henry Ford. He was a first-class anti-Semite." Then Medved denounced a meals-for-the-homeless program he was acquainted with. It only relieved homeless people, he said, from the burden of having to look at the problems of their own lives. LIZ GALST

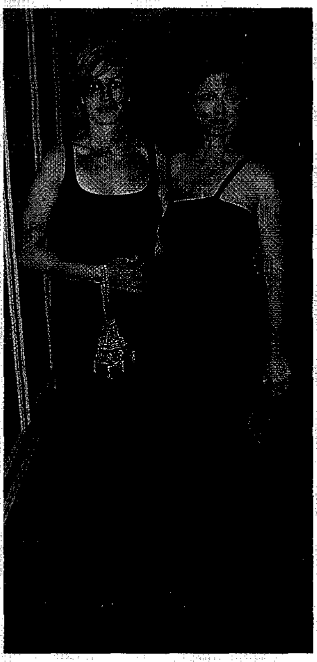
THE SCENE

Blonde on *Blondes*

By Vanessa Grigoriadis

Photographs by Patrick Mcmullan

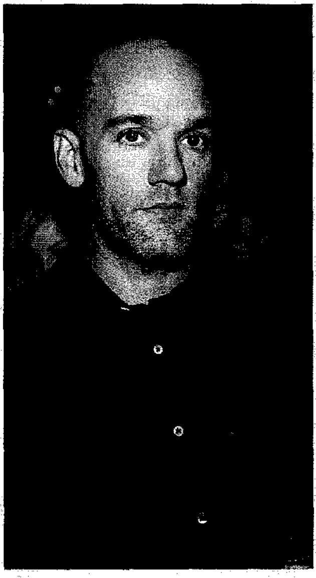
PETER JENNINGS WAS pitching soft questions tonight. "What's your connection to this?" he asked Charles Haley. "You're neither tall nor blond." The ex–Dallas defensive end shook his head in puzzled resignation, one of many confused guests at the book party for Lynn Sherr's *Tall Blondes*, a celebration of the ABC newscaster's hitherto unreported passion for giraffes, as in . . . giraffes. The animal has been largely ignored in media power circles, a slight that a few tried gamely to redress. "I rode a giraffe once," announced the night's host, Jerry Della Femina, lost for a moment in thought. "Oh, wait, I meant a camel." Sherr offered some clarifying facts: "Giraffes are p.c.: vegetarians, pacifists, non-territorial, and they don't discriminate against race."



Julia Roberts and Susan Sarandon at the St. Regis's American Museum of the Moving Image dinner.

At China Grill, David Geffen and Fran Lebowitz celebrate the premiere of *The Peacemaker*.

At the Independent, Lenny Kravitz, Crystal Waters, and Maxwell at Ingrid Sischy's party for Karl Lagerfeld.



Michael Stipe at the INXS after-party at Wax.

At the Pierre, Donna Karan and Yohji Yamamoto.

At the Whitney, Sharon Stone and Klaus von Heidegger.

GOTHAMSTYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY

Hot Air?

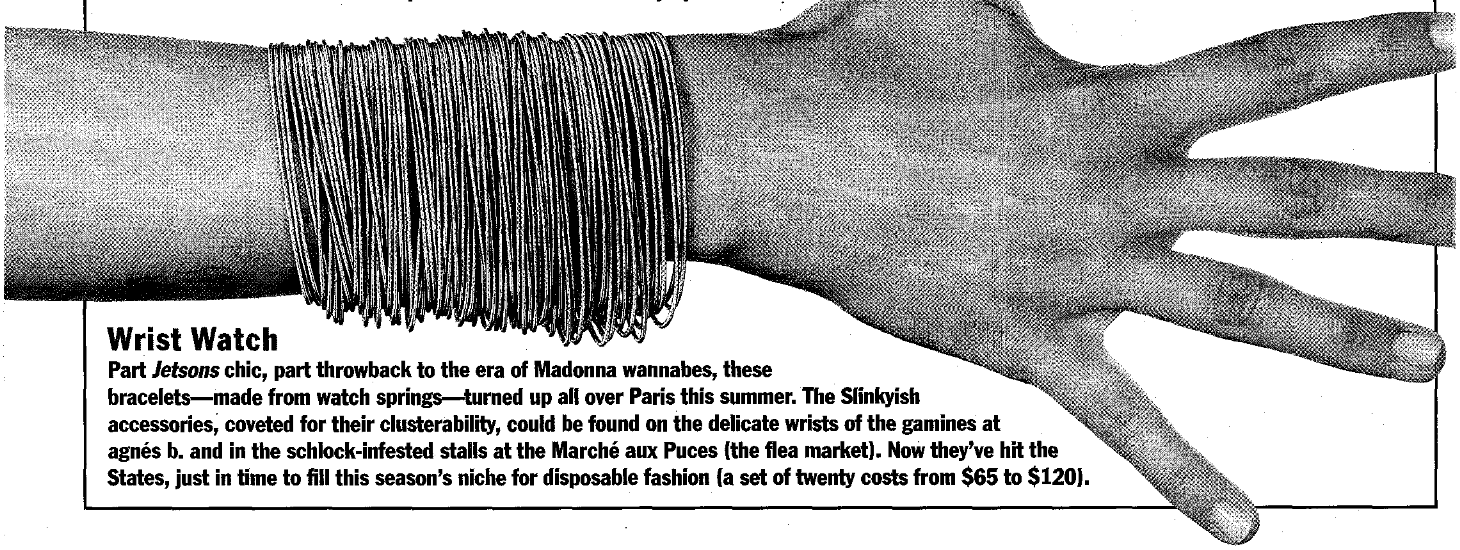
Critics have posited that the price of a Nike sneaker is directly proportional to the amount of groovy clear stuff in the heel—a theory apparently confirmed by the tinselly new Air Max. It's the first Nike to have a fully visible full-length air sole, space enough for Damien Hirst to float a cross-sectioned tadpole in formaldehyde. So is that why it costs $150? "That's not the way we do it," says a Nike spokesperson. "This shoe is more expensive because it has more technology."

Eye Spy

How odd that just as every self-respecting paparazzo has gone to ground, hiding his flashbulb under a bushel, the new ubiquitous nightlife accessory should turn out to be . . . a camera. Albeit a very small one: The stainless-steel Canon Elph is no larger than a pack of smokes and weighs no more than two. But this irony comes with an extra twist. Elph buffs include not just cell-phone-toting, wrap-dressed gadabouts but the professionals who—now more discreetly than was previously possible—shoot them.

Big Benz

Last we checked the Anglo front, the queue for the new Mercedes M-Class was 4,500 testy Brits and counting. Americans get first dibs—the $33,950 all-sport-utility vehicles, after all, are being cranked out of a factory in Tuscaloosa—and Mercedes's flacks are hoping to generate waiting lists here, too, softening up the fashion and style editors who showed up at last month's press launch with the most impressive goody bag in memory, which included • Gucci sunglasses • Swiss Army knife • Harry Winston silver compass • Timberland boots and backpack • CDs by the likes of Billy Joel, Journey, and Toad the Wet Sprocket • Merino-wool car blanket • Bath products from the Noelle Day Spa.



Wrist Watch

Part *Jetsons* chic, part throwback to the era of Madonna wannabes, these bracelets—made from watch springs—turned up all over Paris this summer. The Slinkyish accessories, coveted for their clusterability, could be found on the delicate wrists of the gamines at agnès b. and in the schlock-infested stalls at the Marché aux Puces (the flea market). Now they've hit the States, just in time to fill this season's niche for disposable fashion (a set of twenty costs from $65 to $120).

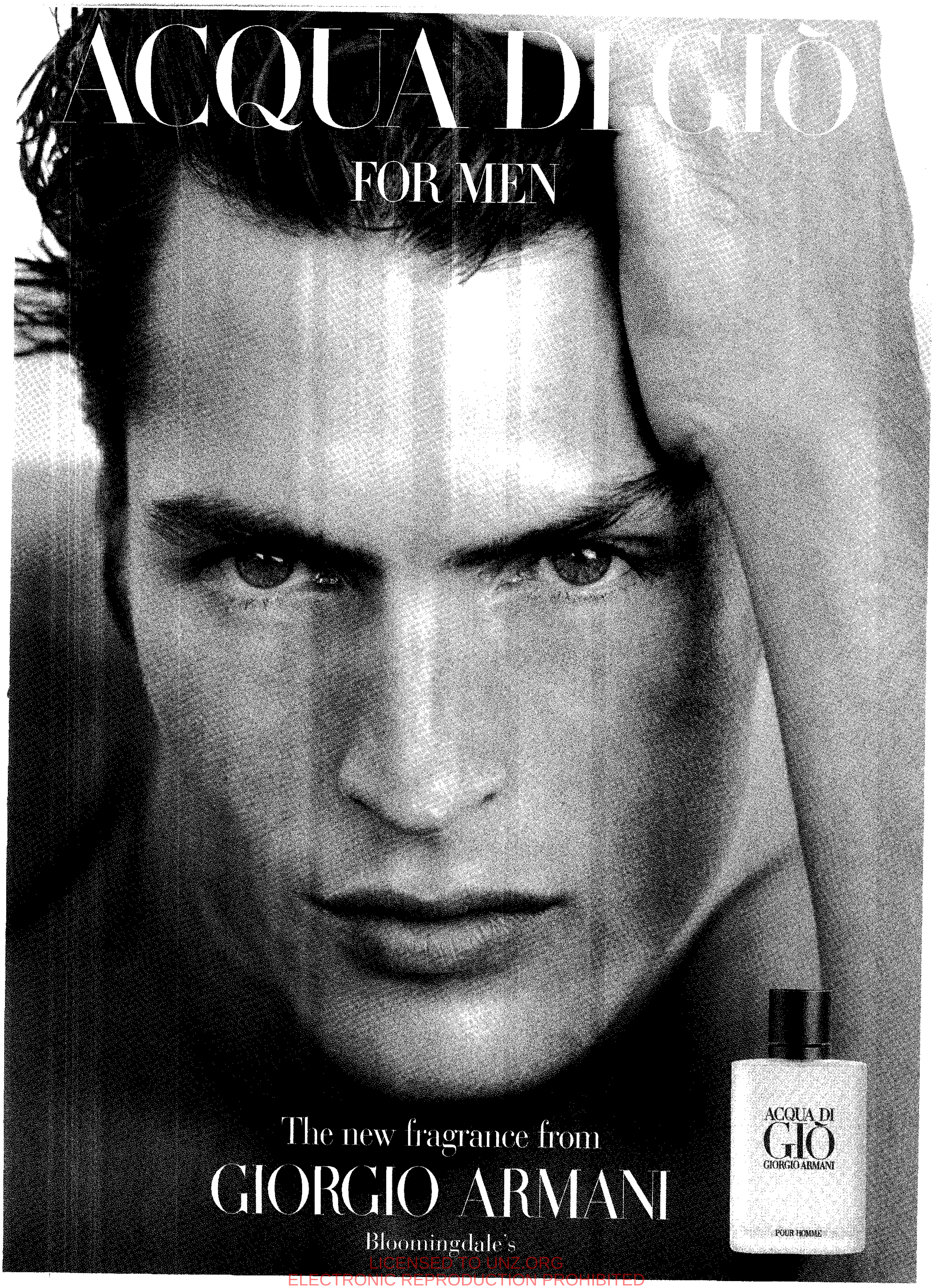
BODY TYPE

Gimme Some Skin

Even the most jaded beauty seekers—people who think nothing of having botulism toxins injected into their faces to make them look youthful—tend to shudder at the thought of AlloDerm. Who can blame them? The product is made from human skin taken from cadavers: the epidermis and subcutaneous fat are stripped away, leaving just the dermis. It is made available to doctors in three-by-seven-centimeter strips, which (you will be happy to learn, if you're still reading at this point) can be threaded into lips, nasal labial folds, and other facial areas that cosmetic surgeons usually augment with collagen or fat. Unlike those fillers, however, AlloDerm doesn't have to be replaced every three or four months; and with the cellular elements removed, it won't be rejected by the body. Dr. Thomas Romo III, chief of facial plastic reconstructive surgery at Lenox Hill hospital, is excited about it: "The texture is like al dente pasta," he says. "I can roll it up like a jelly roll in the case of lip augmentations. The body repopulates it." But for some reason, patients are squeamish. "Scientifically, it should be perfect," says dermatologist Steven Victor. "Psychologically, it's a problem."

BETH LANDMAN KEIL
AND KATE COYNE

Photographs: counterclockwise from center, Kristine Larsen (3); Steve Wisbauer.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POUR HOMME

MICHAEL TOMASKY

Foul Line

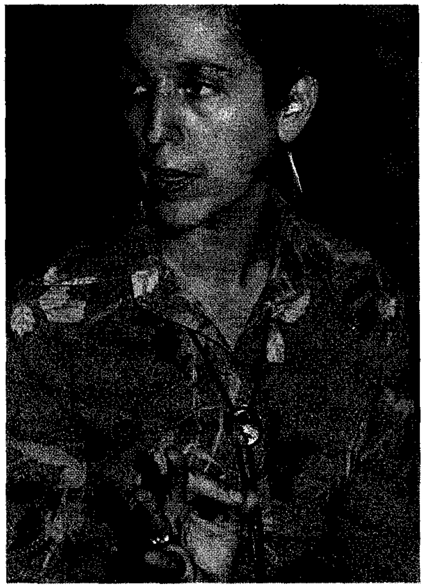
When Rudy Giuliani attacks Ruth Messinger for befriending a killer, he's counting on voters too young or uninformed to know what really happened at Attica.

BEFORE I STARTED IN JOURNALISM—all right; I was unemployed—I idled away the summer of 1986 transfixed by the Senate hearings on William Rehnquist's suitability for the job of chief justice. You may recall that "that jerk Renchberg," as Nixon had drunkenly called him several years earlier while desperately counting votes on the White House–tapes case, was found by two intrepid Arizona reporters to have barred a certain type of voter (that is, black) from exercising the franchise in Phoenix in the late fifties and early sixties.

Confronted on the issue by Joe Biden, Ted Kennedy, and other Judiciary Committee Democrats, Rehnquist, a man with no reputation for brilliance of a jurisprudential bent, stared vacantly at his inquisitors and repeated that he simply had no memory of any such events (he did not issue a flat-out denial of the charges). His defenders on the committee did a crisp job of damage control, reminding America that we all have errors in judgment lurking in our past, and besides, it was all so very long ago.

NOW RUDY GIULIANI, EVIDENTLY NOT CONtent with the eighteen-point lead the most recent poll gives him, has commenced with his ammo-dump on Ruth Messinger. On one level, this is obviously what you do in political campaigns. It's generally agreed, for example, that he has distorted Messinger's position on sex shops beyond recognition. But her presentation of his record is selective as well, of course, and it's up to us (the press) to sift through it and tell you what's what. Still, the bottom line is that anything he's done as mayor, and anything she's done as Manhattan borough president, is fair game.

The mayor's first salvo, though, is another matter. Somehow (through the Giuliani campaign? Nah!), word got to an upstate Republican assemblyman and thence to Fred Dicker of the *Post* and thence to the voters that in 1979, Messinger threw a party of the radical-chic variety for John Hill, a prisoner at Attica during the 1971 uprising there who had been convicted in the murder of William Quinn, a guard at the prison who was beaten by a group of prisoners and died a few days later. Hill had served five years; then-governor Hugh Carey granted him clemency, and down came Hill to the West Side, where liberal and radical benefactors gathered in Messinger's apartment to help give him a push as he re-entered civilian life.



Long ago and far away: Rudolph Giuliani and Ruth Messinger in earlier times.

It now appears that Messinger may not even have been there. Hill told WCBS's Marcia Kramer that Messinger was away and someone else hosted the party. Even so, it's likely that more of this sort of thing is on the way. The mayor and his opposition-research team are surely sitting on a gigabyteful of episodes in Messinger's very liberal past that link her to radical causes and positions. How far back is fair?

Look around the world today—in Russia and Eastern Europe, and in the Middle East, for example—and you see history rewriting itself at a furious pace. Parties still Communist in name are capitalist in practice, and a majority of the Likud bloc holds (even if rather tenuously) a position in support of the peace process, which would have been unthinkable a decade ago. The United States has not changed so rapidly or dramatically, of course. But the rise of the right and, more recently, the election of the First Baby Boomer have remade the nation in pretty profound ways.

Messinger's sin, if in fact she committed it, involved making a small statement in opposition to what it's not inapt to call a lawless massacre. If that sounds strong, or hopelessly antiquated, let's remember what Attica was.

We needn't argue here that prisoners deserve luxury, but conditions at Attica were deplorable, and enforcement arbitrary and minatory. It's a small thing, recalls Herman Schwartz, an American University law professor who was counsel to Hill's co-defendant, Charles Pernasilice, but it's representative of a certain mind-set that when a woman tried to bring a prisoner a blue blanket, it was returned to her on the grounds that blue was "the guards' color."

The Attica prisoners had sought, through various nonviolent means, to improve conditions and had been rebuffed each time. On the morning of Thursday, September 9, the prisoners erupted. Quinn, as mentioned above,

Photographs by AP/Wide World (2).

was beaten to death by a mob; some 40 guards were held hostage; and prisoners demanded the presence of negotiators whose public records indicated some degree of sympathy: Schwartz, Buffalo assemblyman Arthur Eve, New York *Times* columnist Tom Wicker, and Herman Badillo, among others.

The standoff lasted four days, until Nelson Rockefeller ordered state police officers to take back the prison, as it were, by any means necessary. They opened fire, and 29 inmates and 10 hostages were killed (the total death count was 43). About 90 more were wounded. Authorities said that prisoners committed some of the butchery. The autopsies showed that this was a lie.

Hill and Pernasilice (Per-NASS-uh-luss) were implicated by eyewitnesses in the attack on Quinn. Quinn—"really a very nice guy," Schwartz says—was beaten mercilessly; many inmates were involved in the attack, but the state needed to nail someone. "At the end, Pernasilice was convicted of the lowest possible felony, attempted interference with a peace officer," Schwartz says, "but the jury threw the book at Hill."

The point is not that hosting a party for Hill might have been the greatest thing in the world to do. The point, rather, is that it happened in a historical context that made it understandable in its time and that sound bites like "Ruth fêtes killer" can't convey.

And incidentally, you don't have to be on the left to know that the state was in the wrong here: Just this past June, a Buffalo jury, presumably screened for Bolshevism by the government's attorneys, awarded former inmate Frank Smith $4 million in damages for the abuse he suffered during the uprising. He was forced to walk over broken glass and to lie on a picnic table with a football under his chin, threatened with death or castration if the ball came free.

WHAT'S IT ALL HAVE TO DO WITH BEING mayor? This particular attack doesn't seem to have excited many people—Messinger fired back effectively with a reference to Rudy's draft status during the Vietnam War and certain other problematic events. But it's a road Giuliani appears intent on traveling. It's easy to make fun of radical chic, and it's easy to make people who supported those kinds of causes eighteen years ago look silly, or worse. Smears depend on reflexive generalizations, while rebuking them needs specifics and some grasp of history. And since most people don't care much about specifics and aren't keen on history, smears tend to work, especially in the atmosphere of a political campaign, when getting the incendiary headline is the goal.

One might ask why Giuliani needs to do this at all. The talk these days is that he wants the largest possible margin, from which he'll pole-vault to greater glory in the future. But the only thing he'll accomplish by rooting around in Messinger's ideological attic is pissing off liberals who are, or were, planning on voting for him. The only constituency that's persuaded by such thrusts is one whose loyalty he already owns.

"He's doing it because he's Rudy Giuliani and he can't help himself," says consultant Norman Adler. Probably so. The only thing worse than a boring election is a foul one. It's been the former, and someone as far ahead as Giuliani doesn't need to make it the latter. ■

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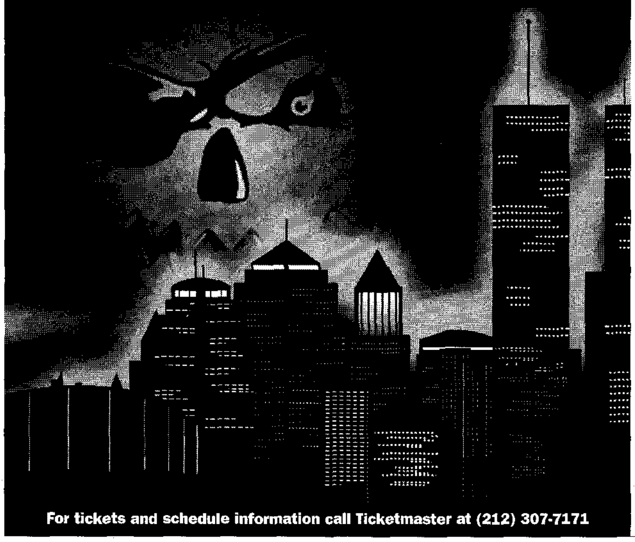

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THE IMAGE BARBARA LIPPERT

Klatch As Klatch Can

With 'The View,' Barbara Walters, who changed television by pioneering the power-nurture interview, is returning to her morning-talk-show roots.

IN THE MEDIA'S FINGER-POINTING AND SELF-FLAGELLATION following Princess Diana's death, Barbara Walters took an unexpected drubbing. Unexpected because Walters is so exceedingly respectful of celebrity that she's known for sacrificing herself into a human swoon, eyes burning and widening like she's channeling the spirits, just to eke out a damn sound bite from some nasty, shallow TV star or cagey world leader. But when Barbara showed up on several ABC outlets with Diana's jaunty Christmas card in hand, it was seen as unseemly self-promotion.

It wasn't as if Walters, in revealing that private friendship, were betraying some basic intimacy or behaving inconsistently or, to use a quaint (now moot) expression, selling out. She was just being herself. Really.

VOLUME
LIGHTING
EMPATHY

Respect must be paid: Barbara Walters perfected the relentless marketing of celebrity way before there was an E! channel. Walters's genius in the television business is that she came up with an almost parallel TV language, a controlled interview system that allows any guest—vapid, subliterate, immoral, what have you—safe navigation. Arriving at Barbara's tender hearth, a guest has a lot to gain by being placed among all those visual cues of media-mother power nurture—the perfectly placed flowers, the to-die-for lighting, the walk with Barbara in her freshly pressed touring outfit, the moment of tears. And after the weeping is done, we're sure that something has been revealed, that what we saw was a legitimate event. After all, Barbara wore a red jacket, and it was on television.

It's a ritual that fellow celebrities not only understand but deeply appreciate. There's a code of reciprocity about it. Once you're in the club, whatever Faustian pact you've made to get there is forgotten. Instead, to bond with Barbara—whose own father went broke, whose older sister was borderline mentally retarded, whose three marriages dissolved, etc.—you touch on what's incomplete, or damaged, or underdeveloped and hypersensitive. And how painful it all is to expose, for the camera, despite the outward achievement and recognition.

Indeed, this is precisely the dynamic that worked for Diana. Imagine what a made-for-TV spectacle the Walters/Windsor one-on-one could have been. Despite their different ages (and heights—Barbara's much shorter), there were a lot of symbolic similarities: the big, coiffed, perfect-for-TV heads; the lean, bosomy society-gal bodies; the wattage of those emotive orbs. "Now that's an interview, obviously, that will never take place," Barbara said about the ultimate "get" that she never got.

But she *has* got to the point where she makes a reported $10 million a year, does several *Barbara Walters Specials* (and has become an Oscar-night institution), and is the doyenne of *20/20.* Recently she added *The View,* a post–Rosie O'Donnell 11 A.M. talk show on ABC, on which, according to her co–executive producer Bill Geddie, she can "exercise a different muscle" in a lower-pressure setting. Walters, who has already (for better or worse) democratized the idea of celebrity, may be making a Martha Stewart–like move to broaden Brand Barbara.

There are other rewards in television, after all, besides nailing down your Fidel Castros, your Menachem Begins. (Barbara took the most career flak ever in 1976, when she moved to ABC to co-anchor *World News Tonight* with reluctant groom Harry Reasoner and was paid the then-astounding sum of $1 million. Fred Friendly, former CBS News president, wondered, "Is Barbara Walters a journalist, or is she Cher?" And President Anwar el-Sadat of Egypt, being interviewed by Walters live on her first night, asked her, "How do you like a million-dollars job? You know the salary of my job, it is $12,000 only. And I am working day and night, Barbara.")

Now she's back to the klatch, as when she hosted *For Women Only* and *Not for Women Only* in the seventies. Walters's new choice may be surprising, given those world leaders in her past, but it might just be that she needs to unleash her full-frontal Oprah, to find her inner Regis.

There's always some producer attempting to come up with a younger, more interesting *McLaughlin Group* or a hipper, daytime version of *This Week With David Brinkley* or *Nightline.* As day follows night, however, the idea inevitably gets dumbed down. (One producer told me that Faith Daniels's ill-fated talk show started out being described as "*Nightline* at

Illustration by Steven Savage.

noon." By week six, the producer said, the topics were diets and vibrators.)

The View was described to the press as a mix of *Live With Regis and Kathie Lee* and *This Week.* Chaired by Barbara, the show presents a multigenerational pack of women, including former prosecuting attorney and talk-show host Star Jones, TV veteran Meredith Vieira (whose short tenure on the high-testosterone *60 Minutes* fascinated every fellow working mom), and radio host–stand-up comedian Joy Behar. An all-chick *McLaughlin Group* is certainly a welcome idea—one feels for poor Eleanor Clift as the lone, high-pitched voice in the wilderness.

Although the show seems to want to be more sisterly and less hierarchical—which was underscored by the almost-matching all-beige power suits the team wore in ads—it was surprising to see that those same ads introduced each host with a curiously simplistic label. Barbara Walters is, of course, billed as Barbara Walters, but 22-year-old new discovery Debbie Matenopoulos, for example, goes by "The Young One." And when people talk about the show, they call her "The Young One." (It remains to be seen how many people do talk about the show: The ratings are climbing each week, but so far it's been the lowest-ranked show in daytime.) Level-headed Matenopoulos's one nod to the youth market is her brown nail polish and *Friends*-wear. There's no Asian one, but "Attorney/Diva" Jones is the African-American one. Vieira is "Journalist/Mom," and Behar is "Comedian/Divorcée," a sort of wisecracking Rhoda to Vieira's Mary. The set, ironically enough, was adapted from that of the short-lived Morgan Fairchild daytime soap *The City,* wherein Fairchild played a scheming urban media mogul operating from her SoHo loft. The now-de-schemed space comes complete with the genteel chenille throws, velveteen slipcovers, and tasteful pine furnishings that convey the modern Pottery Barn home.

Barbara uses the show liberally to plug her upcoming projects, now that *20/20* airs Thursday as well as Friday. She showed an unseen *20/20* clip—"I'll tell you what a terrible reporter I am!" she said to the gals—of Michael Jackson giggling coyly in response to her question about whether his wife, recently retired dermatological assistant Debbie Rowe, was pregnant again. (Walters didn't include the moment in her finished piece, and news of the pregnancy had been in the morning papers.) After the clip, there was some nodding about how very nice Debbie is and how Michael is said to be a good parent.

No one—save perhaps Star Jones—seems really to speak her mind. But most upsetting is the group tendency to ogle the male guests. Recently, they were a regular Diet Coke commercial, heaving and pining and gasping with desire over that *total babe,* Calvin Klein model Antonio Sabato Jr. They had Sabato join the always stilted "Question of the Day" segment—that day it was "What book has had the greatest impact on your life?" Star said the Bible. In a moment of sweet trans-generational harmony, the Young One and Walters both picked *The Little Prince.* "He loved one rose because it was special," Barbara explained.

Sabato offered *The Celestine Prophesy.* He connected with it, he said, because "it was easy to read." At this rate, the oft-criticized *Barbara Walters Specials* are going to start looking like *Frontline.* ▬

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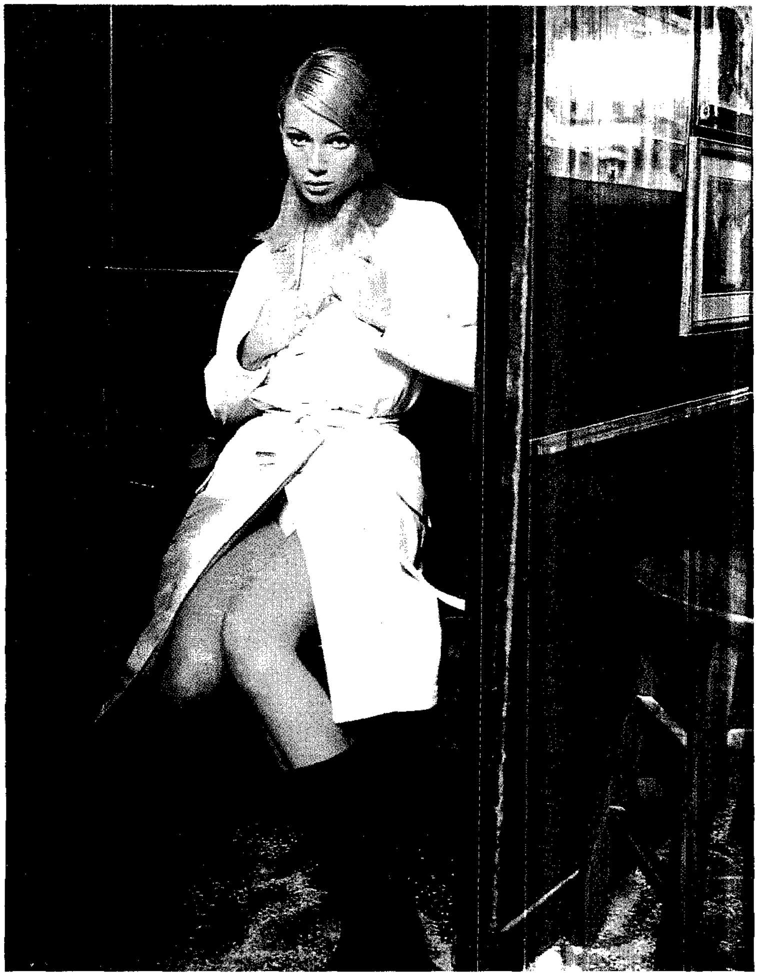
Parker Posey isn't the only young film star who chooses to hold court in New York. Drawn by the city's grit, by its theater, by its indie films—and, perhaps, by one another—the next wave of fine movie actors is treating Hollywood as a location and calling Manhattan home. ***BY CHRIS SMITH***

EAST of eden

LOCAL TALENT: Force-of-nature Posey (opposite) and Michael Rapaport (above, between pickup-basketball games) are part of New York's growing young-film-actor community.



IT'S COCKTAIL GRIDLOCK. NEON-PINK COSMOPOLITANS CLINK against crispy Tanqueray-and-tonics. A waiter adds a second table, then a third, as the party keeps growing. Parker Posey is back in the city after two months in Europe filming a romantic comedy called *The Misadventures of Margaret*, and she's invited "a few" of her friends out to dinner at Restaurant 147, a place on West 15th Street that's only one week old but already so hot it's packed with beautiful young women, even prettier young men, and the overeager suitors who pay for their drinks.

The reservation was for six people. Twelve are now wedged happily into a noisy corner. Everyone's here . . . except Posey.

"Should we be worried?" asks the actor Craig Chester (*Kiss Me, Guido*) after 30 minutes pass.

"Noooo," says Erich Conrad, the party promoter currently ruling downtown nightlife. "She's magic, glamour, and mayhem, and sometimes the mayhem wins. She's in exactly the right business—she didn't just fall into acting. When she was born, her diaper was a script. There she is!"

Posey bounces up, her sexily overlarge mouth elongated in a wide grin. She has big brown cat's eyes that always appear to be searching for someone who is her equal. "I told you all 147, and you found it, right?" she says, exasperated. "Uhhhhh! I was pacing up and down looking for *247*! I was sure that was the address! I kept asking people on the street where the restaurant was. They all seemed to be German tourists. I think I scared them."

She's immediately, intensely, involved in every conversation at the table: Erich listened to the *Mary Poppins* soundtrack all day; Craig recently went undercover at a Christian camp that is supposed to "cure" gay men of homosexuality—"They tell you things like 'Don't ever say "mauve" or "teal," ' " Craig reports; Anita Sarko is effusing about an after-hours drag show; Kevin McLeod has a meeting with Winona Ryder tomorrow to pitch his screenplay idea for *Alien 5;* and actress Samia Shoaib has just dumped her uptight lawyer boyfriend. Posey, her own heart still bruised from a bad bust-up, huddles close to commiserate, pressing her knees tight against Samia's.

Posey is especially eager to catch up with her pals because she's been acting nearly nonstop for the past year and a half, with major roles in seven films. Earlier today, she auditioned for a part opposite up-and-coming hunk Billy Crudup. Tomorrow, Posey will fight with Miramax boss Harvey Weinstein about the ads for her pleasingly perverse new movie *The House of Yes,* opening October 10.

"But I'm not about work," Posey says, exhaling a plume of Camel Light smoke. "I'm about *living.* And besides," she adds, glancing at the wild, clever friends surrounding her, "my life in New York *is* a movie."

WHO IS THE GREEK GOD OF SHOW BUSINESS? HE OR SHE IS ONCE again exerting a strong pull in New York. The best of Young Hollywood is moving here, lured by the city's revitalized image as the home for unusual actors with an excess of guts. And they aren't *artistes,* either, but storytellers with a real claim on the wider pop-culture imagination.

Posey is emblematic of the stellar Young Hollywood crowd that is flocking to Manhattan. Some are as entrenched as Central Park, people like Uma Thurman, Ethan Hawke, Winona Ryder, Gwyneth Paltrow, Mira Sorvino, and Julia Roberts.

"people

But now the breakthrough talents of Young Hollywood are here, too. A decade ago, they would have done the obvious thing and moved to Los Angeles to chase fame and employment. These days, they're at home in the city: Ben Affleck. Robin Tunney. Liv Tyler. Matt Damon. Billy Crudup and his live-in love, Mary-Louise Parker. Loren Dean. Sam Rockwell. Famke Janssen. Liev Schrieber. Last year, Rupert Everett moved to the West Village from Paris. Claire Danes, who grew up in SoHo, has been shopping for a loft, preparing to end her five-year visit to California.

Los Angeles, of course, has its own powerful myth in the back of its collective show-business consciousness. But the discovery of Lana Turner at the Schwab's Drug Store counter is all about knockout beauty and dumb luck. New York has always nurtured the idea of itself as a place where talent and intelligence win out; there is something more intellectually valid about making it here. According to this dream, the struggling, obscure young actor gets the big break because he deserves it.

And the dream comes true just often enough to keep acting classes full. Two years ago, an unknown named Edward Norton was learning his craft Off Broadway, in a low-wattage production of an Edward Albee play. Suddenly Norton was plucked for a juicy role opposite Richard Gere in *Primal Fear,* and he became a sensation, complete with a rock-star girlfriend, Courtney Love. But Norton hasn't moved out of New York.

"These kids are all gonna be movie stars, in that box-office sense, but they're gonna get there by being actors first," says Harvey Weinstein, co-founder of Miramax, a company suffused in legend itself. "That's what they have in common. As opposed to so many of the kids I meet in L.A., who just want to be movie stars and acting is secondary. The New York actors are smart enough to make a commercial choice every now and then, but that's only about balancing a career. These are healthy, smart young actors doing exciting things. This is the new New York school; these guys could give a shit about 'celebrity.' "

[illegible] Chris McMillan/Profile L.A.; makeup by Collier Strong for Cloutier/Stila; mani

Photographs: previous page, left, Matthew Rolston; right, Norman Jean Roy/Outline; this page, Kate Garner/Visages.

Lawrence Bender, the producer of *Pulp Fiction*, grew up here but is currently based in California. “A lot of actors move to L.A. for the business side of things,” he says. “No one does it for inspiration. That’s why you move to New York, for the feeling.” Bender spent the summer in the city shooting a new film, *A Price Above Rubies*. “It’s always been an ebb and flow of people,” he says, “but right now the flow is back to New York.”

Back to the city of balls and brains, the most exciting city in the world. Or so goes the romantic fairy tale we tell ourselves. With the movie business awakening, fitfully, from twenty years of *Star Wars*–induced stupor, edgy, character-driven stories are climbing back into the mainstream, and New York is ascendant. In its crop of Young Hollywood stars are the heirs to De Niro and Pacino and Hoffman.

And here’s the ideal nineties twist: The next De Niro looks great in a short black skirt.

IN THE MATERNITY WARD OF A BALTIMORE HOSPITAL, A DOCTOR APproaches a young car dealer named Chris Posey, whose wife has given birth to twins. “Well, your boy’s gonna be fine,” the doctor says. “Your little girl, she’s probably gonna die.”

Three months premature, the sickly child weighs just two and a half pounds. The doctor says, “We need a name for the death certificate.”

Chris Posey sinks to his knees and speaks to God. “Let my little girl live!” he prays. At that moment, the frail infant screams.

ICKED UP INTO THE HOLLYWOOD MACHINE; IT DISTURBS

ABORATORY OF FUN THAT MAKES GREAT ARTISTS.”

Then Chris Posey goes home, drinks a six-pack, and, with a tear in his eye, says, “My little girl is the size of this beer can.”

It’s the perfect creation myth for a woman who, 28 years later, makes her living in drama. But could it possibly be true? Does it matter?

An enigmatic smile. “We all,” Parker Posey says, “have our stories. We are all acting out archetypes.”

Posey grew up mostly in Laurel, Mississippi, population 19,000, in a family where imagination was as valued as reality. “When we were little, like 5 years old, Mom and Dad named food for body parts,” Posey says. “They’d say, ‘I think I want some corn on the cob.’ And they’d take your arm”—she makes an exaggerated chewing motion—“*rarr, rarr, rarr.* Chicken leg was the calf. Mashed potatoes was the stomach.”

ACTORS’ HANGOUT: Rupert Everett (above left), Billy Crudup, and (opposite) Gwyneth Paltrow. “There’s a feeling in New York that anything kind of goes,” says Everett.

Her minutes-older twin brother, also named Chris, provoked Posey’s first acting. “When I was 4 years old, I’d get so upset at my brother that I’d want to bite him or choke him,” Posey says. “So I’d start shaking, and growl, *RRRRR!* I’d get in a crying fit, and then I’d bite my own arm. My parents called it rigors, from *rigor mortis*. When people would come over to the house, my parents would say, ‘Do your rigors for the company! Do your rigors!’ ”

All grown-up, Posey is an otherworldly presence, at once bitingly real and gauzily incorporeal. Air molecules swirl faster when she’s around. Posey doesn’t walk. She sweeps down the sidewalk, alternately slinky and jangly, striding on the long leg bones of a ballerina, throwing off a joyous vibe. “She’s dangerous to walk near,” says the director Hal Hartley. “She’s like a bag of bones. If her hip or her elbow catches you, she can knock you right on your ass. It’s a very attractive thing. And I think she knows it, intuitively.”

Posey, who is a sleek five feet five-and-a-half inches, seems pixieish at first, but there’s a serpentine seductiveness to her. She’s an irregular beauty, with slight imperfections that add complexity and charm. Her nose, lightly freckled, takes a small left turn in the middle. Posey’s smile is as white and wide as a Virgin Islands beach. Yet one of her front teeth is chipped. She claims she can crack any joint in her body, and proves it with an audible, slightly nauseating, snap of her hips.

For all her physical oddities, she’s devastatingly elegant. Proof: Today she’s wearing a secondhand men’s fuchsia raincoat and billowy peach pants. On her, it works.

“For most straight men, I’m a little . . . much,” she sighs. Gay men adore her; they seem to be in on the joke. “I have so many gay friends because of my brother,” she says.

He’s gay? “No,” Posey says, “but I grew up with a boy next to me my whole life—platonic, of course. So I surround myself with gay men. Who won’t sleep with me.” She moans in mock anguish.

Even when Posey is not making a movie, there’s a dose of “let’s pretend” in her life. One night she wears a vintage forties shawl, a golden Norma Desmond thing as big as a flag, which she periodically whips over her shoulder. At home, alone, in her Chelsea one-bedroom, she’s not the type to pad around in a T-shirt. “Pajamas are *so* important,” Posey says. “Do you have slippers? I think it’s important to be cozy in your home. If you’re gonna relax, dress up for it! There’s a big comeback in bathing and candles and soap and perfume and powder. I like making a bath more than I actually enjoy taking it, though. I get restless.”

Photographs: left, Barron Claiborne/Outline; right, Rafael Fuchs/Outline.

Posey's mind moves so fast, and her thoughts are delivered so straight, that it takes a while to realize there's not a drop of sarcasm or shtick to her. She's whip-smart and deeply serious without being earnest—making her both transparent and more elusive.

One night, during a dinner of barbecued ribs at TriBeCa's hip Independent restaurant, Posey dunks her saucy fingers in a water glass. She isn't crude; is she being calculatedly madcap?

"Parker has this incredible style and larger-than-life personality," says Greg Mottola, who directed her in *The Daytrippers.* "When I first met her, I thought, *Is she putting me on?* Then I realized she's completely authentic. Parker is one of the few true eccentrics I've met."

Posey talks frequently and lovingly of her brother, who she says is a lawyer in Atlanta. "I'm starting to think she's totally bullshitting me, that he doesn't exist," says actress Nadia Dajani, only half kidding. "She goes on with this sad story, this separated-twin shit, and I'm starting to not buy any of it."

Perhaps Posey will bring her brother to the premiere of *The House of Yes.* The movie is about a pair of incestuous twins. Posey plays Jackie O., a brilliant and mad young woman who uses the Kennedy assassination as Prozac and aphrodisiac. Jackie O. dresses up in a pink Chanel suit and pillbox hat to hump her brother, trying to lose her pain by losing herself in the looking glass between fantasy and reality.

"Jackie Kennedy became a myth to people, and in the movie, Jackie O. is living in a mythology of her own creation," Posey says. "This crazy connection she feels with her brother is played out to mythic proportion."

Posey has slightly different identity issues. She's doing what any talented actor should do—act. Yet her frantic pace, both in work and in play, seems something of a defense mechanism. She needs a narrative outside of herself, constantly, to stay sane.

In February, she had a couple of free days, and a friend took her into Barnes & Noble. "I flipped out," she says. "I just got so overwhelmed by the books there—*there's too many stories in this place.* It already started to fill up my head. And I just wanted to shut off. 'Cause I think I fill up too fast. I had to leave."

She takes a deep breath, aware this can all sound loopy—which she isn't. She says, "I've done so many movies, I feel like I've played so many parts, there's so many stories in my head, concentrated on other people, what they go through—having done that in my mind, it's real in my head. I think I'm addicted to it. I love the order—the beginning, the middle, the end. Knowing the problem, being analytical about it, knowing for sure—*I* can decide, *I* can be right about it. Do you know what I mean? Then you come back to real life, and you don't have that. You don't have that order."

Posey seems raw and sad. Then she smiles, radiant. "Mildred, my shrink, called me a mystery last week. I was so excited!"

"the worst DAY IN NEW YORK GIV

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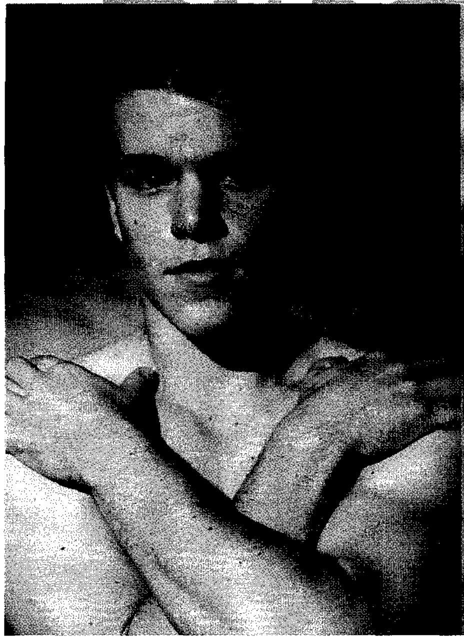

DREAMS AND FANTASIES ARE AS THICK AS THE HUMIDITY ONE NIGHT in mid-September, at the Independent Feature Project Gotham Awards. Auteurs and agents are celebrating the idea that a lone visionary with a camera can change the world. *See, right over there is Michael Moore; didn't he bring mighty GM to its knees with a movie?* Never mind that the awards are taking place in the massive Hammerstein Ballroom, guests are in black tie, and most of the $1,000 tickets were paid for by multinational corporations.

After the statues are handed out, 1,200 people dial cell phones; a few gawk at Michael Stipe. Bob Weinstein, allegedly the quiet brother of the Miramax empire, pursues a young man across the ballroom. Soon Bob is waving his arms and yelling as he impersonates Peter O'Toole in a scene from an upcoming movie, all to amuse Ben Affleck, the star of the Miramax-produced *Chasing Amy.*

Tonight, Affleck, 25, is the one being chased, by studio types. He's tall and gorgeous in a chocolate Prada suit, with the high-cheekboned, confident handsomeness of a champion athlete and the soulful blue eyes of an aesthete. The combination has rocketed him from Sundance Festival hero to big-budget action-movie player—he survives even Bruce Willis in next year's $100 million *Armageddon.* But Affleck retains his taste for smaller-budget roles, and Miramax would love to have him back anytime.

"The Weinsteins are the reason Matt Damon and I are in New York," Affleck says. Damon, an equally cute leading man who stars next in *The Rainmaker,* grew up with Affleck in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "I love Boston," Affleck says, "but the dream has always been to live in New York. I spent last summer living in New Jersey with Kevin Smith, who directed *Chasing Amy,* and then Matt and I got an apartment in Chinatown. The acting scene here right now is incredible, and Miramax is the biggest reason." The company bankrolled a movie co-written by Affleck and Damon, called *Good Will Hunting,* with the boyhood pals starring opposite Robin Williams.

Damon and Affleck have been working so steadily in the past year that they are sort of homeless. They let their Chinatown flat go because they were spending most of their time on location—and because they still think like broke young actors. "This

Photographs: left, Donald Graham/Sygma; right, Salomon Emquies/Sygma.

HOLLYWOOD COMMUTE: Ben Affleck. Opposite, left to right, Affleck ex-roomie Matt Damon and Brooklyn's N'Bushe Wright.

way,” Affleck whispers, “the movie companies have to put me up in a hotel and I can pocket the per diem.” As soon as their bank accounts swell, though, they'll set down roots in New York. “I'm not one to automatically slag L.A.,” Affleck says. “It's nice to have the sunshine in the winter. But I'll always be an East Coast guy. And New York is the place to be.”

Nearby, Gwyneth Paltrow glistens. Paltrow was raised on the Upper East Side, and she'd been shopping for an apartment downtown with Brad Pitt. Her recuperation from the blond breakup of the decade has been made easier by her friend Winona Ryder, who took Paltrow in as a roommate in her Gramercy Park apartment. Last year, when Paltrow was in France shooting *Emma,* she and the other New York exiles tried to play-act their way through a bit of homesickness. “We'd pretend we were eating at Nobu,” she says. “We would order. I'd play the waiter.”

Besides Miramax and expensive sushi, there are other practical reasons why successful young actors are staying in the city. October Films has rapidly become a source of quality movies. Agencies like William Morris, Innovative, and ICM have beefed up their New York offices. Technology has reduced the airplane grind. “What makes it a little bit easier than five or ten years ago is that we are now an e-mail– and videoconferencing–connected world,” says Aleen Keshishian, the high-adrenaline ICM agent who has nurtured New York–based clients Edward Norton and Natalie Portman into stars. “I can have a meeting with a producer in L.A. and have a New York actor in the room, and they can see each other.”

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K AT PEOPLE, YOU GET STUFF.”

Strangely, the union disputes of 1990, a short-term disaster for moviemaking in New York, have actually paid big dividends. Independent film productions were just about the only action in town; actors turned to directors like Hal Hartley, Boaz Yakin, and Todd Solondz. The indie-film scene got hot, and the actors got experience.

Eric Bogosian says the current chemistry reminds him of the mid-seventies, when he was a young actor and playwright. “New York is going through a very nice time where there's a group of great small theaters that are pumping out work as fast as they can get it together. Naked Angels is like the grandfather of the groups; now you've got the Drama Department and the New Group. What happens in a lot of cases is people don't have the time to gestate, to enjoy each other's company. When people get picked off and sucked up into the Hollywood machine, it disturbs that laboratory of experiment and fun that makes great artists and great people.”

A prime example of an actor taking the time to stay in New York and learn, Bogosian says, is Parker Posey, whom he met when she appeared in his *SubUrbia.* “She has a great attitude, which is ‘Fuck it—let's have a good time with the work.’ She's a real inspiration for everybody else.”

For Posey and her contemporaries, the city's biggest pull is still spiritual. “There's a feeling in New York that anything kind of goes,” Rupert Everett says. “Maybe that's a fantasy, but there's a feeling of freedom. And the racial mix is very exciting.” He's also happy to be nearer his friends Tim Robbins and Susan Sarandon, the latter a den mother to the younger crowd.

N'Bushe Wright, the 27-year-old actress who starred in *Dead Presidents* and *Fresh,* just returned from six months in Los Angeles, where she filmed her first big-budget leading role, opposite Wesley Snipes in *Blade.* “It's trippy out there,” Wright says. “Everyone is an entertainer, and they're all so sensitive—everyone's trying not to step on each other's toes. It doesn't seem authentic; they don't want to get too close. New York is real. We've got our racial issues here, but at least there's not all this fear, tension, and dishonesty.”

Wright grew up in Bedford-Stuyvesant, the daughter of a psychiatrist and a jazz musician, and she now lives in Fort Greene. “It's not actors that feed me, creatively; it's artists, dancers, painters, singers. And that's New York all over.”

MANY OF THE BEST YOUNG ACTORS GOT THEIR FIRST big break in movies directed by Rick Linklater—*Slacker, Dazed and Confused, Before Sunrise,* and *SubUrbia.* Linklater surveys the actor landscape from the neutral ground of Austin, Texas. “Even if you're not doing theater, theater permeates the atmosphere in New York, in a good way—people are really working on their craft and technique,” Linklater says “It's not just sitcom acting.”

Michael Rapaport, 28, has tried both coasts. He grew up on East 77th Street, but when Rapaport was 19, New York seemed culturally dead, so he bolted for L.A. “Everything about Los Angeles is about work, and it makes you self-involved,” Rapaport says. “Especially if you're *not* working, it can drive you crazy. Here, I can walk to Washington Square Park, and the people that are in there hustlin', they're like, ‘Wassup, Mike?’ Like they know me. It's so genuine, it's not premeditated, like

Photograph by Norman Jean Roy/Outline.

PARKER'S BAND: Posey in a scene from *The House of Yes.* Opposite, fellow N.Y. acting fixtures Chloe Sevigny and Ethan Hawke.

you get in L.A. It keeps you out of yourself."

Rapaport is an obsessive pickup-basketball player, and his accent is pure ghetto playground; he could be the fourth Beastie Boy. He moved back east while shooting *Cop Land* with De Niro and Keitel, and owns a sweet garden apartment on a quiet street off lower Second Avenue. "The worst day in New York gives you more material than you get in L.A.," he says. "You get on a train, go to Brooklyn, and play ball. You just look at people, you get stuff. I go to this place, Father Demo Square, on Sixth Avenue. It's ordinary New York, but it's amazing."

No young New York actor has yet done a Johnny Depp and opened a club like the Viper Room as a nighttime sanctuary for the conspicuously hip. Rapaport says it's not necessary. "If you're a big shot, you're gonna get recognized, but people here mind their own business. Brad Pitt is walking around New York without even a baseball hat on!"

After a day of riding his bike all over Manhattan, tonight Rapaport is heading to midtown for a screening of a John Cassavetes film. Then he'll be out late "bangin' around," cramming in as much city life as possible before leaving to shoot a new movie in Minnesota. At least his apartment won't go to waste: Chloe Sevigny, the best thing to come out of *Kids,* is sleeping in Rapaport's extra bedroom while she's filming *The Last Days of Disco* and searching for her own rental.

"There's more diversity in the kinds of films that get made here," Hal Hartley says. "That might be why young actors are staying. It's okay to have a funny-looking, vaguely sexy leading lady; it doesn't have to be a blonde with certain-sized breasts."

HOLLYWOOD DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO MIRA SORVINO UNTIL she went blonde for *Mighty Aphrodite.* Don't expect Posey, whose supple jet-black hair gives her face gravitas, to get anywhere near a bottle of Clairol.

"God, you know, women feel they have to do so much. It's so upsetting. Breast implants! Sixty years from now, people are gonna stand in shock at women doing that to their breasts—that are beautiful and always will be beautiful. Why is it that women think they have to recapture their youth to have strength? Strength comes with experience and age and being wise. Do I wish I had big breasts? *Yes!* I think they're womanly and I think they're beautiful. But I wasn't born like that. I have . . . other things. People are gonna look back on this time and say, 'Why were women looking like porn stars? Everyone was wearing black from 1990 to the year 2000—it's funny how they were in mourning and they didn't realize it.' "

She sits at a sidewalk table outside a French bistro on Seventh Avenue. Framing her are sunny skies to the south and end-of-the-world black storm clouds to the north. Posey's left hand, its metallic-green nail polish chipped, holds a cigarette. She can do amazing things with a gesture, the tilt of her cigarette accenting lust or disdain or whimsy.

She's always stood out. Back in rural Mississippi, when most of her high-school classmates were listening to Phil Collins, Posey had a geometric haircut and was into Kraftwerk. She wanted to be a dancer and applied to the North Carolina School of the Arts, but the faculty thought she'd make a better actress and recommended the theater program at SUNY Purchase. The Westchester college was in the middle of a remarkable talent streak, training future stars like Wesley Snipes, John Turturro, Stanley Tucci, the directors Hal Hartley and Nick Gomez, and Posey's roommate, Sherry Stringfield.

"She's DA
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"Parker and I were constantly on probation for not losing our southern accents," says Dwight Ewell, who played the gay black-nationalist children's cartoonist in *Chasing Amy.* "We were always talking and crying on the school stairs."

Accent eventually tamed, Posey quickly landed a job playing a bratty teen on *As the World Turns.* At night, Posey became the leader of a downtown club crew that included actors Leo DiCaprio, Drew Barrymore, Vincent Gallo, Joey Lauren Adams, and Robin Tunney. Wednesdays were for Bar d'O; Thursdays, Posey would be at the club Don Hills, dancing to campy eighties tunes from bands like Flock of Seagulls. "We formed a little family there of all these artists," Ewell says.

Now her friend Erich Conrad conjures a swinging evening called Beige, on Tuesday nights at Bowery Bar, that draws people like Calvin Klein and Rupert Everett. After shooting the New York segments of *Margaret,* a movie based on the novel *Rameau's Niece,* by Cathleen Schine, Posey corralled the cast for a late-night celebration at Beige. "There's an immediacy about Parker," says Jeremy Northam, who plays her husband in *Margaret.* "She's got all her nerves on the outside. It makes her very vulnerable in a useful way as a performer."

Posey isn't the least bit snobbish about show business—she willingly auditioned for *Jerry Maguire.* But talk of mainstream stardom cools her lava-gush of exuberance. "What's wrong," she asks, "with the career I have now?"

Nothing. She's avoided the obvious girlfriend/wife/love-interest parts, not because she's straining to be "quirky" but be-

Photograph courtesy of Wren Maloney/Miramax.

cause she searches out characters with emotional fiber. Posey's first starring role, in the deceptively named *Party Girl,* emphasized her cuteness with a series of zany costumes, but Posey found real depth in the story of a woman fighting to become an adult without losing her sense of fun. *Party Girl* led Posey to a frustrating series of near-misses in big-budget Hollywood, like losing the *Speed* bus-driver role to Sandra Bullock.

"We'd talk about work, trying to get it and keep it," says Hal Hartley. "She was constantly called back for auditions for bigger films with prestigious directors, called back two, three times, and then the big-name predictable person got it. And she said, 'You know, I'm just gonna work. I'll work for anybody.' She never complained, and she picked up the skills of an actor."

Hartley put her to good use in his *Amateur* (1995) and *Flirt* (1996). Posey shone as a mean teen in *Dazed and Confused* (1993), was endearingly libidinous in *Sleep With Me* (1994) and coolly manipulative as downtown art dealer Mary Boone in *Basquiat* (1996). Always she was better than the movie.

Then, having shot five movies in seven months, Posey reached critical mass. *Waiting For Guffman* included her hilarious turn as a Dairy Queen counter girl who warbles a Doris Day tune. *The Daytrippers* featured Posey as a loose-limbed, caustic Long Island woman stuck with a pretentious boyfriend. *SubUrbia* added a darker flourish, with Posey as a scheming publicist for a rock star. Those movies were barely out of theaters when the loud advance buzz started about Posey's bravura starring role in *The House of Yes.*

All the films were produced outside the major studios, so reviewers dubbed Posey "the queen of the indies." Inferior actors, like Jason Priestly, began making snarky jokes about Posey's ubiquity. She isn't slowing down. Posey recently finished a role Hartley wrote specifically for her—in *Henry Fool,* she's a white-trash woman with hidden sophistication.

OUS TO WALK NEAR. IF HER HIP OR HER ELBOW CATCHES YOU, KNOCK YOU RIGHT ON YOUR ASS. IT'S A VERY ATTRACTIVE THING."

The one quality that unites Posey's characters—and the element of style she has in common with the sensibility of the other young New York film actors—is the absence of artifice. Her acting is always genuine, never patronizing or overbearingly ironic. Posey's work is sometimes highly stylized, but it's never self-regardingly arch. She'll play dumb characters but never be less than smart.

"*Listen, respond, do,*" Posey says. "Those are my three favorite acting words."

E-MAIL FROM POSEY: *Another thought on the Kennedy Assassination. There's some guy from the Texas area, I guess, or somewhere, I don't know where, anyWAY, he got a piece of Kennedy's brain when he was killed, and he Held onto it for 30 years and has just come out with the news he had it. What's so incredible about that, is that he kept it as a secret, he didn't tell Anyone he had it, not even his family. He held on. The power Kennedy had was magnanimous. That this man held on to a part of his Brain, shows just how much the feeling of loss was for him in particular. I thought the gesture was so Personal. He kept it as a SECRET. I wish I knew who told me this story, since I work so much in movies, I'm lucky to remember people's names plus their character's names, and since I act in the Stories of Movies, I've got so much fiction in the brain. For all I know I coulda made the story up! I didn't though, I swear, I wrote it down in my notebook so I wouldn't forget.*

NEAR THE BEGINNING OF *THE HOUSE OF YES,* THERE'S A pure Posey moment, indelible in both sight and sound. Her character, Jackie O., stunning in a black cocktail dress and pearls, meets her twin brother's fiancée for the first time. Surprised and horrified, Jackie O. reacts with a shriek, a cry of pain reaching back to the womb—then, just as suddenly, she laughs hysterically. The mood swing is faster than a flash of heat lightning, yet Posey's modulation is so precise that the few seconds of action soar through an operatic sweep of feelings.

She is just as deft with the rest of *Yes*'s 90 minutes. But Posey isn't expecting *Yes* to pay off in traditional terms. "I'll probably be more visible. It won't change the scripts I'm sent."

Maybe an Oscar nomination for *Yes* would encourage Posey to be more selective; otherwise, she risks turning into the female Eric Stoltz. In July, while in France shooting scenes for *Margaret,* Posey was debating whether to accept a role in a low-budget British movie with the clunky title *What Rats Won't Do.*

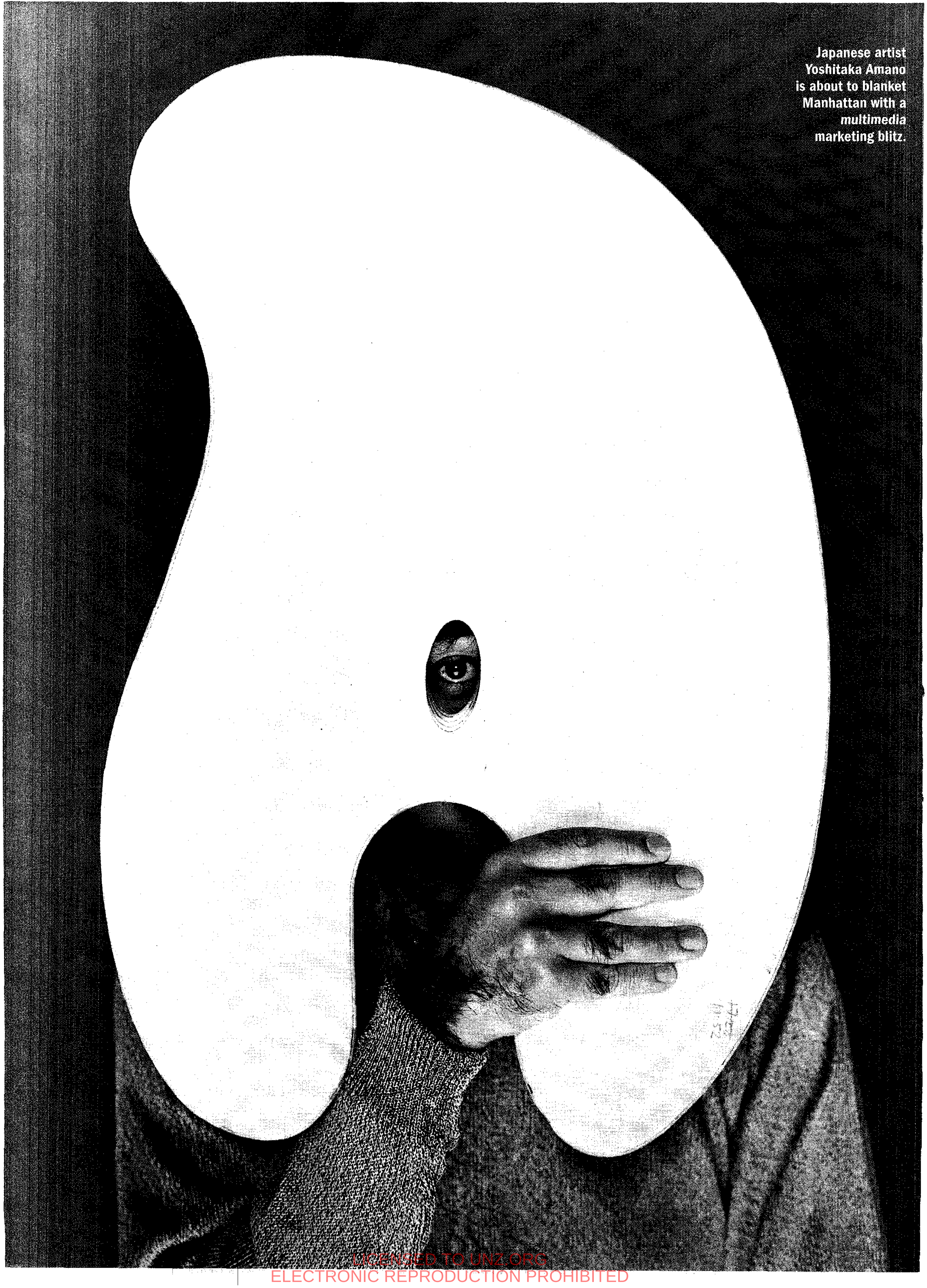
"I like the director, and I related to the part," she says. "Then I met these agents who came to visit their clients. So I said, 'I don't know if I want to do this film. Have you read it?' " She switches to a clipped, efficient tone. " 'Oh, it's a lovely story. Romantic and quick. Not a good career move.' " That decided the issue. Posey leaves for London in a couple of days for *Rats.*

The rain is lashing Seventh Avenue as she prepares to walk home. "I don't know if I'll act forever," she says. What could come next? "Interpretive dance. And songs that I write on my Casio keyboard. That would be really fun." She sounds sincere.

Posey steps into the cool night air, unfurling a huge black umbrella and balancing it against her left shoulder. She turns and sprints; the only thing visible in her wake is some sort of red-yellow-and-white design on the surface of her umbrella. In a second, the shapes, including a pair of familiar round black ears, sort themselves out. Shielding her from the rain is Mickey Mouse.

One way or another, it seems, Parker Posey lives in the magic kingdom. ▬

Photographs: left, Naomi Kaltman/Outline; right, Richmond/Katz/Saba.



Japanese artist
Yoshitaka Amano
is about to blanket
Manhattan with a
multimedia
marketing blitz.

Is Amano the Best Artist You've Never Heard Of?

(Or just the latest Barnum of SoHo?)

By Lang Phipps

JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT FOISTED POSTCARDS ON ANDY Warhol in a crowded SoHo restaurant. The late German artist Joseph Beuys lived in the René Block Gallery with a coyote for three weeks. Julian Schnabel published a book he claimed was written in honor of his wife's pudenda. Jeff Koons installed a 40-foot-tall puppy made of flowers at the entrance of a major European art show. The Japanese artist Jiro Yoshihara filled a gallery with water and rowed around it in a dinghy. Thrusting oneself into the art world never was easy, and a talent for self-promotion, no matter how vulgar or carnivalesque, certainly didn't hurt any of these guys. But very soon their antics will seem like small change when New Yorkers find out just how far some artists will go for recognition. Over the next two and a half months, much of the city will be barraged

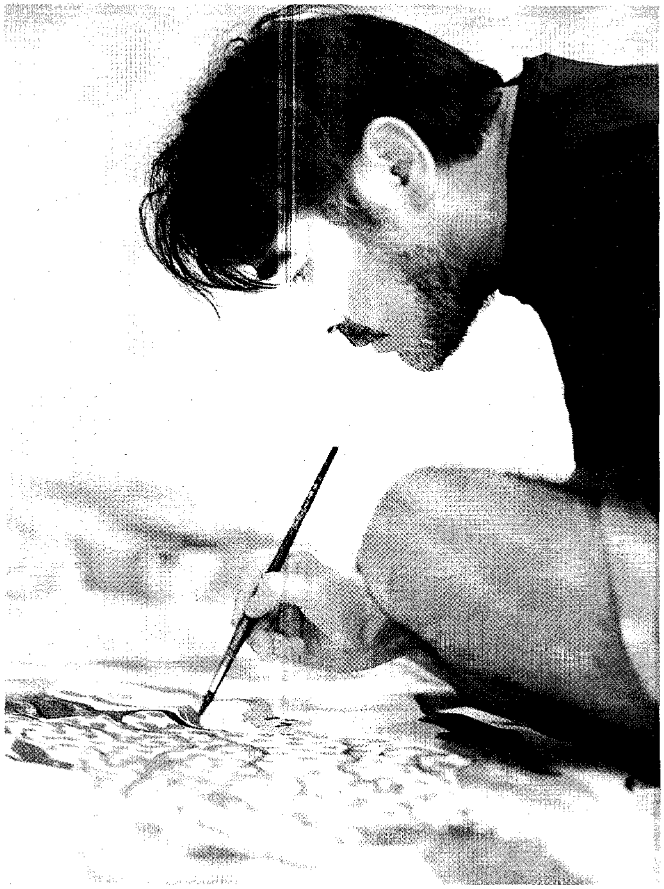
PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BARRY
FOR NEW YORK

with words and images created by a Japanese man with shaggy hair and a five-day growth of beard who is mounting a high-ticket, media-saturating ad campaign to become the Next Big Thing. His mock-Zen pronouncements—REFUSE TO WEAR YOUR GLASSES; LEAVE YOUR WORLD TO EXPERIENCE OTHERS; MISTRUST CERTAIN FLOWERS—will adorn subways, newspapers, magazines, and posters. One mural already looming over Houston Street shouts THINK LIKE AMANO in letters three and a half feet tall.

These cryptic messages are just one part of an epic ad campaign costing several million dollars. And the product it's selling is Yoshitaka Amano, a Japanese artist and entrepreneur virtually unknown outside his homeland who recently relocated to a Greene Street loft and is buying himself his first American exhibition. An A-list crowd is expected at the Puck Building on November 10, when the official opening of the ten-day show is celebrated with a party for the Fresh Air Fund (where Amano will present the organization with a five-figure check).

Amano has bought five weeks' worth of ad space in more than half of the subway system—577 cars. He has taken out huge ads in *Vanity Fair, New York* Magazine, *Wired,* and *The New York Times Magazine,* among other publications. One could easily dismiss him as a latter-day Barnum with a paintbrush, or as another Andy Warhol—a Warhol, in this case, full of apologetic politesse while selling the hell out of you. Ivan Karp, the owner-director of the O. K. Harris Gallery in SoHo, predicts a backlash against what he calls this ubiquitous "bludgeoning confrontation" unless it unfolds with some finesse. Others are even less sanguine. "I'm sorry to hear that this is happening," sniffs conservative art critic Hilton Kramer. "Things like this have nothing to do with art."

As the *Wall Street Journal* might ask: Who *is* Yoshitaka Amano?



Cartoon character: Animation artist Yoshitaka Amano at work in his Greene Street loft, the SoHo space in which *Ghost* was filmed.

AMANO IS A DESIGNER, FILMMAKER, AND ILLUSTRATOR whose media range from books to video games to stained glass. He has made a fortune tapping into the seductive appeal of comic book heroes and fantasy figures. Now he's seeking a different kind of legitimacy, spending $50,000 renting the Puck Building space to introduce himself to the international art market.

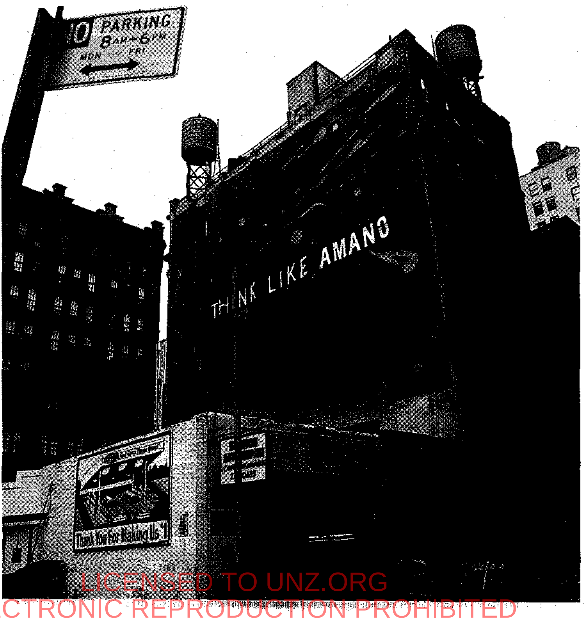
Amano, 45, grew up in a small town within the prefecture of Shizuoka, at the foot of Mount Fuji, and began drawing on rolls of paper his older brother brought home from work. After visiting Tatsunoko Productions, the animation studio that created *Speed Racer* (one of the first Japanese cartoons to be seen in the U.S.), Amano realized he'd found his calling. He left high school at 15 to pursue it, sliding some of his drawings under the door of the studio; eventually he was hired as an animator. Amano's family and friends were baffled by his decision to forgo a more traditional career path. But even then he followed his own rules, eventually giving up the safe but unchallenging life on a studio team to go freelance as an all-purpose commercial artist.

In Japan, his cartoons and animation have made him extremely wealthy. Hutch, a honeybee with Tweety Bird eyes, is as beloved as Snoopy. Dark, brooding Vampire Hunter D is Japan's answer to Batman. The Gatchaman team is something like the Fantastic Four. And in a country where most of the books leading the current nonfiction best-seller list tell readers how to win computer games, Version 7 of Amano's Final Fantasy video game sold 2 million copies the first weekend it appeared in software stores. Last year, Amano grossed $40 million on the sale of silk screens, lithographs, and etchings based on his book illustrations. No other popular artist comes close to that kind of earnings; the closest American equivalent might be LeRoy Nieman, an artist with wide-ranging advertising and other commercial outlets for his work but nowhere near the impact here that Amano has had in Japan.

Amano's marketing strategy poses certain risks. With the SoHo billboard, the walls plastered with posters, the slew of subway ads, isn't there some danger that people will conclude Amano is some eccentric new fashion designer? Leader of a religious cult? Spokesman for Fruitopia? And mightn't this visual assault ultimately *repel* people?

"The history of art is long, and the history of advertising is short," says *Time* art critic Robert Hughes. "And a bunch of subway ads don't amount to a row of condoms. The only thing that matters is the work. But this warrior son of Nippon doesn't sound like much, though, I must say."

Tom Wolfe, who took on contemporary art and artists in *The Painted Word,* is somewhat more equivocal. "This is a chance to



An "Amanoism" looms over the corner of Houston and Lafayette Streets.

look at the disintegrating nature of the art world," says Wolfe. "It still demands that things be new. But they've run out of ways to be horrifyingly vulgar, to do things that haven't been done before. Meantime, you have lots of young people interested in the demotic world of comic art."

Indeed, in Japan, creators of *anime,* the richly rendered animation style Amano works in, are often considered fine artists. And *anime* is the fastest-growing genre in the U.S. video industry. Comic art is gaining legitimacy here as well: Christie's has started holding semi-annual auctions devoted exclusively to animation art. "What are comic superheroes but Michelangelo in skintight suits?" says Mark Kostabi, himself an archetype of the artist-as-entrepreneur. "The same attention to extremely muscular anatomy is there. I think museums are ultimately going to embrace comic art."

AMANO'S ART IS RIFE WITH FANTASTIC IMAGES that recall Arthur Rackham, the British book illustrator who died in 1939; comic-book artists like Michael Kaluta; and even a bit of the fashion illustrators Rubén Toledo and Antonio. The closest they come to fine art in the European sense is as rather kitschy cousins of the Vienna Secession movement embodied by Gustav Klimt. Wolfe compares Amano to the Danish artist Kay Nielsen (1886–1957), who was "swept up by the combination of Japanese flat design and the fine draftsmanship of the English fantastic illustrators, people like Aubrey Beardsley and William Heath Robinson." Nielsen later went to Hollywood, where he worked on Disney's classic animated feature *Fantasia.*

Nielsen's migration from fine art to the commercial world is precisely Amano—in reverse. Having found early success in the most popular forms, Amano now hopes to win respect in the high-art world. It won't be easy. Scott Mauriello, co-owner of Anime Crash, a store in Greenwich Village that specializes in Japanese animation, points out that Amano actually works in a style made famous by American comic-book artist Frank Frazetta. "It's about fantasy—swords, girls, et cetera. Frazetta is great, but Amano is better. Amano is a genius." Mauriello, who plans to open an Anime Crash store in Times Square sometime in 1998, explains, "Amano will take a barbarian-type character and make him beautiful. In his art, there's a trace of the style known in *anime* and *manga* [comic book] circles as *bi-shonen,* or 'beautiful boys.' "

Vampire Hunter D is a typical Amano creation. He is powerful but slender, with attenuated limbs and a slightly epicene pose. His obsession as a half-vampire is to hunt down and drive a stake through the heart of the King of the Vampires, who may or may not be, à la *Oedipus Rex* and *Star Wars,* his father. Some *anime* work will be included in the Puck Building show, which is planned, without a hint of irony, as a retrospective. Animation cels, video-game drawings, scenic and costume designs, prints, and uncommissioned paintings will be on view as well.

Just as most Americans don't know that Joe Shuster and Jerry Siegel created Superman and William Marston invented Wonder Woman, most Japanese are more familiar with Amano's creations than with the artist himself, says Yoshi Segoshi, a printmaker who is now the executive producer of Amano's in-house production company, Ten Productions. Gatchaman, called G-Force in the U.S., predates the similarly teamed-up Mighty Morphin Power Rangers by a decade. The five superheroes, ages 8 to 20, who fight evil criminals while outfitted in motorcycle helmets and obligatory capes, are drawn with filigreed detail and painstaking attention to line. They also are characterized by a refined moral sense: The four boys and one girl in the Gatchaman corps never kill but pursue the henchmen of the evil corporation Galactor with boomerangs and yo-yos, which are used to knock out and trip up the enemy. Amano was just out of his teens when he created the Gatchaman team in 1972. At the time, he believed that "corporate entities had some of the nuances of evil." He still does.

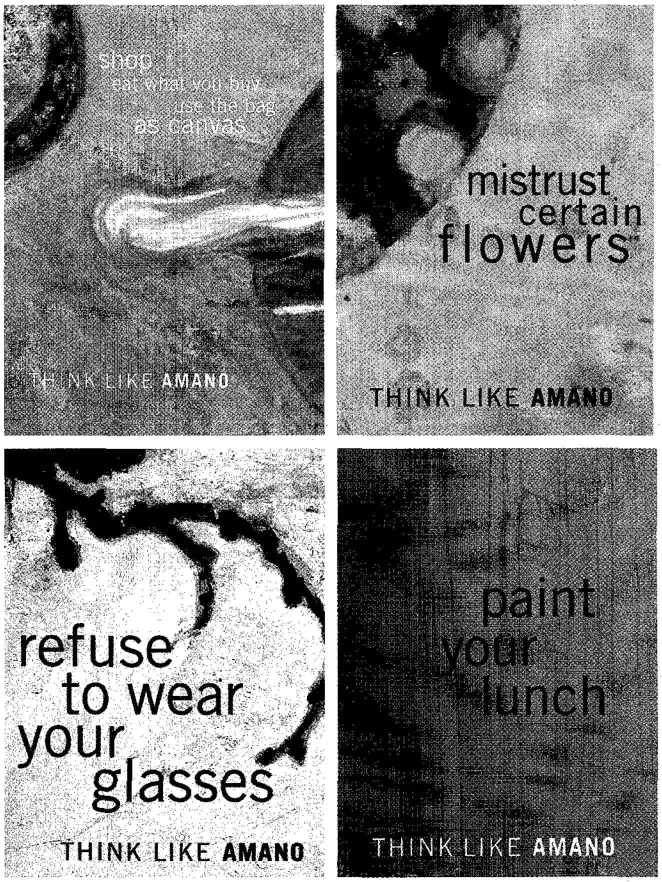
Amano chafes at being labeled a commercial artist and is creating some original work for the debut. The enormous 12-by-54-foot canvases he calls "New York–sized" are uncharacteristically soft and feminine in theme: The titles of two of these paintings are almost Spenserian—*The Fairy's Feast in the Athenian Woods* and *Aphrodisia.*

"I'm not Calvin Klein," he insists. "I don't have something specific to sell." Referring to the Puck Building show, he adds, "For me, this is more like a performance," even though his objective is building an American, and then an international, market for his work.

But Robert Hughes doesn't buy the idea that there is anything soft-sell or self-effacing about this venture. "This is a guy who's clearly got an ego the size of a house," he says.

IN PERSON, AMANO BEARS A CLOSER RESEMBLANCE TO HIS SECOND-most-famous creation, the warm and fuzzy honeybee Hutch, than to any of the macho Gatchaman superheroes. He is soft and rumpled, of medium build. Amano has a wife and two kids and is nonetheless a bit of a loner who dislikes having a lot of people around. They seem to frighten him—something he'd better get over by November 11.

For my interview with him, the artist was dressed in baggy shorts, a shirt he may have slept in, and black socks. His Bulgari watch was splattered with paint. Amano says he hates to fly



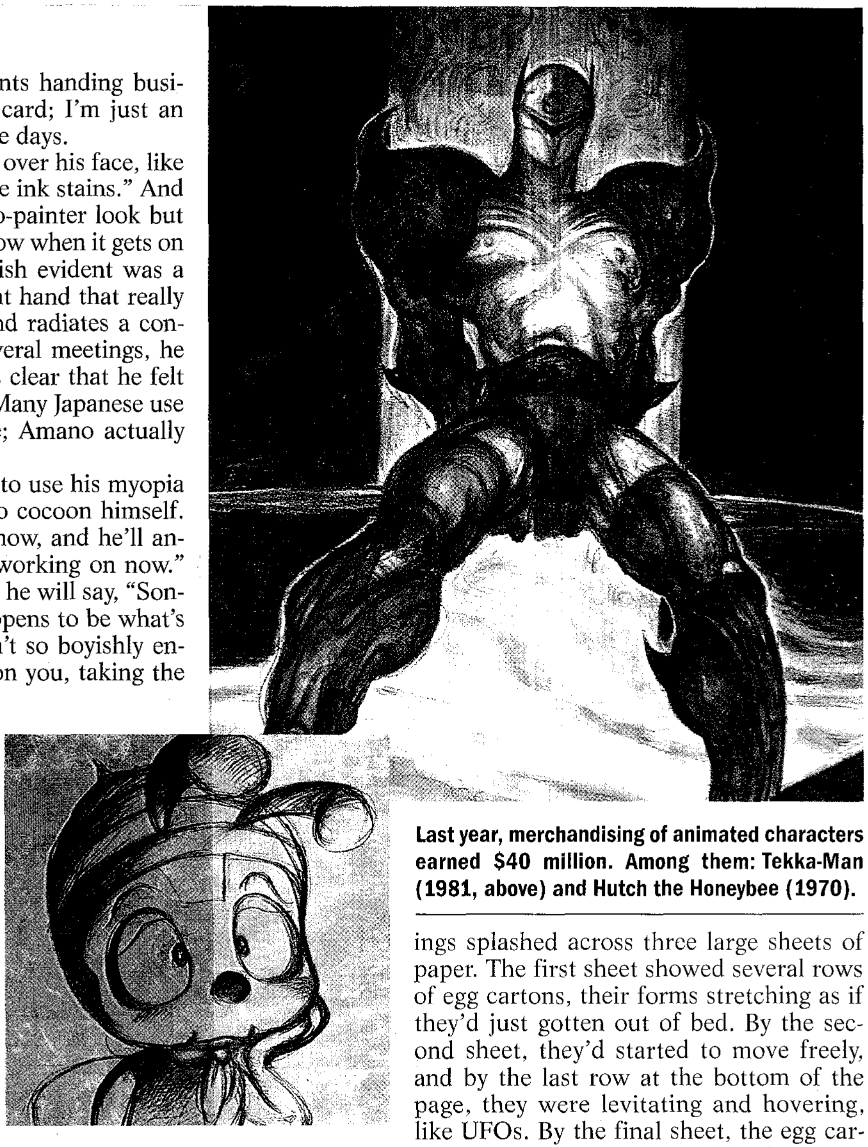
The power of printing: To build up name recognition in the American and international art markets, Amano is launching a massive publicity campaign that includes ads featuring his mock-Zen-like pronouncements. They will appear in magazines, in half of the city's subway cars, and on posters that are going up on New York City walls.

Photographs: previous page, top, David Barry; bottom, Warren Salowe; this page, copyright Yoshitaka Amano, created by Grey Entertainment for Ten Productions (4).

first-class, because "it's all company presidents handing business cards around. I don't have a business card; I'm just an artist." An artist who flies business-class these days.

Amano parts his hair down the middle and over his face, like a falling curtain, in order, he says, "to hide the ink stains." And he dresses in black not to affect a chic SoHo-painter look but because "the black ink on my fingers won't show when it gets on my clothes." As it happened, the only blemish evident was a black birthmark on the back of Amano's right hand that really does look like an ink stain. He is relaxed and radiates a contained happiness, but over the course of several meetings, he rarely made eye contact with me until it was clear that he felt comfortable and let me into his small circle. Many Japanese use politeness to maintain distance from people; Amano actually uses it to invite you to him.

He looks down and blinks a lot; he seems to use his myopia (he refuses to wear his glasses, of course) to cocoon himself. Ask him to name his favorite piece in the show, and he'll answer, through an interpreter, "The one I'm working on now." Or what kind of music he likes the most, and he will say, "Sonny Rollins playing 'St. Thomas,' " which happens to be what's on in his studio at the moment. If he weren't so boyishly enthusiastic, you might think he was goofing on you, taking the mickey out of the *gaijin*.



Last year, merchandising of animated characters earned $40 million. Among them: Tekka-Man (1981, above) and Hutch the Honeybee (1970).

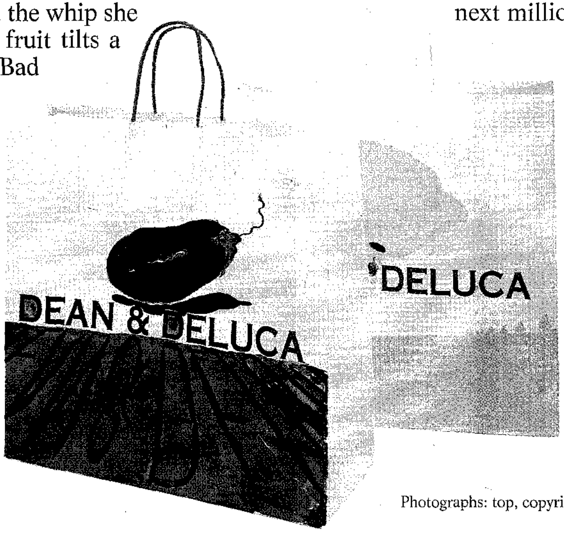
When I visited his Greene Street loft, he gave an impromptu show-and-tell with his most private creations. He seems to live in a world in which inanimate objects come to life in his vision. Ordinary objects enter what associates describe as Amano's force field and become *objets*. Plastic orange-juice cartons turn into white robots. Shopping bags are the launch pads for an endless variety of illustrations.

On a Smith & Hawken bag he has painted a life-size cabbage; atop the heart of the cabbage is a man with six legs sprouting from his torso. Looking at it, Amano remarks, "He doesn't know where to go." Of the many Dean & DeLuca bags he has decorated, one shows a big golden apple that is dripping gold paint onto the letters of the store's name: Amano was practicing with gold-leaf paint before applying it to a canvas. A Dean & DeLuca delivery menu has "a very old Harley" drawn under the words CAFE CATERING. Another Dean & DeLuca bag depicts a lemon that is a UFO. Hovering above the printed name, the lemon is beaming down a strawberry onto a spot between the ampersand and the second *D*.

Another bag from the store has been given an S&M twist: Flanking the name are two legs sheathed in black stockings. The woman's stiletto heels are actually red chili peppers. A green pear sits at her feet, and the whip she is holding trails along the floor. The fruit tilts a bit, as if cowering. Someone says, "Bad pear," and Amano replies, "The pear is happy."

PAINT YOUR LUNCH is one of the headlines from the ad campaign. Why so much food in his paintings? "Because all I do is draw and eat," Amano replies. Like Vampire Hunter D, Amano is active at night, working from dusk to 8 or 9 in the morning, and asleep during the day.

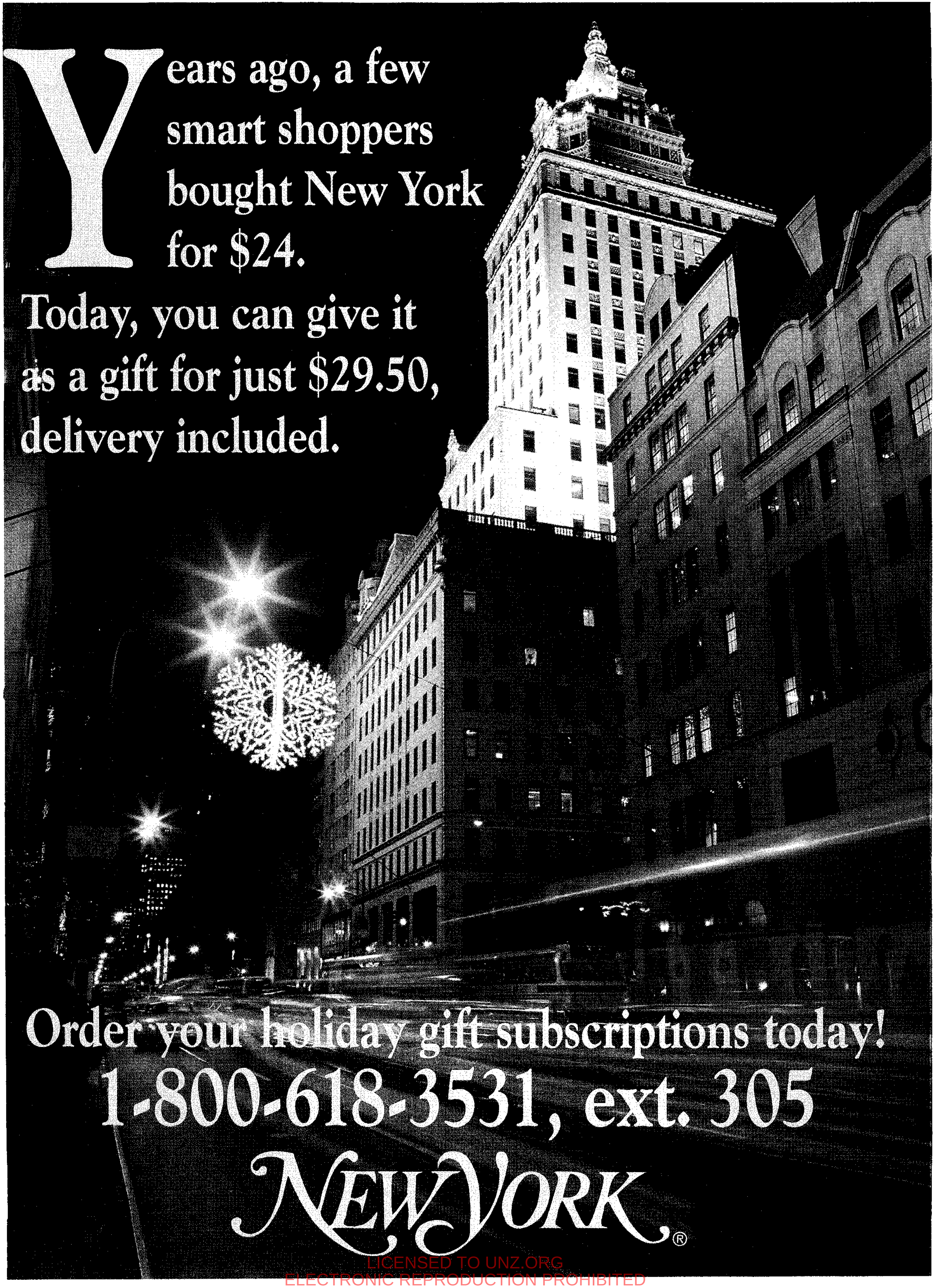
And yet when it comes to his art, Amano can't leave things alone—like the egg carton in the refrigerator that inspired a series of drawings splashed across three large sheets of paper. The first sheet showed several rows of egg cartons, their forms stretching as if they'd just gotten out of bed. By the second sheet, they'd started to move freely, and by the last row at the bottom of the page, they were levitating and hovering, like UFOs. By the final sheet, the egg cartons were dancing creatures, their appendages full of antic independence, like happy feet. Two weeks later, Amano was having a meeting about the egg carton with an L.A. company that specializes in 3-D animation. As they sat back and watched, Amano went back into the refrigerator and pulled more "creatures" out of "refrigerator world," as one associate describes it—a milk carton, a jar of peppercorns, a mustard bottle. Within half an hour, the egg carton was fashion-accessorized. Amano had drawn his vision of where the character lived, the balcony of his house, and an imaginary, food-themed city. Who knows—maybe it was the birth of Amano's next million-dollar animation project.



AMANO IS BLESSED WITH WHAT THE Japanese call *un*. Call it luck or good timing; what he spontaneously creates proves almost unfailingly to be exactly what a lot of people want to buy. Next April, he makes his West Coast debut as the featured filmmaker in a novel collaboration with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and composer David Newman. Nori Kaneko, a Los An- *(continued on page 98)*

Amano compulsively turns everything, shopping bags included, into *objets*.

Photographs: top, copyright Tatsunoko Productions (2); bottom, Steven Freeman, copyright Yoshitaka Amano.



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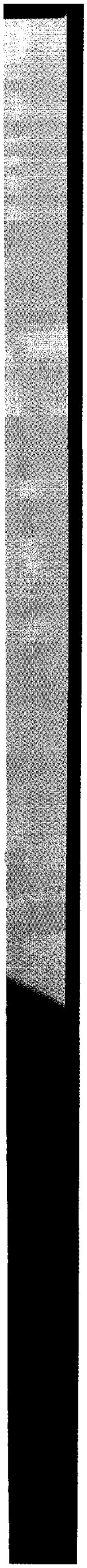

Photographed By Chris Buck

Is There a Nurse in the House?

Backed by Oxford Health Plans and a few brave doctors, a group of advanced nurses is going into the business of primary care. Could this be the next great medical alternative?

By Susan Brenna

MARY O'NEIL MUNDINGER NEVER doubted that she was an excellent nurse—clinically sophisticated, quick on her feet, with a soft but authoritative air that gave patients a hint of what it might be like to have a mom who relaxed with the *New England Journal of Medicine.* Still, the first battle of independence she led on behalf of nurses, more than twenty years ago, ended in a smashing defeat, not to mention her own sudden exit from a small Westchester hospital. ■ As head of nurse education there, Mundinger had been part of a scheme to free full-time nurses from the rushed anonymity of shift work—"thing-doing," as nurses call it—to allow for more one-

With a new primary-care practice on the Upper East Side, nurse Mary Mundinger takes on the medical Establishment.

on-one counseling with patients. Certain designated "primary nurses" worked out recovery plans for patients and had the authority to give care orders to other nurses, just as doctors did. But the staffing cost more, rank-and-file nurses objected, and some top nurses began to challenge doctors' orders for patients they now considered not just bodies at the end of call buttons but their own cases. Mundinger was ordered to dismantle the system—and she refused.

She took the defeat hard but realized, once she'd shaken off the shock, that the problem wasn't with her vision but with her political skills. She had none. How she remedied that is a measure of the rapierlike efficiency she has brought to every battle since, including a new strike for nurses' independence so powerful it could eventually change the way many people get their basic health care. For the first time in Manhattan, beginning September 29, nurses with extensive primary-care experience will compete with family doctors for privately insured patients. Clients enrolled in Oxford Health Plans and a handful of other insurers that recently signed on, including Prudential Healthcare, MultiPlan, and United Healthcare, will be able to get their routine care not from doctors but from advanced-practice nurses working out of spacious new pastel offices just two blocks east of Bergdorf Goodman.

Columbia-Presbyterian Advanced Practice Nurse Associates—CAPNA, as the new practice is called—has the backing of the Columbia-Presbyterian Physicians Network, but Mundinger is its chief proselytizer, given the reluctance of most doctors to openly support the venture. And the medical Establishment has made no bones about its opposition: The CEO of the New York State Medical Society, Dr. Charles Aswad, calls the insurers' reimbursements of CAPNA nurses at physician rates a "bait and switch" deception of patients.

Marshaling support for such a breakthrough didn't happen instantly for Mundinger, who takes an attitude of regretful tolerance toward the doctors' anger. She has been on a long learning curve that began in 1984, when, after blazing through a doctorate in health policy in two years (while she still had two of her four children at home), she won a Robert Wood Johnson fellowship to work for Senator Edward Kennedy as a health-policy staff adviser. This would be equivalent to someone's learning nursing by apprenticing herself to Florence Nightingale.

On a recent morning, following an appearance as a health correspondent on *Good Day New York,* she was looking very much like a woman of the Senate herself, with her smooth silver bob and a military-cut suit of zinnia pink. She enjoys stealing time from official duties to do a little on-air nursing, advising caller Sandy from Fort Lee on proper vitamin dosage. Post-show, however, she reflected on the major lesson of her political Dark Age, which is that if nurses go to war over health care with doctors, nurses lose: "The physicians are there, and they own it, and if you're going to do anything, you're going to do it with them, not at variance with them."

Now dean of the Nursing School at Columbia University, Mundinger is the visionary force behind the faculty nurses opening the Upper East Side practice. She stresses that the absence of doctors in the office doesn't mean the nurses are going it alone; each has an outside physician available for consultation and a building full of Presbyterian Hospital doctors poised to buddy up on referrals. But if nurses prescribing drugs, admitting patients to hospitals, and treating chronic ailments are accepted in poor and rural America, that has not been the case in most of New York, where private clients see M.D.'s for their routine care.

"We can talk about what level of wellness you wish you had, and I can get you to that," promises Mary Mundinger, a nurse-practitioner with a health-care mission.

MUNDINGER IS MAKING A daredevil bet, with all of organized medicine watching, that enough sophisticated Manhattan patients will choose nurses not for what they do as well as doctors but for what they will do differently. For starters, they promise to spend more time listening to patients' real concerns, whether it's their immediate need for a strep-fighting antibiotic or their worrisome habit of gobbling Tylenol every day for stress headaches, their fear of carrying a breast-cancer gene or even their distress over a teenage child who's begun smoking. But where the nurses will most effectively deploy their master's-degree training (and at least five years of hands-on clinical experience) is in understanding patients' lives intimately enough to work out health regimens they can actually stick with. If that involves making a house call to see whether there are environmental causes for recurrent asthma attacks or to counsel the smoking son, they'll do that. If it means carrying their medical bags on office visits to executives who can't bear to spend precious moments in a waiting room, they say they'll do that, too.

Just as doctors home in on pain and disease, Mundinger says, nurses will bring that same intensity to health.

"We can talk about what level of wellness you wish you had, and I can get you to that," she says. The question is, will patients want this hybrid of holistic adviser and old-fashioned family generalist, as captured in portraiture by Norman Rockwell, or will they continue to prefer physicians' longer years of training and their presumed superiority in recognizing when a cold is more than a cold.

That may depend on whether patients feel they're more than just notations in the files of their current physicians. "We're not looking for clients who are already happy with their primary-care doctors," says one of the founding nurses at CAPNA, Edwidge Jourdain Thomas. It also may depend on whether Thomas and her colleagues are as effective in marketing their services to patients as Mundinger has been with the big health thinkers.

The president of the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation, internist Steve Schroeder, recalls an academic conference four years ago where "a senior representative of the AMA was casting aspersions on nurse-practitioners. Mary took him on in a measured, calm way—and she cut him off at the knees. It was a rout."

Still, angry doctors are an ongoing force to be reckoned with. Physicians who protested to Oxford said they were assured the practice would remain in "an underserved area." Without conceding the point, Ben Safirstein, Oxford's vice-president for medical affairs, says, "It's not as though we are encouraging nurse-practitioners to move into midtown. I don't know why any practitioner would move into midtown Manhattan, where you probably have a doctor every fifteen inches." Scorched by the doctors' outrage, Safirstein calls the new practice "a research project that has to have some defined outcomes" in patient health within a year to eighteen months.

Resentment among doctors isn't hard to understand. Managed care is promoting elite nurses as alternative primary-care givers at the same time it's pushing doctors to see patients more quickly and cheaply. Once CAPNA's practice builds, the nurses will "be in the same time bind as physicians," says otolaryngologist Kenneth Brookler, former president of the

New York County Medical Society, "except they will not have the experience and background to triage important patient information from unimportant patient information." History argues otherwise, Mundinger insists, referring to efficiency reports from nurses' work with Medicaid patients. Intensive initial visits can often be followed by "really quick encounters," she says, because the nurses know their patients so well, "and because the patient is so well engaged in his own care."

The new practice needs the continued support of Columbia-Presbyterian doctors to succeed, and Mundinger is not above appealing to their egos. "All the docs at the teaching hospitals are very, very good, but the guys at Presbyterian"—her voice drops to a whisper—"think they're the best . . . and that worked to our advantage" in dousing concerns about competition, "because nobody could look better than they are."

THE ONE THING SHE NEVER WANTed to be was dean of a nursing school. Once she'd gotten her political education, Mundinger says, she was fixated on making health policy more nurse-friendly, on allowing nurses to do the high-level counseling and educational work she'd struggled to find time to do in the years when she was raising children by day and practicing nursing by night and on weekends. Those were years, as she recalls them, when the family had "no money—*no* money." She and her husband, Paul Mundinger—an expert in the genetics of birdsong who kept 24 goldfinches in their master bedroom until his wife rebelled at all the feathers on the floor—had had four children within five years of her 1958 college graduation, and he was still studying and earning adjunct's pay. Nursing was Mundinger's paycheck and her intellectual release, but it was also how she hung on to her sense of herself as a professional.

That need grew out of a crisis. The week before she left for college, her adored father, the head of a plant that made ketchup and jelly in the small western New York town of Fredonia, died suddenly. He had been "the moral and intellectual center of the community," she recalls, and several of his friends got together and helped pay her way through his alma mater, the University of Michigan. It was a progressive baccalaureate program, where aspiring nurses partnered with medical students in anatomy classes and were treated as equals. None of this was undertaken so she could become, she would later say, "*anyone's* handmaiden."

When her youngest child left for college from their home in Rye, Mundinger went to Washington. From Senator Kennedy, she learned that positioning and status were key, that she could not advance nursing from within the field because it would be too easy for doctors to cut her out, "to decide I wasn't worth listening to." The importance of being in the room where decisions are made was driven home one day when she handed Kennedy her carefully argued proposal to adjust taxes on pharmaceuticals to help subsidize the costs of childhood immunizations. He dropped it in the trash. His committee didn't have jurisdiction, Kennedy told her, and " 'we're not giving *that* committee *your* good idea,' " she recalls him saying.

Mundinger confers with Noreen Esposito and colleagues at CAPNA's East Side office.

So when Henrik Bendixen, then vice-president of health sciences at Columbia (where she'd become an assistant medical-school dean after her Washington stint) asked her to take over as the acting dean of the nursing school in 1984, she declined. The school was on a slide. Aspiring nurses did not want to pay Columbia tuition for what were, at the time, scarce, low-paying jobs. Mundinger recoiled from spending her days grubbing for applicants and firing faculty. More significantly, she didn't want to get cut out of the action at the medical school, where the real policy dares were being worked out. She relented only when Bendixen told her that if the university closed the nursing school, it would be on *her* conscience. "I didn't want the job, and I wasn't going to make any compromises to keep it," she recalls. She didn't get the office she'd lobbied for next to his in the medical school, but she did win Bendixen's promise to attend her nursing-faculty meetings, and gained an insider's status at the med school and at Presbyterian Hospital.

Mundinger's faculty recalls how the new dean immediately began finding opportunities for nurses to train with medical students, advance new procedures with the hospital staff, and move into new fields of advanced practice. "She has an uncanny ability to see possibilities that other people might not—it's critical thinking in the extreme," says her vice-dean, Sarah Sheets Cook. Mundinger encouraged Cook and the faculty to raise the nursing school to its current eminence, but also began spending long hours making contacts at the hospitals, at the health-care foundations, and with other progressive deans.

TO MAKE THE FACULTY MORE COMpetent in modern nursing and the school more attractive to students, Mundinger established what became known as the "Columbia model." No longer could faculty simply teach; every member who wasn't pursuing serious academic research had to have an active practice. When Presbyterian Hospital president William Speck proposed extending medicine out of the citadel and into Washington Heights and Inwood by creating primary-care clinics in the community, Mundinger recalls, he was speaking to a hospital staffed by specialists. Meanwhile, "here we were, faculty out there doing practice in the community, and it didn't take him long to realize that maybe *we* should be running these satellite clinics," Mundinger says. "So he came to me and said, 'I'm giving you this opportunity to run these clinics,' and I said, 'That's great, but what's in it for my faculty, to break down their practices and go do this?' He said, 'What do you have in mind?' I said, 'How about if we give them hospital-admitting privileges?' "

A thunderous suggestion. Allowing nurses to admit patients to hospitals is still not common practice. What's more, it required the vote of the doctors on the hospital medical board. By this time, Mundinger had befriended many during six years of departmental meetings. "We had also done some political things of substance for the doctors by then," she recalls. "If they wanted a training program for transplant patients who were going home, we'd get it going."

Like a good Senate whip, Mundinger knew before the votes were counted sixteen months later that she had all but one departmental chair—anesthesiology—on her side. Limits were drawn—a collaborating doctor had to be notified within 24 hours of admission, and nurses could not manage patients through intensive care—but now Mundinger had a faculty of highly trained nurses who were seeing Medicaid patients in their offices, who could prescribe their drugs and supervise their hospitalization. And by now, she was fiercely committed to the school. What was left? Treating middle-class, insured patients—getting the nurses into those insurance directories right next to doctors. When the Oxford-CAPNA deal was announced in February, and the medical Establishment reacted angrily, Mundinger was prepared—with a political response.

Although CAPNA did not officially open until late September, the initial crew began seeing patients this summer. The middle-aged media buyer who made an appointment to see Renee D'Aiuta in August complained of morning stiffness in her fingers, but the two drugs prescribed by her doctor produced violent allergic reactions. The doctors had never even suggested exercises, she told D'Aiuta with a tone of resignation. Since this was the patient's first visit, D'Aiuta, smartly turned out in a silk blouse, lab coat, and stethoscope, did a long interview from behind her office desk. How many hours did the executive work? How did she relieve job stress? Was it a problem that she spent so much time alone? (Her children are grown, her marriage over.) The patient admitted she never did breast self-examination. Soon she was shirtless on an examining table, learning the technique, before D'Aiuta gave her some hand exercises to try.

The New York State Medical Society calls Oxford's plan to reimburse CAPNA's advanced nurses at physician rates a "bait and switch" deception of patients.

The next patient, an actress, expounded for an hour on her medical history ("The hearing problem was while I was doing *Mame* in Philadelphia . . ."). Mid-dialogue, she joked about how she missed the usual doctor's clipboard checklist—no, she'd never had typhoid or whooping cough. She also told Edwidge Thomas that her excess weight was "other people's problem, not mine." Thomas let that pass and moved on to the physical examination. It was only when the two were saying a warm good-bye that Thomas mentioned weight counseling, and the patient agreed to return the next week.

What the nurses have promised both Oxford and, implicitly, their patients is that their emphasis on preventive care will cut patients' risk for expensive hospitalizations. How attractive is that proposition? Oxford's Safirstein says "back of the envelope" surveys suggest perhaps one percent of patients would choose this alternative. But Myron Weisfeldt, chairman of medicine at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center and the nurses' most important physician backer, argues, "If, in fact, nurses have the luxury of spending more time with patients and dealing more effectively with chronic problems that physicians certainly haven't mastered—like weight loss, smoking cessation, diabetes—then I wouldn't be surprised if there were substantial populations who would not just accept advanced-practice nurses but would prefer them."

"This is really not a turf issue, it's a quality-of-care issue," Dr. Aswad insists, "We are asking, are they putting patients at some degree of risk? There's an axiom in medicine that you only diagnose what you know, you only see what you're looking for. If we accept the presumption that a nurse in a proper setting can handle an uncomplicated sore throat, then does that mean a nurse will see when a sore throat can be the first presentation of throat cancer?"

It's not a bet many doctors seem willing to make. Shortly after Oxford made the deal, the state medical society voted to "seek legislation prohibiting the substitution of licensed primary-care physicians with nurse-practitioners." Mundinger says she heard from several sources that some doctors were considering disenrollment from Oxford—a boycott.

Dr. Brookler says the doctors were considering disenrolling only as patients themselves, not as practitioners. But although "I didn't really think they would commit suicide over four nurse-practitioners," Mundinger says, she called the presidents of four leading health-care foundations and asked each to pledge immediate financial support for her planned academic review of the new practice. All complied. "Our intention is to help her test an important concept," Schroeder explained, "at a time and place where market pressures are making people edgy about working across disciplines."

Call it good politics. "I just wanted to put the medical community on alert," Mundinger says, "that they should wait for the evaluation on this, that this is not a wild effort on our part."

But in fact, a much more comprehensive, $3.5 million evaluation—overseen by a panel of nationally prominent physicians—has been under way since 1994. It will compare two primary-care clinics in Washington Heights, one staffed by physicians, one by advanced-practice nurses. Mundinger calls the study "the capstone study of my career." When the analysis is finished in the spring of 1998, she expects it to demonstrate what she passionately believes: not that nurse-practitioners are cheap substitutes for doctors, but that they are a whole different breed of healers.

"The only way to tell," says Jeremiah Barondess, president of the New York Academy of Medicine, "is to see what happens to people who are sick." ■

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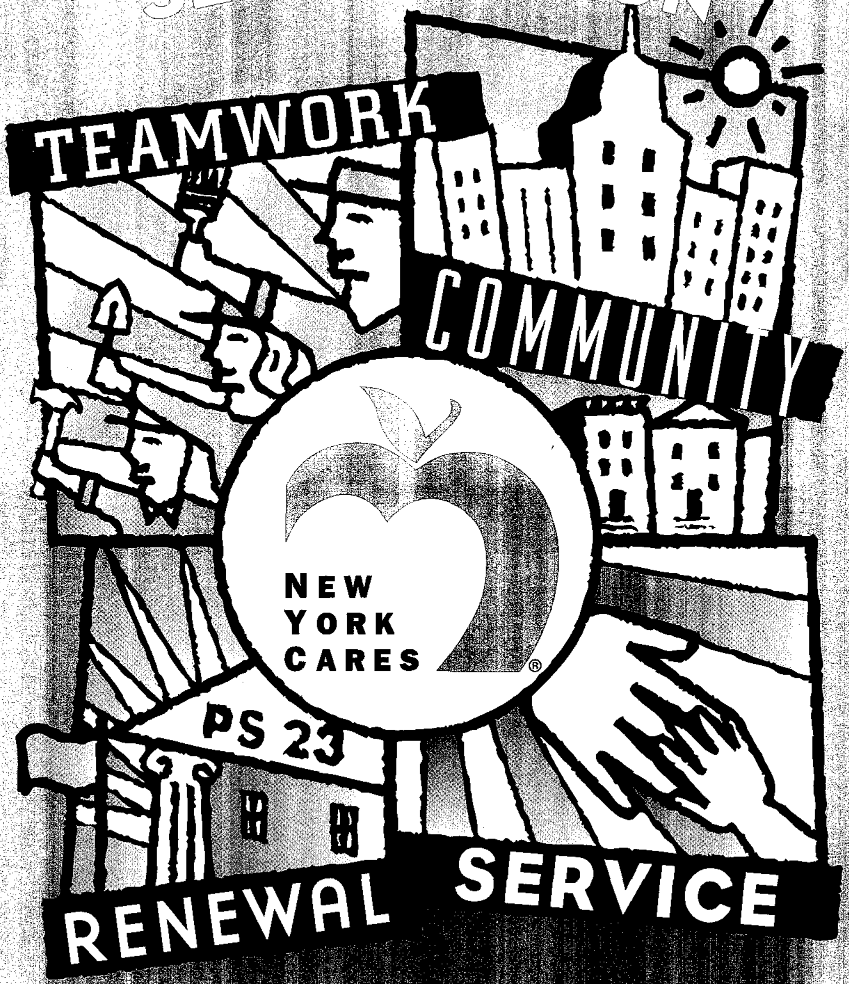
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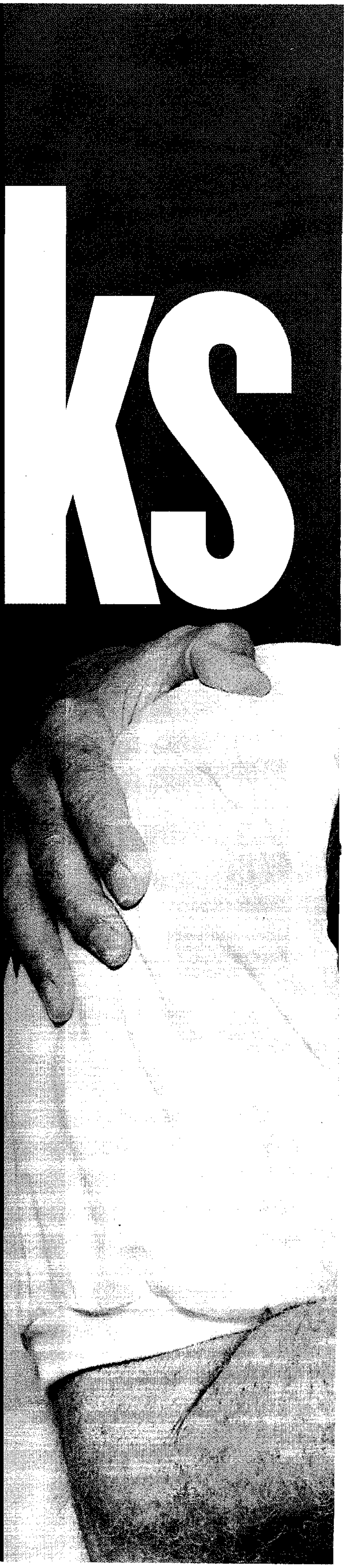
AGAIN WITH THE 2000 YEAR OLD MAN? MAKE THAT 2,037 AND WISER THAN EVER. MEL BROOKS AND CARL REINER ON ROYALS, GERMANS, AND OLD, OLD TIMES.



PEOPLE LAUGH JUST SAYING THE NAMES OF THEIR MOVIES; A FULL RECITATION of their credits generates an endorphin rush. But the creation that's earned Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks the most slavish cult following is the 2000 Year Old Man, a character Brooks improvised in a mock interview with Reiner in 1950, when they both worked on Sid Caesar's *Your Show of Shows*. At parties, then on records, Reiner's canny questioning elicited ad lib classics from the bimillennarian with the *shtetl* accent ("I'm gonna wash up," he told his girlfriend, Joan of Arc. "You save France.") TTYOM, as he self-abbreviates, hasn't been heard from on record since 1973. Now he's back with *The 2000 Year Old Man in the Year 2000* (to be released in October by Rhino) and a book by the same name (out next week from Cliff Street Books/HarperCollins). Even wiser (and still a wiseass) at 2,037, Brooks as sage takes on a newly discovered commandment ("Thou shalt not squint") and the Crime of the Century ("That those idiots gave Julie Andrews's part to Audrey Hepburn in the movie *My Fair Lady*—I'm upset to this day!"). Reiner the dogged interrogator and Brooks the antic ancient bear a crucial similarity to the *haimish* pair who riff with serene ease as they speak with *New York*'s Judith Stone in Brooks's office at the Culver Studios. After 49 years of friendship, Brooks and Reiner still clearly tickle each other. "You know what Carl does every once in

a while?" says Brooks, 71, jolly and jaunty, as he once described TTYOM. "He sings a song called "Princess Papuli Has a Lot of Papaya." Reiner, 75, the veteran of Broadway musicals, obligingly croons, still a smoothie, "Princess Papuli has plenty papayas, she like to give it away. . . . She give you the fruit and hold on to the root—"

"I love it," Brooks says. "Who else would know about Princess Papuli and how many papayas she had?" Reiner shakes his head. "He gets a kick out of the silliest little things."

***New York* Magazine:** *Take us back to the moment in 1950 when the 2000 Year Old Man was born.*

Carl Reiner: I had seen an eyewitness interview on a television show called *We, the People:* [*In a Mad Russian accent*] "Man was in Stalin's toilet, heard Stalin say he was going to blow up world on Thursday." It was absolutely impossible and inflammatory. And I turned to Mel at the office, and I said, "I understand you were actually at the scene of the Crucifixion."

Mel Brooks: I didn't expect the question.

Reiner: However, I knew I would get a funny answer because Mel Brooks had gotten up in the office many times without questions and just regaled us. He did a Jewish pirate who had trouble getting sailcloth at a good price that I'll never forget as long as I live. And his first answer was: "Oooooooh, boy." Yes, he knew Christ; he was a thin lad, always wore sandals. Came into the store but never bought anything.

Brooks: So that's how it started. We did it at parties for our own amusement, many parties, and we enjoyed it tremendously.

Reiner: Parties would be built around it.

Brooks: Then Steve Allen said, "Why don't you make a record of it?" And we let the world in.

Reiner: And now we don't get invited to parties.

Brooks: We never thought it was marketable.

Reiner: We thought it might be considered a little anti-Semitic, using a Jewish accent.

Brooks: I was portraying my mother, my Uncle Joe, and doing a lot of Yiddishkeit clichés that only people who grew up in the Bronx and Brooklyn would know.

Reiner: We thought. We *thought.* But how about Cary Grant? He grew up in Staten Island. [*They laugh at the idea.*] I don't know where he grew up.

Brooks: Somewhere in Liverpool?

Reiner: We had no idea that people like Cary Grant would get it. He'd pick up two dozen records a week and give them to his friends. He took the record to Buckingham Palace and he played it for the royal family. He told us they loved it.

Brooks: Everyone says Cary Grant was cheap, but he was very generous as far as our records were concerned. He bought tons of them and sent them all over the world.

Reiner: No, he didn't. He was my neighbor at Universal, and he'd call and say, [*in Grant's swank staccato*] "Carl, I could use another dozen or two." And I'd send them.

Brooks: He didn't pay for them?

Reiner: He never paid for them. He'd say, "I could use a few more. If it's not too much trouble."

We know a lot about the 2000 Year Old Man, but not so much about the reporter.

Reiner: He's really the audience; he's asking the questions that anybody in the audience would ask of this man.

Brooks: Carl is doing something now that is self-effacing. No one in the audience would ask the kind of questions he asks. No one would pursue the 2000 Year Old Man—

Reiner: Well, I'm really a reporter at heart; I do that even with people who don't give me laughs.

Brooks: But it's a genius. Carl is sculpting the piece as it emerges. As I rave on about Jesus and Joan of Arc and all these people, he's making a little playlet out of it. Let me show you Carl's genius: On the new album, he says, "I hear you're an avid reader," and I hear "avid" and think he means the great Roman writer Ovid. So because of that mistake, we got a lot of comedy. Then at the end, I tell Carl that Ovid was summarily dismissed from the royal court for writing about sex too graphically. I've come up with this headline: OVID OUSTED, AUGUSTUS DISGUSTED. And Carl says it sounds very much like a *Variety* headline, and he brings in the Michael Ovitz thing. It hadn't been on my mind at all. And then I came up with, "But my Ovid didn't get such a good departure package."

People are able to quote from your work verbatim years after hearing it. It sticks in people's heads like a Jewish catechism.

Reiner: That's the difference between reading a book and listening to comedy albums. Comedy albums you listen to more than once, and people can learn them. You wouldn't say those things if you saw them in a book.

Brooks: Don't knock books; we have a book out, too.

Reiner: Well, the book is the best thing, because then you can refer to it anytime you want. You just open it up. You don't need a machine to listen to it.

Brooks: Nice save.

Reiner: And what a present for Christmas to give somebody!

What are you working on at this very moment, the two of you?

Brooks: We're building a hut for Sukkoth.

Reiner: I'm supposed to bring the straw, and I don't know where to get it.

Brooks: And I'm bringing binding. Some papyrus so we can bind the straw.

Reiner: We may have to go to the Builder's Emporium and have them build it for us.

Brooks: Builder's Emporium don't know how to build a *sukkah.*

Mr. Brooks, there's a rumor that you're thinking about bringing The Producers *to Broadway, retitled* Springtime for Hitler.

Brooks: We are thinking, we are thinking, we are thinking. There's a good possibility. David Geffen, who is really passionate about seeing it as a Broadway musical, calls me once a week and annoys me, and there's a good possibility that it might be done. I may get *The Producers* ready for Broadway.

Reiner: And I may go see it. If I can get tickets.

Brooks: You know, Dustin Hoffman was originally going to be Franz Liebken in *The Producers.*

The Nazi playwright? Get out of here.

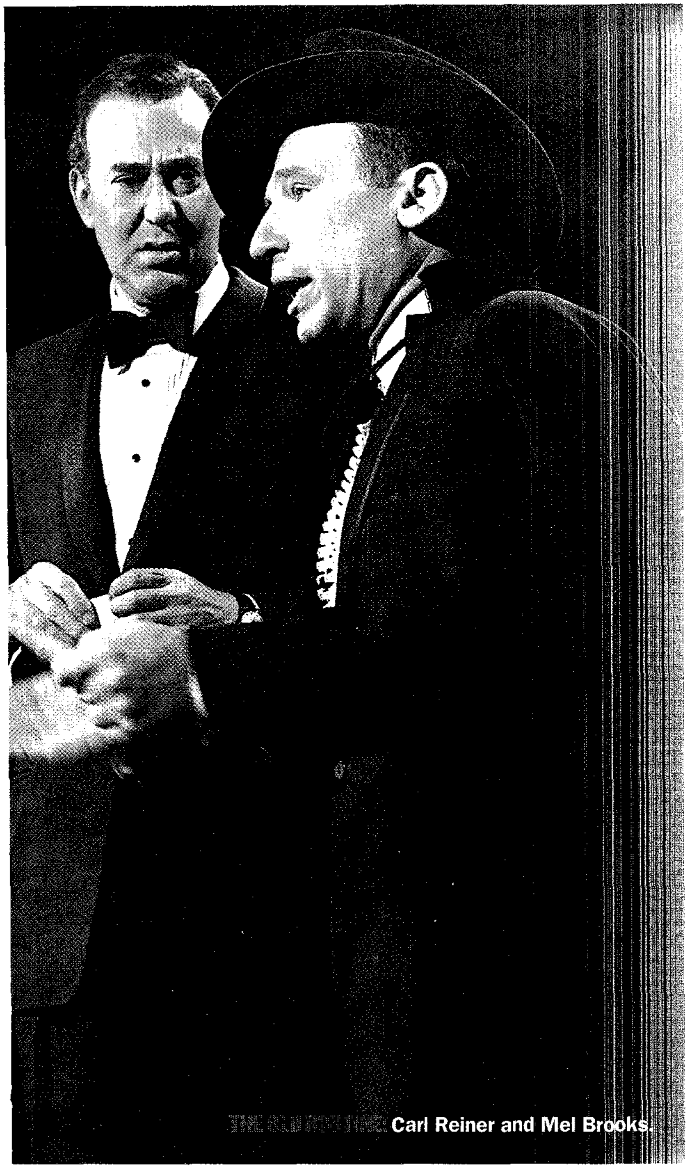
Brooks: I'm telling you! We lived on 11th Street between Fifth and Sixth, and so did Dustin Hoffman. He came down the block one day and he yelled up, "Mel, Mel!" and I said, "You know, it's not a tenement here; stop yelling from the street up to the window." He yells, "I'm auditioning for Mike Nichols, for *The Graduate* opposite Annie [Brooks's wife, Anne Bancroft]." So I said, "Audition all you want. They'll see you're a funny-looking little

ier:

YOU LOST YOUR ACCENT.

oks:

IT DON'T COME OUT IN PRINT. WHY THE HELL DO I GOTTA DO THE ACCENT FOR THE PRINT?



THE OLD ROUTINE: Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks.

Jewish mutt, you'll never get it, I'm not worried, you're Liebken." He flew out to the coast and did a screen test, and he came back a week later and said, "I got it." So I had to get another Liebken. I got Kenny Mars, and he did a great job.

Reiner: Dustin might have had a whole different career.

Brooks: He might have been a comic.

Do you still feel a connection with New York?

Brooks: Oh, yes.

Reiner: Sure. I still talk New York. He doesn't have a New York sound anymore.

Brooks: He's 75 years old and he still makes early New York pronunciatory errors. For instance—

Reiner: "*Central* Park."

Brooks: Not "Central *Park*"—"*Central* Park." He also says "*Mer*cedes." Not "Mer*ce*des." He learned it in New York as "*Mer*cedes."

*But Mr. Reiner says "in*famous.*" On the new record, he corrects the 2000 Year Old Man, who says "in*famous.*"*

Brooks: But I refuse to say the word "fa*mous.*"

Reiner: You know what's wonderful? It's got a Yiddishkeit to it. Fa*mous* is *famiss* is *farmisht*—all mixed up.

Brooks: There are some words in the English language, mostly detergents, that I think are Yiddish words. Like *Dreft.*

Reiner: *Epicenter* is a Yiddish word. And *far-fetched.* It's a game a lot of people play, finding words in English that are Jewish words.

I hear you were in Germany recently.

Reiner: He's a big hit in Germany.

Brooks: They like my stuff. There was a Jewish film festival in Berlin, and the first movie was *The Producers.* I wasn't there for that, but I went back later to congratulate them and see a hotel in East Berlin that Billy Wilder had raved about called the Adlon. It was burned to the ground by a drunken Russian soldier after it had survived World War II. Billy used to be a gigolo and he danced there. I was in Paris, and instead of coming back here, I said, "It's an hour and ten minutes to Berlin, I'm going to get a pair of slippers for Billy Wilder"—because they had just reopened the hotel.

Reiner: Did you bring him the slippers?

Brooks: I did. I had lunch with him, and he was a little tearful when he saw them.

How was Germany?

Brooks: I like the Germans. I don't—

Reiner: You don't like the Narzis.

Brooks: These kids had nothing to do with what their fathers did. They like my movies. They loved *Robin Hood,* they loved *Dracula*—the kids are wonderful.

[*The men are called from Brooks's office to the reception area of Brooksfilms for a photo shoot.*]

What do you think about all this premillennial hoo-ha?

Brooks: This is very important to us, because everyone's going to buy our book to find out what to do in the year 2000. We give you a lot of advice: how to dice vegetables, who to pray to—very important advice.

Where did the 2000 Year Old Man spend New Year's Eve 999?

Brooks: It's a toss-up between Eilat, which is on the Red Sea in Israel, and Vegas.

Reiner: That's where he was in 999?

Brooks: Oh. That's where he's going in 1999. Not where he was in 999. There was no Vegas then.

Reiner: Where were you when it turned 1000?

Brooks: When it turned 1000, I was—

Reiner: You lost your accent

Brooks: I'm not going to do the accent. [*Then, in unreconstructed, full-frontal 2000 Year Old Man–ese*] It don't come out in print. Why the hell do I gotta do the accent for the print?

Reiner: You'll think better with your accent.

Brooks: I think I was in the ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria. Wait a minute. In the year 1000? Oh, no, the Waldorf Astoria came much later.

Reiner: Where were you on New Year's Eve 999?

Brooks: I think I was in a large cave, not a ballroom, in the land of Ur. There was a wonderful party until the lions came in and then we all went out. We said, "It's your cave, we won't argue with you."

Reiner: Wait a minute. The idea of kissing your loved one at the stroke of midnight—did that exist then? When did that start?

Brooks: That started in year 1122.

Reiner: Who started that?

Brooks: Bernie.

Reiner: Why?

Brooks: Because he loved to kiss.

Reiner: Who did he kiss?

Brooks: He kissed everybody, including many men. It's coming out now. Ellen DeGeneres is opening up the floodgates.

[*The photographer interrupts and asks them to move closer together. They mug, they hug, they kiss.*]

Reiner: Let's do "surprise." *Holy shit!* [*Their mouths are bagels of astonishment.*]

Brooks: How about "How dare you."

Brook and Reiner: [*In unison, bellowing*] How *dare* you!

Brooks: Now what shall we do?

Reiner: Let's do like monkeys. [*They pick imaginary ticks from each other.*]

Brooks: How about plain, just looking into the lens. No jokes now—into the lens, two guys. ▬

Photograph by NBC/Globe Photos.

Nouveau Leash

Those who blow thousands on a statusy pup may think nothing of spending big bucks for a collar and leash to keep that pooch in line. So, operating on the theory that owners of designer dogs will want designer collars, Tom Ford of Gucci has come up with a beaut: It's leather and nickel and spells out that high-priced brand for all to see ($275 for leash and collar; in sizes small, medium, and large).

GUCCI/*685 Fifth Avenue, at 54th Street/826-2600*

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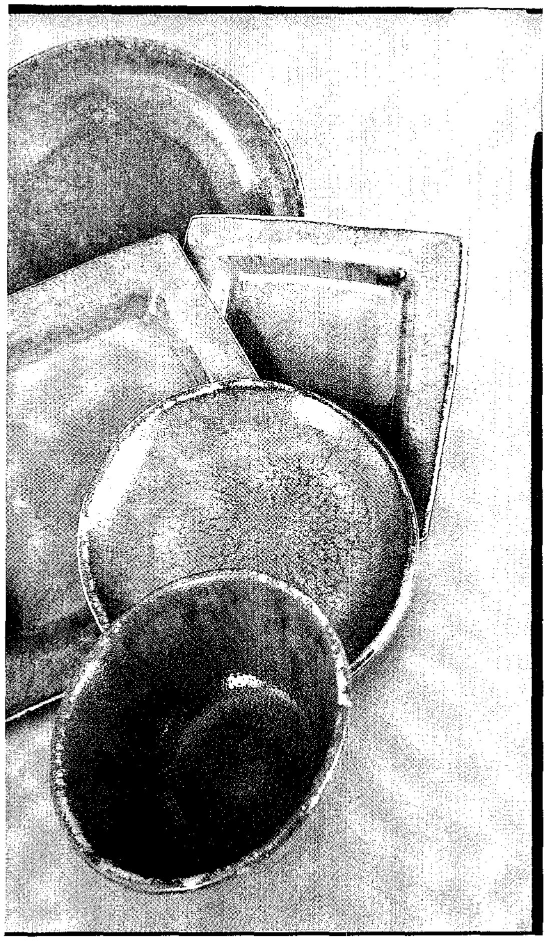
BY CORKY POLLAN

The French Connection

We'd call them car coats, but the French—more inclined to the romantic—call them painter's coats. Whatever: These jackets are by Pierre Emile Lafaurie, a French designer with a shop on the Place des Vosges. Though Lafaurie's a bit of a cult figure in Paris (think early Ralph Lauren), his men's wear had never been available here—until Sean Cassidy opened a new upscale SoHo store and filled it with Lafaurie's stuff. These ever-so-simple coats of unlined cotton corduroy come in seven colors and are the hot sellers ($98).

SEAN/*132 Thompson Street/598-5980*



Red Ware

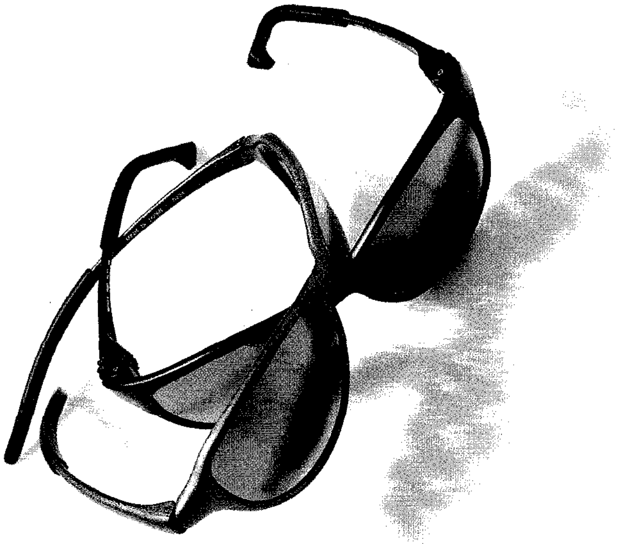
As a farewell to the pales of summer, Nathalie Smith, of Global Table, has filled her pretty little shop with dinnerware in ripe autumnal shades. Her red-glazed plates and bowls come from China but are uncharacteristically lead-free (from $14 for a small bowl to $46 for a charger).

GLOBAL TABLE/*107–109 Sullivan Street/431-5839.*

Roller Shades

In-line skaters have enough trouble avoiding pedestrians, bikers, potholes, and cars; their sunglasses should be part of the solution, not part of the problem. They shouldn't dangle from the tip of the nose as you zoom downhill, or fall off every time you bend over to adjust your skates. To correct such niggling annoyances, Rollerblade has come up with sports glasses designed and tested by skaters: Slip-free rubber nose pads and temples keep the shades in place, and G-Shock hinges provide a snug yet pressure-free fit ($59).

UNITED COLORS OF BENETTON/*597 Fifth Avenue, near 48th Street/317-2501*



Slow Burn

Candles this exuberant are one antidote to winter's seasonal affective disorder. They're dripless and long-burning, and come in 25 different patterns, but since they're handmade and hand-painted (in South Africa), no two are exactly alike ($5.95 each).

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Touchy Subjects

Present sense: *Whether you're saving a suede bag or seeking a shearling coat, this week's sales will rub you* **the right way**.

A WINDFALL OF VINTAGE CLOTHING has arrived at Repeat Performance, the thrift store of the New York City Opera. An unnamed woman from Sutton Place has donated her large and fab wardrobe—at least 600 items, including coats, party dresses, suits, and various couture pieces, all bought with tips made as a manicurist at the Stork Club. Prices range from $25 to $125; most of the clothing is size 8 or 10. *Repeat Performance, 220 E. 23rd St. (684-5344); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–7, Sun. noon–5; 9/29 until supplies run out.*

Glittery Charms

AFTER 67 YEARS OF SELLING TO DEPARTMENT stores and boutiques, Crawford Jewelry and Watch Company is giving us a chance to get directly to its high-quality goodies. The showroom sale includes eighteen-karat-gold dangle earrings with diamond inset, retail $600, here $400; white-rosé pearl necklace, retail $775, here $470; diamond wedding ring with invisible setting, retail $2,200–$2,500, here $1,500. *Crawford Jewelry and Watch Company, 105 Canal St. (925-0450); M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 9–5:30, Sat. till 3; 10/1–10/31.*

Cool Reception

AS WE MOVE INTO OCTOBER, THOUGHTS OF A snuggly winter coat become more urgent. So Shearling Selection is selling its Spanish lightweight outerwear at wholesale prices: jackets and strollers, retail $795–$2,195, here $595–$1,095; coats, retail $2,195–$2,695, here $1,195–$1,495. *Shearling Selection New York, 224 W. 35th St. (268-3844); A.E., checks; Mon.–Fri. 9–5, Sat. 10–3; 9/27–10/31.*

Age and elegance: A glamorous wardrobe that was checked at the best coatrooms in fifties New York goes on sale at Repeat Performance this week.

Bunker Mentality

YOU ORDER CLOTHES AND GIFTS FROM CATalogues; why not your fabric softener? New Yorkers who complain about schlepping to the supermarket or about high prices now have NYC Shop, which sells nonperishable groceries at 10 to 15 percent off regular Manhattan prices. This month, the company is lowering prices even further—another 10 percent. As always, next-day delivery to Manhattan is free with a minimum order of $25. Call for a catalogue. *NYC Shop, 1-888-NYCSHOP; 9/29–10/31.*

Condition Yourself

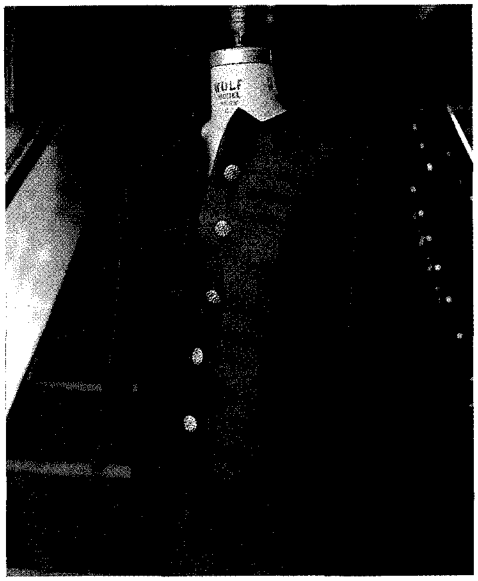
IN ADDITION TO ITS HEFTY STABLE OF celebrity clients, J.F. Lazartigue's main claim to fame is its scientific approach to hair: The moment you arrive, a technician puts a strand of your hair under a microscope for analysis. For the month of October, the salon is offering discounts on dry-hair-care and hair-loss products, including shampoo with collagen, was $33, now $26.40; liposome energizer, was $62, now $49.60. Haircuts, usually $90, are also being offered at half price. *J.F. Lazartigue, 764 Madison Ave., near 65th St. (288–2250); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Tues., Fri., Sat. 10–6, Wed., Thurs. till 8; 10/1–10/31.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Photographs by Robert Wright.

Uncommon Touch

MEURICE, A COMPANY EXPERT IN THE care of luxe fabrics, is having a sale on the cleaning of all suede and leather garments. Cleaning of suede or leather pants or jacket, was $75, now $63.75; skirt, was $45, now $38.25; full-length shearling coat, was $120, now $102. A water-and-stain-repellent treatment is also available for $10 per item. *Meurice Garment Care, 31 University Pl. (475-2778), Mon.–Fri. 7:30–7, Sat. till 5; 245 E. 57th St. (759-9057), Mon.–Fri. 8–6:30, Sat. 9–3; A.E., M.C., V.; 9/29–10/13.*

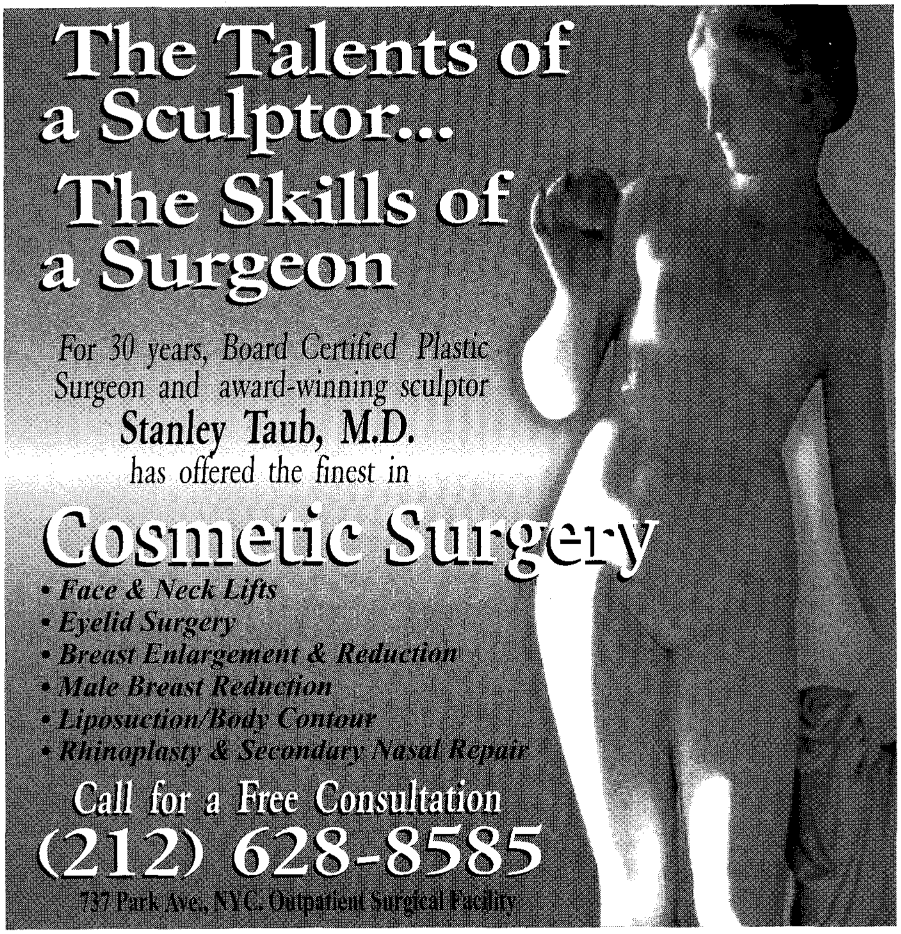


Disappearing Act

NORMA BERMUDEZ'S KINDLY PRESENCE IN her peaceful office makes you forget for a few moments that you are here for, hmm, electrolysis. Special packages being offered include five 30-minute hair-removal sessions, were $225, now $175; five fifteen-minute hair-removal sessions, were $145, now $99. *Lasting Image Electrolysis, 292 Fifth Ave., near 31st St., Suite 300 (714-3546); checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–7; 10/1–10/31.*

Don't Let Your Hair Down

A SALON SPECIALIZING IN LONG HAIR, Avtresse is having a sale for its Rapunzel-ish clients. Services include a styling lesson (where a pro will teach you how to French-braid, do a French twist, etc.), was $90, now, $60; trim, was $50, now $30; highlights, were $250, now $150. *Avtresse, 29 E. 61st St. (644-6655); M.C., V.; Tues., Wed., Fri. 10–5, Thurs. till 9, Sat. 9–4; 9/29–10/31.* ▬



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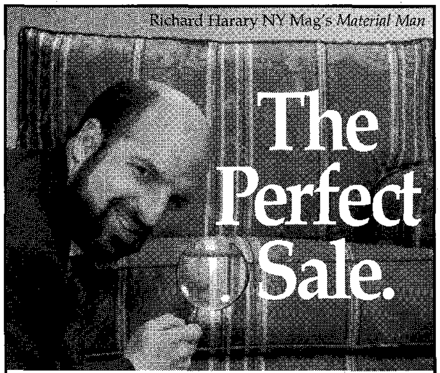

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The Big Chill

Ang Lee's adaptation of 'The Ice Storm' is a picture-perfect vision of seventies-style malaise and torpor—indeed, maybe a little too picture-perfect.

IN **The Ice Storm,** A LATE-AUTUMN RAIN HARDENS INTO blue icicles, country roads turn slick and glassy, and the normally protected reaches of New Canaan, Connecticut, are violated by a sinister dry snapping noise—the sound of power lines falling in a shower of sparks. *The Ice Storm* uses the altered physical world as metaphor, and with punishing force, too. Director Ang Lee and his talented cinematographer, Frederick Elmes, have coordinated every shape and color to produce a sense of natural life going into deep freeze. In flashbacks, they show us scenes of autumnal forlornness—a teenage boy, probably high on pot, simply not noticing a football passed in his direction; two teens meeting for a panicked kiss in a drained swimming pool filled with dead leaves. Where are we, at the bottom circle of Dante's *Inferno,* where tears turn to ice? No, only in the land of rich, suburban Wasps, where everything, apparently, is a little weird. (An unhappy teenage girl walks the woods like Little Red Riding Hood seeking the wolf.) As you may have gathered, *The Ice Storm,* which producer-screenwriter James Schamus adapted from the Rick Moody novel, is not sentimental and therapeutic, like *Ordinary People.* It presents its characters with a certain sardonic distaste, holding and controlling them in a framework of austere design. Judgment sits heavily in the film's metaphors. But what have these people done wrong? The movie, though highly skilled and never less than fascinating, leaves one rather baffled. *The Ice Storm* is a case of too much art, too much judgment, and not enough life.

Chilly scenes of near-winter: Adulterous, clueless dad Kline, in *The Ice Storm.*

Photograph by Barry Wetcher/Fox Searchlight.

The movie is set in the early seventies. Nixon, seen on TV, sweats and lies, and two families are falling apart. The husband and father (Kevin Kline) in one of these families, the Hoods, is having a tepid affair with Janey Carver, the wife and mother (Sigourney Weaver) in the other; at the same time, Ben Hood's 14-year-old daughter, Wendy (Christina Ricci), who likes to expose herself, is fooling around under the covers and in bathrooms with Janey's two sons (Elijah Wood and Adam Hann-Byrd). The parents on both sides haven't a clue as to what the kids are up to; they talk to them with stiff formality, and the kids, imitating the parents' foolish acts and ignoring their words, just shrug them off. In all, the relations among both the younger and older members of the two families form a portrait of hapless misery. No one quite says, or even knows, what he is feeling. Janey's younger son blows up his model airplanes and takes a bullwhip to the flowering plants. If the parents are lost, the kids are turning spooky and morbid. The moods as well as the rains are frozen.

Rick Moody's book, published in 1994, was written in a very different vein. The novel *The Ice Storm* is a kind of lewd suburban rhapsody, juicy, detailed, anatomical, adorned with product names and the slop and profusion of American affluence—disorderly houses full of *things* (including the boys' and girls' naked things). Both the novel and the film are recounted by Paul Hood, Ben's 16-year-old son. Paul's bemused face and hapless attempts to bed a prep-school girl are, in the performance by Tobey Maguire, about the movie's liveliest elements. Maguire delivers the narration Schamus has constructed for Paul, which is mysterious and brooding, and very different from Moody's tone of racy mischief.

For a while, we hope *The Ice Storm* will be funny. Schamus and Lee try to satirize the rich suburbanites who embraced the post-sixties sex-and-drug scene without really having the temperament for it. The Hoods, the Carvers, and their friends would be swingers if only they knew how (a waterbed does nothing for them but jiggle their nighttime reading). The women wear their hair long—Sigourney Weaver, in a dress that unzips down the front, wears hers like Jane Fonda, only she's a Jane Fonda who has gone sour, a pleasureless bitch with a tongue that reduces everything to ashes. At a wife-swapping party, the men in their car-salesman rust-and-gold colors look puppyish or glum; they feel less like studs than like embarrassed householders. Both hus-

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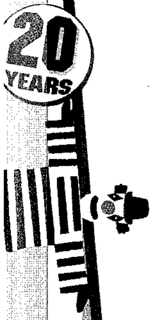

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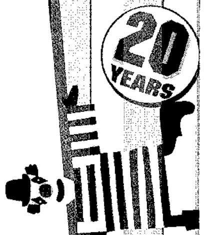

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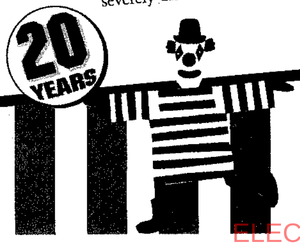

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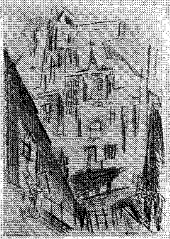
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bands and wives exchange partners without wildness or even much excitement, as if the act were a mere social ritual expected of them, the way beer drinking is expected of frat boys. The scene is acutely observed and unutterably depressing.

Passivity and square incomprehension make a very limited screen subject. In movies (as opposed to literature), the only way to play this kind of material, perhaps, is Paul Mazursky's way, in such films as *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* and *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*—as exuberant and affectionate comedy. But *The Ice Storm,* perceptive as it is, feels pained and embarrassed. These people are just pathetic; they behave badly, and they don't even get any fun out of it. But who are the prigs—the characters or the filmmakers?

The actors are a talented group, but they look haltered. As a fortyish dad who can't reach his children and who bores his mistress, Kevin Kline is touching—weightless, as always, but with a forced good cheer that just barely covers Ben's consciousness that he's striking out. One wants to embrace his Ben Hood, but one loses patience with the character, just as one loses patience with Ben's wife, Elena (a masklike Joan Allen), who knows that Ben is straying and expresses her anger in bouts of shoplifting. Why doesn't any of them do something? Or at least say something? *The Ice Storm* has an overarticulated design, but it's an inarticulate movie. What do these people want? Who are they? Their passivity and cluelessness aren't adequately explained. The director may have made them lifeless in order to feel sorry for them and judge them. On wife-swapping night, Elena and Janey's husband (Jamey Sheridan) have a squalid encounter in the front seat of a car, and they are both ashamed, but the quick grope clears the air of constraint. At least it's an act.

The movie's only voice is its ironclad style—the winter colors, especially colorless colors (water, leafless trees, rain-soaked windows, white-on-white houses), and the sadistically precise editing, which has the unnerving effect of cutting off a scene just as someone is about to gain insight into something. The compositions, which look edged, overdefined, and emotionally neutral, like photo-realist paintings, can be breathtaking in their chilled beauty. Talent certainly isn't what's missing here. Ang Lee's touch is very delicate, and the movie's perfection of bleakness offers a refined pleasure (of a sort). But the material doesn't quite *play.* If, at one end of the spectrum, *The Ice Storm* is like Mazursky without the laughs, at the other it's like Bergman without the anguished brilliance.

Ang Lee has relinquished the warming generosity, the rages and satisfactions of family love that made his earlier movies (*The Wedding Banquet, Eat Drink Man Woman, Sense and Sensibility*) so hopeful a flowering of humanist filmmaking. In this movie, he aims for the poignant and iconic moment—the visual signature of despair, the empty soul in the too thoroughly designed glass suburban house. In the end, his control and his use of the natural world are artistically formidable but humanly appalling. A kind of biblical punishment—violent changes in nature and the death of a firstborn son—falls on these banal suburban sinners, and the punishment doesn't fit the crime. Even the Old Testament God was not so perverse as to strike people down for failing to communicate.

IN **The Edge,** A VERY RICH MAN (ANTHONY Hopkins), his beautiful wife, a model (Elle Macpherson), and a young fashion photographer (Alec Baldwin) who covets the beautiful model travel to Alaska for a photo shoot. After certain preliminaries, the two men get stranded in the wilderness without weapons or food, and the movie proper gets under way. Who survives and who doesn't? Who's the stronger, and why? Will the young man kill the older in order to take his woman, or will they work together for common survival? Or will they both succumb to despair and get eaten by a giant Kodiak bear (Bart the Bear)? These questions are chased up and down mountains, through piney forests, across yawning chasms, and alongside ponds, lakes, and glinting streams.

The Edge was concocted by David Mamet, but Mamet, deep in his crewcut-and-cigar mode of macho philosophizing, has done little more than tone up a *Men's Journal* fantasy of hanging tough. A certain banality comes built into the survivalist competition. The older man is an intellectual, an entrepreneur, a rugged individualist, the young man a cynic and moral weakling—he embodies the corruption and shallowness of the media. There's no doubt who's the more honorable person, but in the freezing wastes, does virtue lead to survival? The issue is fought without the slightest reference to the woman, who, we are left thinking, is not only treacherous but stupid. (She will, apparently, accept either one as the winner.)

Director Lee Tamahori makes the most of the Canadian Rockies, which double for Alaska's terrain; and Tamahori puts his two stars through a great deal of wet and cold and general misery. As a physical adventure, *The Edge* is often pictorially thrilling, and it remains to be said that the bear is just great. Huge and fierce, with a spectacularly ugly nose and mouth, it paws the ground, swipes at the air, and in general gets the director, writer, and actors out of trouble whenever the movie begins to expire in the forest. I didn't, myself, care which of the two men got Elle Macpherson. Perhaps the bear should have her. He certainly works the hardest. ■

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ART **MARK STEVENS**

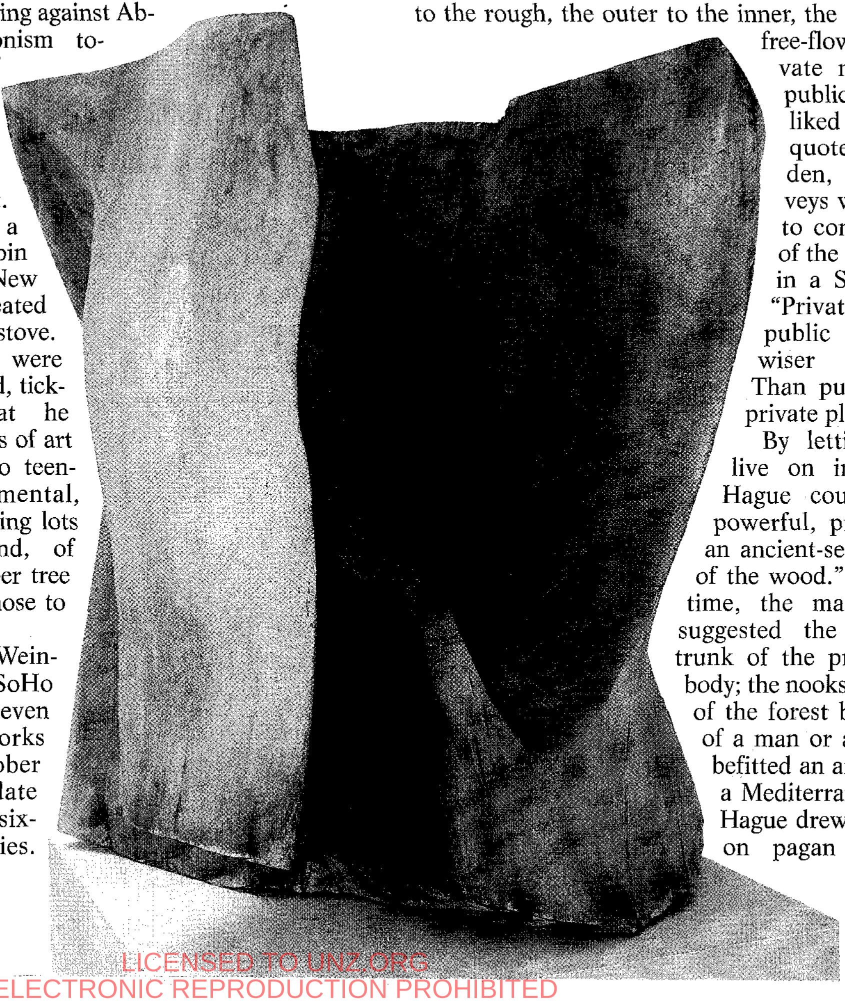
Trunk Show

The primal trees of the American Abstract Expressionist sculptor Raoul Hague, overlooked for too long; blood and guts in SoHo.

Raoul Hague DIED IN 1993 AT THE AGE OF 88, AN eccentric American sculptor who was then all but forgotten. Once admired by his contemporaries—among them Gorky, Guston, and Tomlin—Hague had a brief moment in the sun during the fifties when the curator Dorothy Miller included him in a group show at the Museum of Modern Art. The short-lived Washington Gallery of Modern Art gave him an exhibition in 1964; he had several gallery shows; occasionally, a critic noticed. But that's about it. This represents an important—and foolish—oversight, for Hague is a significant figure, an artist who deserves a place among the well-known figures of Abstract Expressionism.

The reasons for the oversight are easily explained. An immigrant from Constantinople who came to the United States when he was 16, Hague did not find his distinctive voice until he was middle-aged, when he abandoned conventional representations of the figure and began to work exclusively with brawny tree trunks. The beautiful works he created in the fifties were difficult to transport and to show, and young artists and critics were already turning against Abstract Expressionism toward the end of that decade. No less important, Hague was a recluse who hated the spotlight. He lived alone in a small rustic cabin in Woodstock, New York, that he heated with a potbellied stove. His companions were about a dozen old, ticking clocks that he turned into works of art and compared to teenagers—temperamental, noisy, and requiring lots of attention—and, of course, the somber tree trunks that he chose to awaken.

The Lennon, Weinberg gallery in SoHo is now showing seven of Hague's works (through October 4), ranging in date from the early sixties to the eighties.



Abstract Expressionism: Hague's tree-trunk sculpture *Bainbridge* (1967).

Photograph courtesy of Lennon, Weinberg, Inc.

The history-minded will note the inspiration of Brancusi in Hague's formal simplifications and his reverent feeling for the material at hand; they will also recognize the thoughtful tension of cubism and the propulsive energy of Abstract Expressionism. While highly educated in art and literature, however, Hague also had the idiosyncratic character of the folk artist who creates a private world. "You make one cut, then you become intimate," he told an interviewer in 1981, describing how he began work on a trunk. "That thing becomes humanized, a being. It becomes part of my life for the next three or four months. I do my chores around it."

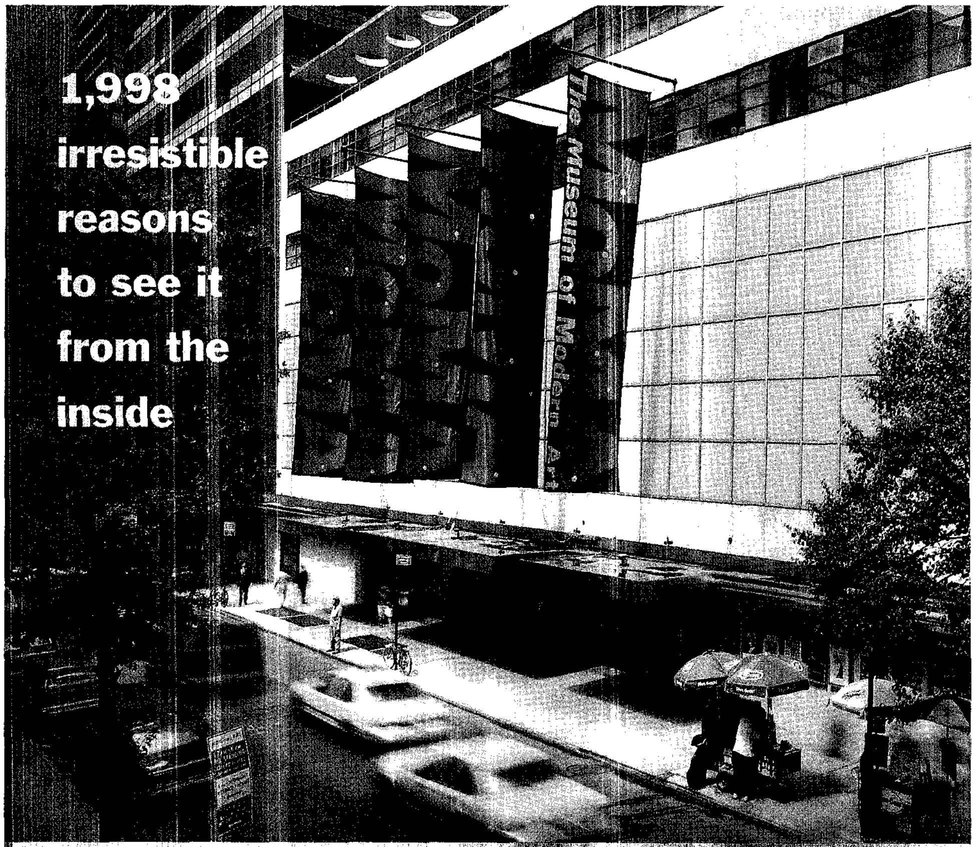
Working mainly with walnut trees, Hague would carve, shape, and sand the trunk: "By cutting away," he said, "I make additional space." He never let himself overwhelm a tree with his tools, with the result that no work is just wood; each also retains the memory of the tree. "I consider the wood has got half of the relationship with me," Hague said. "I cannot dominate the material. It is a very close association." The works are brilliantly balanced in this respect, with man and nature given equal weight. The smooth also seems reconciled to the rough, the outer to the inner, the rooted to the free-flowing—the private mood to the public face. Hague liked this singsong quote from Auden, which conveys what it is like to come upon one of the artist's works in a SoHo gallery: "Private faces in public places / Are wiser and nicer / Than public faces in private places."

By letting the tree live on in his work, Hague could create a powerful, primal aura—an ancient-seeming "spirit of the wood." At the same time, the massive trunks suggested the thighs and trunk of the primal human body; the nooks and crannies of the forest became those of a man or a woman. As befitted an artist raised in a Mediterranean culture, Hague drew strongly upon pagan myths. He chose to identify, he said, not with the ocean but with the mountain brook. ("It talks, it whispers, and the Greeks listened to them," he said.) His art is composed of fragments—in the modern way—but retains the mysterious wholeness characteristic of myths. Daphne, running from Apollo, was transformed into a laurel tree. In Hague's art, you can still catch a glimpse of her.

MANY POSTMODERNISTS HOPE TO COLLAPSE the mental space between the serious and the goofy, the glossy and the sublime, the shocking and the childish. They like to create a subversive spectacle. They relish outlandish special effects. Their ambition is understandable: They are depicting a regressive, starstruck society that often makes a freak show of horror. The latest example in the tradition of postmodern spectacle—this season's "talk" show—is **Dinos and Jake Chapman: Six Feet Under** at the Gagosian Gallery on Wooster Street (through October 11).

The artists, two English brothers in their thirties, have constructed a mutant's paradise. In fiberglass walls that rise toward the ceiling, they depict hundreds of skulls locked in the earth. High above this mass graveyard are artificial trees; the one nearest the entrance has Edenic apples. Cavorting among these trees are grinning mannequin-Barbies—our kind of Eve. The nicer ones have more than one head. Some have penises for noses and vaginas for mouths. On the floor are a pair of giant skulls with bloody eye sockets and, unobtrusively placed, a pile of severed but erect penises. Through a peephole set in a wall of earth, you can see eviscerated figures lit by a blinking strobe.

As several teenagers in the gallery said: "Wow." The Chapman brothers have succeeded in creating a vivid Boschian spectacle, which is not easy in this jaded period. They have also invoked in a single work some of the greatest themes in human culture, among them sex and death, the treatment of nature, the Holocaust, and the dream of Paradise. Given the experience of the twentieth century, you have to be very, very good to take the measure of such subjects without being embarrassed by history or by serious thought. A little modesty helps. "Six Feet Under" makes a perfect fit with our sentimental, alien-infested moment. But the work displays no convincing acquaintance with, for example, mass death—none of the screaming knowledge found in the paint of Goya, who is cited as an influence. Instead, there is an adolescent showiness around big themes and a boyish joy in shock. A banal view of the banality of evil. ▬



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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

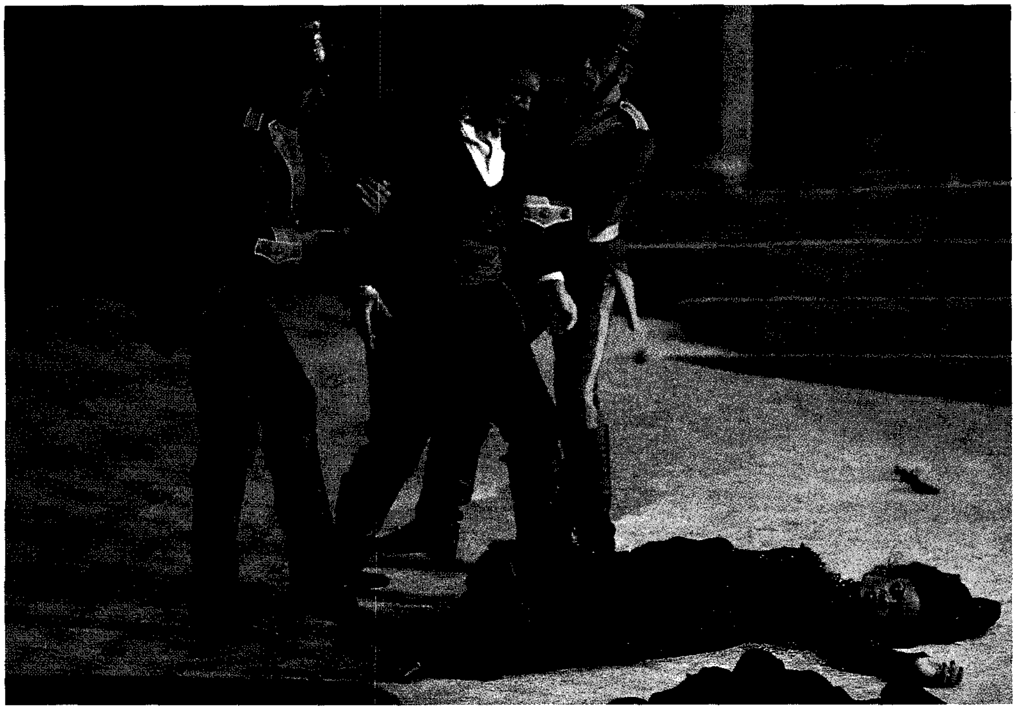
Bad Carmen

There's nothing new in the Met's production of 'Carmen,' but the opening-night crowd seemed more than happy with the old familiar.

ONLY EXACTING MUSIC CRITICS STILL EXPECT our major musical institutions to launch a new season with innovative programming, exciting new talent, and important position statements, and they usually complain bitterly when none of that happens. Opening-night galas, it seems, are now meant to unfold as they did last month at the Metropolitan Opera and New York Philharmonic: nonthreatening occasions with bankable names performing familiar classics. The prospect of once again seeing Franco Zeffirelli's monster production of **Carmen** at the Met, no matter how glittery the cast, or hearing the first installment in the Philharmonic's **Brahms symphony cycle** conducted by Kurt Masur, however magnificently played, apparently quickened few critical pulses. The public, of course, felt differently, and, as far as I could determine, both events were rapturously received—but then, there are reasons why these perennial Brahms and Bizet scores have been guaranteed audience pleasers for more than a century.

Actually, the surprise stars of the Met opener were President and Mrs. Clinton—a darkened house and the performance onstage almost seemed like an intrusion for an audience craning to catch glimpses of the glamorous political entourage in the center box and a protective army of grim security guards trying to look festive. Credit the country's First Opera Fans for sitting out the whole four-hour performance, which was more than some important music critics managed to do. But the Met's current stab at *Carmen* is not very absorbing, a squatty affair that obstinately sits on its haunches and refuses to move. Zeffirelli's eye-popping extravaganzas of the eighties have by now degenerated into drab penny-postcard art, and his stage direction is virtually nonexistent. *Carmen* is a good deal more than a banal sex tragedy acted out in front of an aimlessly milling menagerie of horses, dogs, mules, and hip-shaking gypsies.

Having sung the title role all over the world and in dozens of different settings, Denyce Graves must hold some kind of *Carmen* record by now. Probably she always fits in so smoothly because her generic gypsy is utterly conventional and without any special defining characteristics to clash with whatever may be going on around her. Beyond that, Graves generates much energy but little genuine drama, while singing out loud and clear pretty much sums up her interpretive approach to the music—a pity, since she shows so much raw, if unfocused, vocal and theatrical talent. Plácido Domingo's Don José seems to have grown into a distressingly portly middle-aged figure just since last season, but his tenor—firm, focused, and ringing—remains miraculously ageless. Sweet of voice but exercising a strong will of her own, Norah Amsellem is an unusually effective Micaëla, although Gino Quilico's swaggering baritone sounds several sizes too small for Escamillo. Judging from the sounds of hectic, brassy overkill coming from the orchestra pit, one assumes that *Carmen* is not among James Levine's special favorites.



***Carm* again: Plácido Domingo and a supine Carolyn Graves.**

Photograph by Johan Elbers.

The kickoff at the New York Philharmonic may not have been much more imaginative, but the artistic results were distinctly superior. Kurt Masur is not the first conductor to view the four Brahms symphonies as a single statement making up one gigantic symphonic span—not at all a far-fetched notion when one examines the special character of each score. Masur's long experience performing this music helps make his theory plausible, at least on the basis of the Philharmonic's glowing performance of the First Symphony. Some conductors (Bernstein) have looked for more fist-shaking drama in this music, others (Karajan) have preferred to dwell on Brahms's subtly blended textures, but Masur tries to see the piece whole. This was a middle-of-the-road interpretation in the best sense, one concerned with bringing out all the beauties of the music's carefully voiced instrumental balances, clearly defined structural events, and engaging mellow sonorities. How the performance fits in with Masur's conception of the Brahms symphonies as one integrated statement would be hard to say, since the cycle is being spread out over three weeks. Perhaps some day the conductor will test the theory by having the Philharmonic play all four works on one program—and what an opening-night gala that would make.

Renée Fleming has just recently joined that small charmed circle of classical-music celebrities deemed sufficiently high-profile to grace glamorous social events such as this. Her warm, luscious soprano continues to grow in size and vibrancy—too much so, perhaps, to comfortably handle the more florid parts of Mozart's *Exsultate, jubilate,* which Masur paced a bit quickly for maximum comfort. The three Richard Strauss songs sounded glorious, however, music that gives a better indication of where this deluxe voice is headed.

ALTHOUGH NOT YET A NAME GUARANTEED to sell out the house, **Jorge Federico Osorio** is too good a pianist to get lost in the oceans of recitalists who pass through New York each year, and his first concert hereabouts in some time, in Alice Tully Hall, was a richly satisfying one. Mexican-born and now based in London, Osorio has been recording a lot of Beethoven and Brahms lately for the IMP and ASV labels, but his Tully Hall program was craftily planned to show off his wide-ranging stylistic sympathies.

There were no startling novelties, just five masterpieces that would test any player's digital accuracy and concentration, from the sunny but quirky classicism of Haydn's Sonata in C (Hob. XVI, No. 48) to the searingly bitter harmonies of Prokofiev's No. 6 (Op. 82), composed amid the turmoil of World War II. I wonder how many other pianists around today can so completely immerse themselves in such different musical worlds and depict them all with comparable skill and commitment. But then, Osorio was just as compelling when he entered the time-stopped universe of Schubert's last sonata (D. 960), examined the flashy colors of Granados's *Spanish Dances,* and tore into the heady virtuoso abandon of Liszt's *Sonetto del Petrarca,* No. 104. Some superior musical talents take their time and develop slowly before making a bid to gain major audience attention. Osorio seems to be of their number, and good luck to him. ■

cue

What are the new films and where are they playing?
Broadway, Off Broadway, or Off-Off Broadway?
Music under the stars or on the stage?
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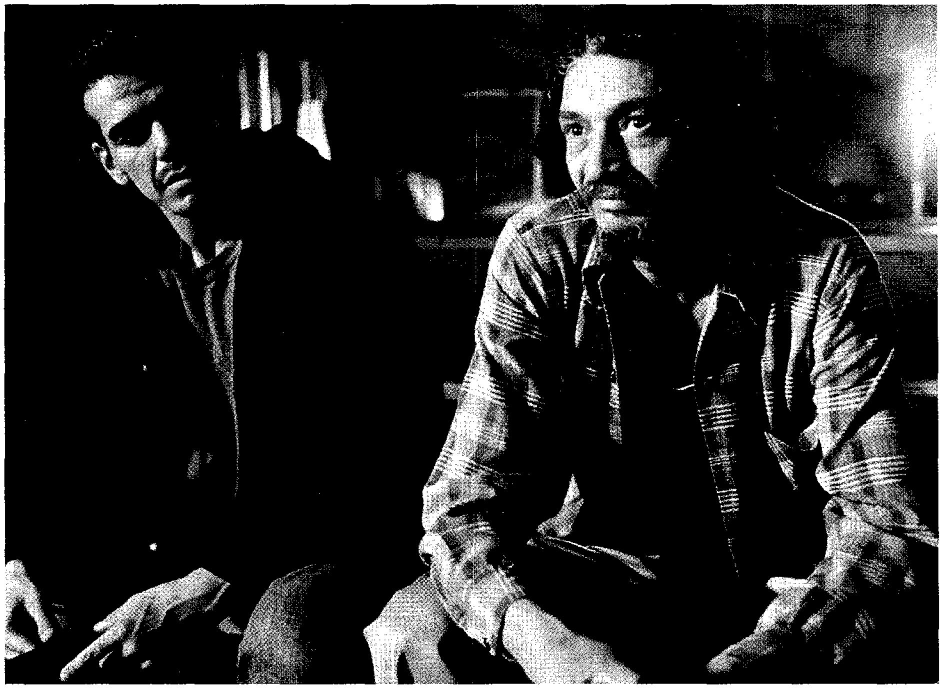
Fever Dreams

Mixing the form of magic realism with the sensibility of 'The Twilight Zone,' 'Foto-Novelas' may make you impatient with everything else on the tube.



Married to the mob: Jose Yenque and Luis Contreras in "The Fix," a segment of *Foto-Novelas.*

A LITTLE BOY FROM COSTA RICA, IMPORTED BY A childless North American couple like a pound of strong coffee to be perked in a consumer dream of TV sets and personal computers, turns his lonely bedroom into a jungle of parrots, goats, snakes, and lurid vegetation. An aging boxer, going down for the count in a fixed fight, looks into the face of the referee standing over him and sees a Mexican death's head, a grinning skull with a red nose. A Chicano family sits down to dinner at a table pushed against an antique mirror, in which a ghostly reflection of generations of their own dead stares back at them, likewise eating and drinking, but also greedy and judgmental. A Latino convict, on death row in a California state prison, agrees to the surgical implant of a microchip that propagates in his brain the light-filled memory of Van Gogh and quadratic equations, of aboriginal totems and Mayan gods of thunder, after which he can play the piano.

In **Foto-Novelas** (Wednesdays, October 1, 8, 15, and 22; 10:30 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), magic realism enters the twilight zone. With a nod to the popular paperback line of didactic serials sold at Latin American newsstands and in bookstores—each television episode is illustrated with bold black-ink graphics reminiscent of the folkloric woodcuts by Jose Francisco Borges for Eduardo Galeano's *Walking Words*—Carlos Avila, Kurt Kaya, Belinda Casas-Wells, A. P. Gonzalez, Edit Villarreal, and Bennett Cohen have written, produced, and directed something more than half-hour essays into the supernatural; each is also a cautionary tale of culture shock and deracination. A North American audience will recognize actors like Roxann Dawson (*Star Trek: Voyager*), John Verea (*ER*), Miguel Sandoval (*Murder One*), and Pete Cabrera (*Mi Familia*). What's strange is the easy traffic between the living and the dead, a conversation with other worlds that's almost avuncular, and the surprise twist of a provocative idea.

Thus, in "Mangas," the North American couple (Nancy Youngblut and Michael C. Mahon) who have adopted the little boy from Costa Rica (Ulysses Cuadra) are actually delighted to find that he's brought with him his very own rain forest, in which they wander and wonder. In "The Fix," the boxer (Jose Yenque) who betrayed the dreams of his people by selling out to the mob and who decides, upon a premonition of impending death, to redeem his soul by betting on himself, will have to go on living afterward anyway, a harder thing to manage. In "Seeing Through Walls," no sooner has the death-row con (John Verea) apprehended all the wonders of Technicolored civilizations than he is discovered to have been innocent of the crime of murder after all, and so the miracle microchip is removed and he is cut loose, back into a monochrome world. And finally, in "In the Mirror," the dead in their filigree on the other side of the looking glass are seen to be wrongheaded, superstitious, patriarchal, even jealous and spiteful.

I'M NOT SAYING THAT *FOTO-NOVELAS* IS GARCÍA MARquez. We are nibbled on, not transfigured. But these intimations from the magic margins made me impatient with the rest of the TV entertainment week. I'd otherwise be worried more about what will become of Peta Wilson after she escapes from Section One in the first-season finale of **La Femme Nikita** (Sunday, October 5; 10 to 11 P.M.; USA). Gray-eyed Peta is asked to cancel the subscription of a young scientist who has invented an explosive polymer not only three times more powerful than C-4 but undetectable at the pre-boarding of terrorists on their way from Tel Aviv to Sarajevo. Since this scientist can't really be expected to resist forever the torture of his bare feet by an electric drill, Peta's assassination bureau tells her to waste him. When she refuses, the creepy but lovelorn Roy Dupuis is ordered to waste her. Maybe the best we can hope for the suddenly nomadic Peta is that she join forces with NBC's *Pretender*, likewise on the run from a ministry of fear and in search of a missing mother.

Photograph by Luis M. Meza.

And I'd probably be more forgiving of **The Visitor** (Fridays; 8 to 9 P.M.; Fox), in which John Corbett returns to Earth (or at least Utah) in a purloined flying saucer, 50 years after he disappeared into the Bermuda Triangle, during which fraught parenthesis he was abducted and experimented on by the usual aliens. They apparently alerted him to something so apocalyptic in our near future that he must at all costs stop it, despite the lunatic pursuit of every government agency with a computer network, a whirlybird, and a police dog. You'll remember Corbett, I hope fondly, from *Northern Exposure*, where he was the disc jockey who read his listeners Proust and Jung. He still sounds just like Chris ("All life is connected"), except that he mind-melds in green light with flora and fauna, and the aliens apparently removed his sense of humor; in its place, they've substituted a mushy New Age CD. So, like Peta, the Pretender, and the Fugitive, he's on such a frantic run that he hardly has time to transform the humdrum lives of the little people, like the angry single mother and her delinquent teenage son, whom he encounters on his mission. I did like the scene in the *Visitor* premiere of the three FBI agents in a motel bed together, having already phoned home to their mother. Corbett might also keep an eye out for the comely and underappreciated Megan Gallagher, who has apparently decided that *Millennium* is dangerous to her health.

And I'd probably be more amused by **NightMan** (Fridays, 8 to 9 P.M.; WPIX), the new syndicated dramatic series based on the Marvel Comics jazz-sax superhero, if only because so many old faces showed up to enjoy themselves slumming in last week's two-hour premiere. For instance, Earl Holliman as Johnny Domino's ex-cop of a meddlesome father; and Michael Woods, with his first regular gig since *Private Eye* went down in flames; and Patrick Macnee, from the old *Avengers*, as a parapsychologist. Anyway, Johnny himself (Matt McColm) just happens to have been on a cable car with a lot of important people on their way to a communications summit in twenty-first-century San Francisco when a freak lightning storm messed with his nervous system, and suddenly he's tuned in to "the frequency of evil" in the mind waves of everybody around him. Which explains why he knows a bomb is about to explode, which is how come he saves the life of one of the engineers who is trying to warn the secretary of Defense about a Justice Department plot to sell prototype superweapons to rogue nations and crime families and other terrorist baddies, which will lead to his using these weapons himself—the laser eye, the anti-gravity belt, the invisibility cloak, and the neutron gun—to rescue a nightclub singer (Taylor Dayne) from a cold bath in a gray Bay. Be

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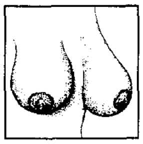
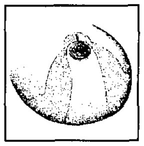

Common appearance of a woman with large, pendulous breasts. The areola, the dark skin surrounding the nipple, is frequently enlarged in overly developed breasts.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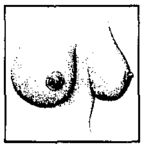
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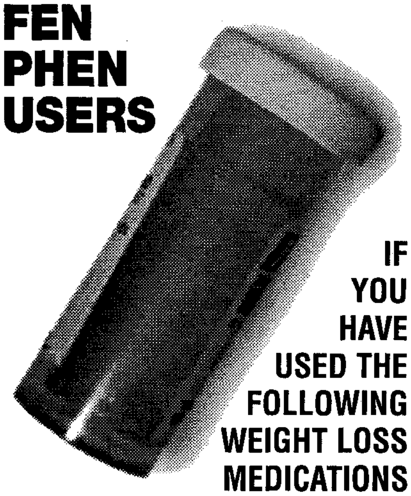

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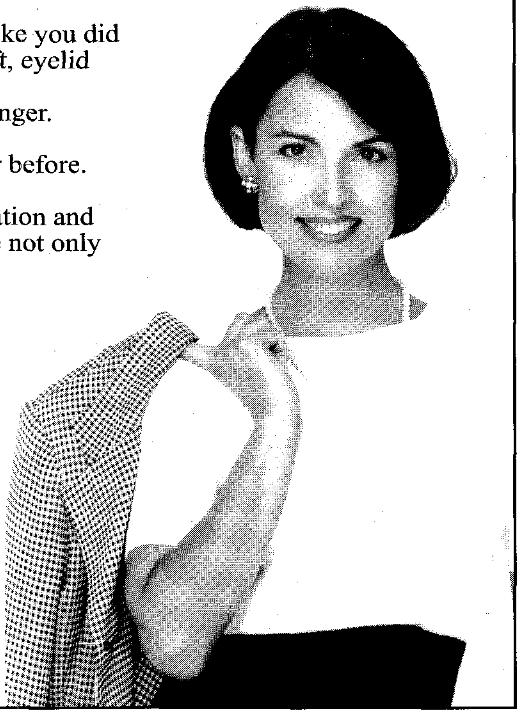

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advised that the executive producer of *NightMan* is Glen A. Larson, who gave us not only *McCloud, Quincy,* and *Magnum, P.I.* but also *The Six Million Dollar Man, Knight Rider,* and *Battlestar Galactica.*

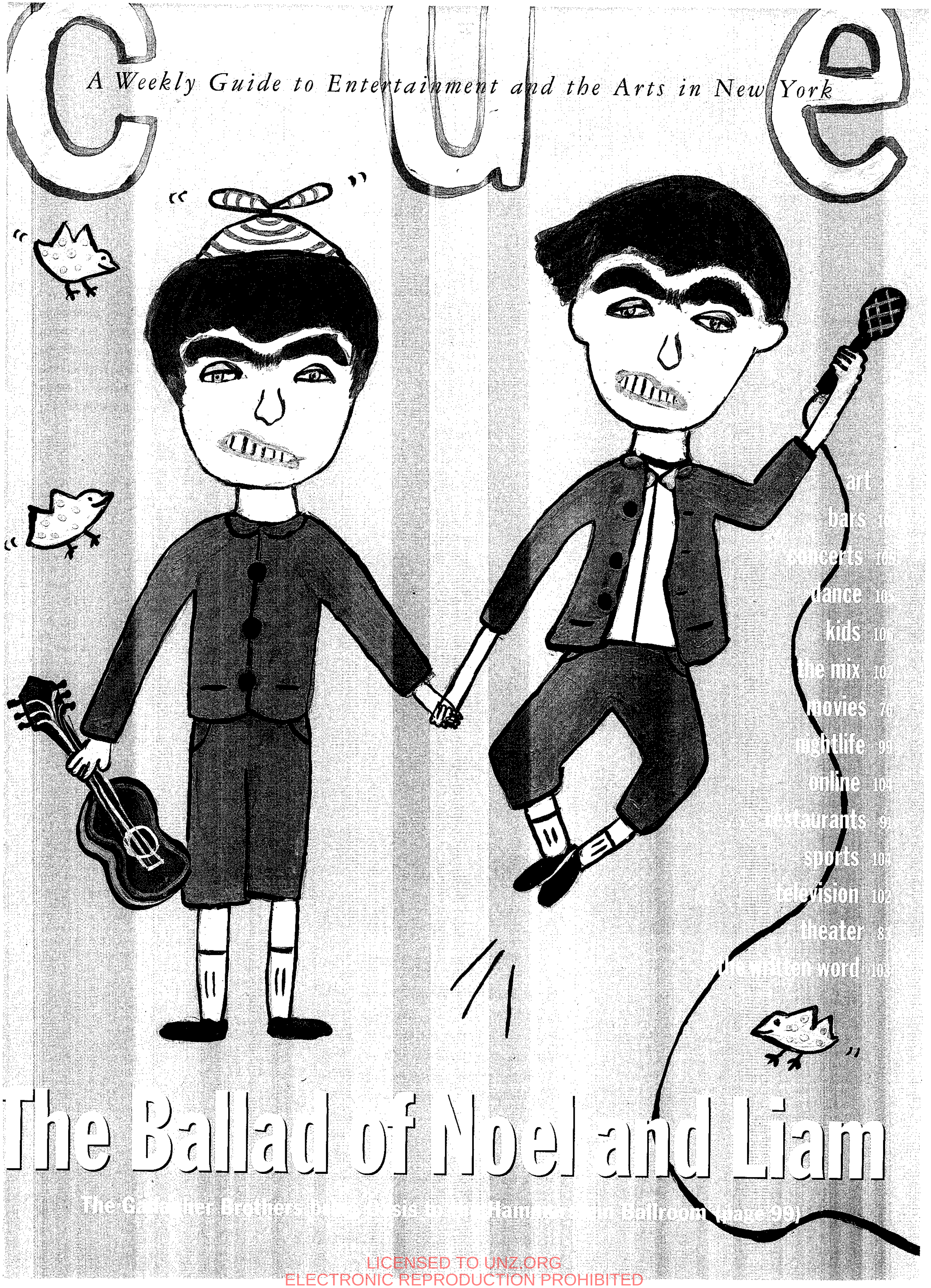
EVEN THIS WEEK'S NETWORK MOVIES, WHILE more interesting than usual for reasons of casting, subject matter, and egomania, feel a little impoverished and more than a little manipulative when compared with the modest magic of *Foto-Novelas.* I'm glad for Richard Crenna that, in **Heart Full of Rain** (Sunday, October 5; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), he no longer has to nursemaid Sylvester Stallone, as in so many *Rambo* movies, or to solve a serial murder, as in too many *Janek* mini-series. Instead, all he must do down on the Midwest farm (actually Calgary) is reconcile with his prodigal son (Rick Schroder, less whiny than usual) in time for his wife and Rick's mother, Carroll Baker, to go about her resolute dying in her own home, as the biblical waters rise and a symbolic white horse rides roughshod over our expectations.

Equally surprising is a death that should have been predictable but decides not to happen, in **Five Desperate Hours** (Sunday, October 5; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC). Sharon Lawrence, a housewife and artist with a history of emotional problems that led to a suicide attempt, is held hostage by Giancarlo Esposito, who feels simultaneously murderous and suicidal after he botches a robbery, fights with his dope-addicted ex-girlfriend, accidentally shoots her thuggish new boyfriend, and ends up out of options in the white neighborhood of a Carolina town. While the many cops circling the house predict a contagion of the Stockholm syndrome inside, Lawrence and Esposito act their way to an understanding, with the help of a smart script by Philip M. Rosenberg and sharp direction by Dan Lerner, as executive-produced by the Thomas Carter who gave us *Under One Roof.*

And finally, there's **The Advocate's Devil** (Sunday, October 5; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC), in which the celebrity lawyer Ken Olin undertakes the defense of the Great White Hope basketball star Holt McCallany on a rape charge, wins his acquittal with the help of a computer, in spite of a suspicion that this smoothie has done it before and will do it again, and then must prove his client's guilt in time to rescue his own daughter on her 18th birthday. Though ably abetted by a crackerjack screenplay and Mariska Hargitay as Olin's principal investigator and conscience-stricken squeeze, such extralegal superheroics would, of course, be possible only in a TV movie based on a best-selling novel by a lawyer as full of himself as Alan Dershowitz, which, of course, this is. ■

Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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The Ballad of Noel and Liam

The Gallagher Brothers [illegible] Oasis to the Hammerstein Ballroom (page 99)

movies

Errol Morris, Fast and Cheap...Agnes Varda

New Films

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of *reviews by David Denby*...*A* ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Air Force One—Wolfgang Petersen's *Air Force One* is exciting, well made, and utterly preposterous. A group of crazed neo-Soviet nationalists takes over Air Force One with President James Marshall (Harrison Ford) on it. In the White House, Vice-President Kathryn Bennett (Glenn Close) talks tough to the hijacking slimebags on the telephone and fends off a Haig-ish secretary of defense (Dean Stockwell); Gary Oldman is the head of the hijackers. The film certainly holds our attention, and a few of us may brush away a tear when some awed soldiers salute their action-hero president with obvious pride. But *Air Force One* is utterly square. (Denby; 8/4/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Gemini; Brooklyn Heights.*

The Assignment—Aidan Quinn is a naval officer who finds he is a dead ringer for an elusive international terrorist—and then becomes the bait to catch him. With Donald Sutherland and Ben Kingsley. Directed by Christian Duguay. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini; 84th Street.*

★Career Girls—Katrin Cartlidge is Hannah, a student in London looking for a roommate, and when tiny Annie (Lynda Steadman) appears, Hannah both accepts her and makes fun of her. In temperament and appearance, Hannah and Annie are very different women, but they share a sense of humor and a friendship is struck for life. When the movie opens, Hannah and Annie are 30 and well-established professionally yet unsettled in their personal lives. Working in the business world, the women have learned to smooth out the rougher edges and hide their discontent. But if we see the ways they have changed, we also see the ways they haven't—and can't. For all its jokes and its spirit of female solidarity, the movie has an overall melancholy. It's part of director Mike Leigh's complexity of mind that he makes us see that they've been hurt without reducing the hopes that we have for them in the future. (Denby; 8/11/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Eastside Playhouse; Regency; Brooklyn Heights.*

Retrospective
Wave-maker

Before Godard and Truffaut, there was writer and director Agnès Varda, who made her first *film at 26 and, with her fusion of fictional* narrative and documentary style, unwittingly began the French New Wave. Varda's five decades behind the camera are celebrated with a showing of all her work, including a new print of her best-known film, *Le Bonheur* (above, starring Claire Drouot). Starts Friday at the Museum of Modern Art (see "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info).

Conspiracy Theory—In the first half of *Conspiracy Theory*, Mel Gibson, playing a thoroughly fortified paranoid, races through nut-brain fantasies with a stumbling panache. Gibson is at his loose-limbed and loose-tongued best, starting and stopping sentences, adding sane little quips to impossibly mad rants—and all without losing the beat. His New York taxi driver is physically hyperactive yet flummoxed. (At one point he barrels down a staircase strapped in a wheelchair.) The guy's head has been messed with, yet he still has the memory of sanity, so he mixes real events with dreams, horrifying memories with sheer fantasy. As long as writer Brian Helgeland and director Richard Donner are teasing us, the movie is hip and entertaining. But when the film becomes soulful, romantic, and violent, we could be watching a great many other thrillers. For the first time, Richard Donner comes close to breaking into the clear and becoming a true film creator. Maybe next time. (Denby; 8/25/97) (2 hr. 15 mins.; R) *Brooklyn Heights.*

Cop Land—This New York–area movie written and directed by the young filmmaker James Mangold and starring Sylvester Stallone, Harvey Keitel, Robert De Niro, and Ray Liotta suffers from an unusual fault. *Cop Land* is actually too complicated. The cops in question, all from the same New York City precinct and led by Harvey Keitel's baleful Ray Donlan, have grown disgusted with the violence and mess of the city. At night, the men cross the George Washington Bridge to Jersey, where they live with their families in a tiny paradise—"Garrison." A young cop named Babitch (Michael Rapaport) gets into trouble on the bridge, killing two black teenagers after a misunderstanding; his older police friends instantly arrange his disappearance and then hide him in Garrison. The cops are so brazen that they allow Babitch to expose himself to the gaze of Garrison's sheriff, Freddy Heflin (Sylvester Stallone)—Freddy the nice guy who lost part of his hearing saving a girl from drowning and can't get on the New York force. Robert De Niro shows up as a former cop buddy of Keitel's who has gone over to Internal Affairs. Janeane Garofalo, of all people, is part of Freddy's police force in Garrison. Ray Liotta is a cop who is part of Keitel's group but feels betrayed and shut out. Liotta, always an intense actor, makes the most of his scenes, but he can't fight his way into the center of the movie. That place, I'm afraid, is left to Stallone. The performance goes nowhere for a long time and then lurches forward into rage. Freddy redeems himself, and, all of a sudden, Mangold abandons his idiosyncratic setting and theme and turns his hero into the lone sheriff in an old Western. The picture comes to a climax in a slow-mo shootout that is one of the saddest admissions of defeat in years. (Denby; 8/25/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 59th Street East; Embassy 1; 86th Street East.*

The Edge—See Denby, pg. 64. (1 hr. 21 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

The End of Violence—Bill Pullman, Andie MacDowell, and Gabriel Byrne star in Wim Wenders's latest sweeping story about the meaning of violence, both in reality and in images. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village East; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

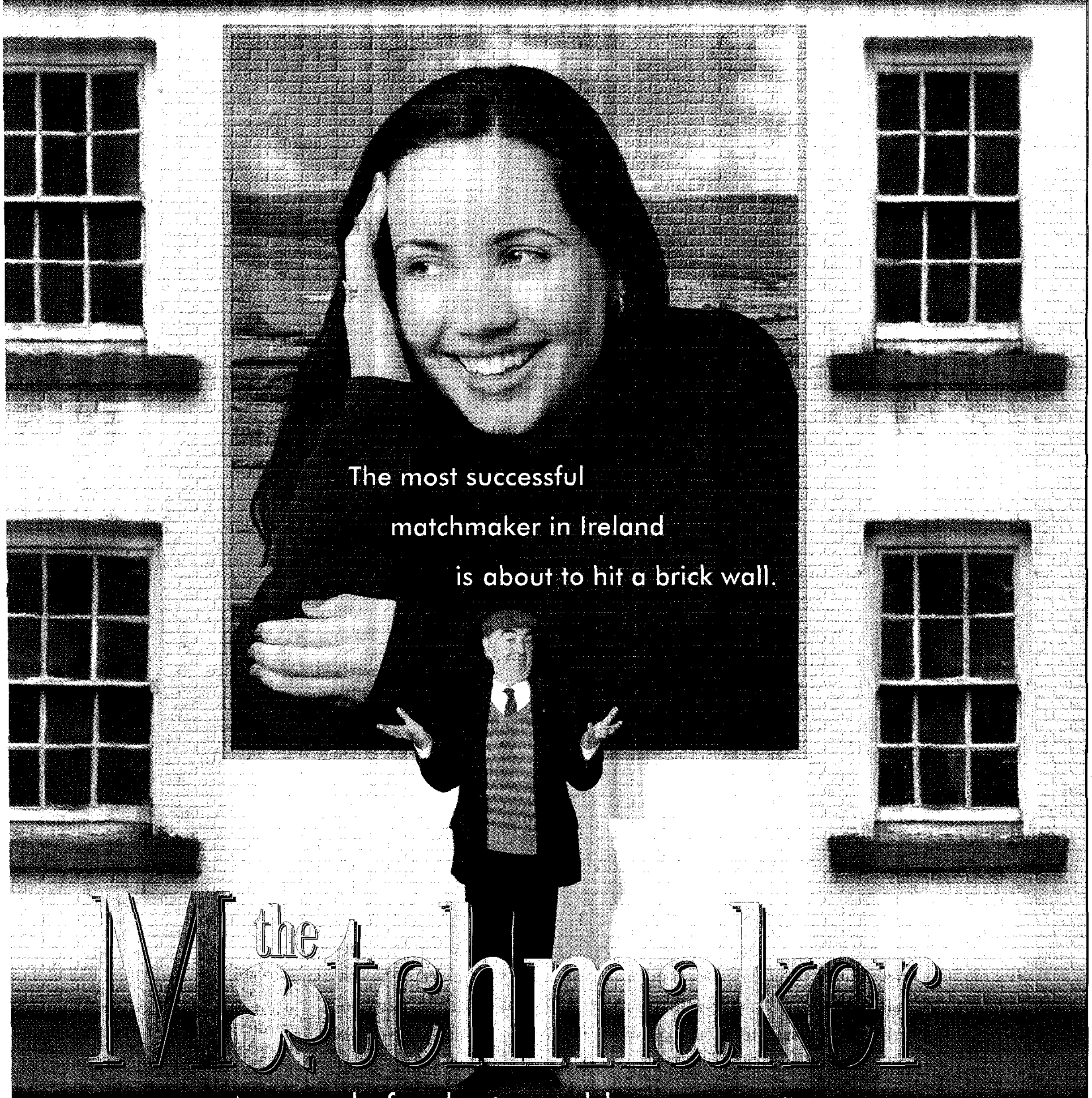
Fast, Cheap & Out of Control—The stories of four obsessives—a lion tamer, a topiary gardener, a rat specialist, and a robot designer—are documented in Errol Morris (*The Thin Blue Line*) style. (1 hr. 22 mins.; PG) *Film Forum.*

Fire—The story of the love that develops between two sisters-in-law tired of duty and devotion in

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY LAURA LEVINE
FOR *NEW YORK*

Janeane Garofalo

David O'Hara Milo O'Shea and Denis Leary



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PolyGram Filmed Entertainment presents a Working Title production a Mark Joffe film Janeane Garofalo

e Matchmaker" David O'Hara Milo O'Shea Jay O. Sanders Denis Leary U.K. & Ireland casting by Ros & John Hubbard U.S. casting by Amanda Mackey Johnson and Cathy Sandrich

co-producers Debra Hayward Liza Chasin costume designer Howard Burden original music by John Altman production designer Mark Geraghty editor Martin Smith, g.b.f.e.

director of photography Ellery Ryan, a.c.s. executive producer Lyn Goleby line producer Nicky Kentish Barnes based on a screenplay by Greg Dinner produced by Tim Bevan Eric Fellner Luc Roeg

WORKING TITLE a PolyGram company

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screenplay by Karen Janszen and Louis Nowra and Graham Linehan directed by Mark Joffe DOLBY PolyGram GRAMERCY

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DOLBY

their middle-class New Delhi household. Directed by Deepa Mehta. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Fire Down Below—Steven Seagal plays an EPA agent who lights out to Appalachia to avenge his co-worker's death and expose the dirty dealings of a local tycoon, played by Kris Kristofferson. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; New Coliseum.*

Forgotten Silver—The teasingly realistic life story of Colin McKenzie, a New Zealand filmmaker. Directed by Peter Jackson and Costa Botes. (53 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Quad Cinema.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and convinces them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Coronet; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Bayside.*

G.I. Jane—Demi Moore plays Lieutenant Jordan O'Neil, an ambitious woman who undergoes the most grueling military training in the world and embraces pain, death, and mastery: She trains to become a Navy SEAL. After the first day, Jordan complains to the Master Chief (Viggo Mortensen)—a dominating drill-instructor type—that she's getting preferential treatment. Her training, it seems, isn't tough enough; she wants it tougher. A myth is born: G.I. Jane. You can see where Demi Moore's ambitions have landed us. In the real world, women in the military are fighting against hazing and sexual abuse. But Demi Moore, who has to get into everyone's face in order to exist as an actress, tells us that women haven't been hazed enough. They need it—it's good for them, for that's the only way women will be taken seriously. Movie-star megalomania and incomprehension have rarely gone much further than this. (Denby; 9/1/97) (2 hrs.; R) *Embassy 2–4.*

George of the Jungle—Brendan Fraser stars as the titular hero, who finds himself in trouble when he falls in love with a city girl. Directed by Sam Weisman. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) *Embassy 2–4.*

Going All the Way—Two young men return to Indianapolis after serving in the Korean War and develop a bond as they adjust to adulthood. Based on the novel by Dan Wakefield; starring Jeremy Davies, Ben Affleck, Jill Clayburgh, and Lesley Ann Warren. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Screening Room; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Hoodlum—Laurence Fishburne plays a numbers-racket king in thirties Harlem who triggers a gang war when he allies himself with Lucky Luciano. Also starring Tim Roth, Andy Garcia, Vanessa Williams, and Cicely Tyson. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *84th Street; Plaza Twin.*

The Ice Storm—See Denby, pg. 64. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**In & Out**—In his Oscar acceptance speech, Matt Dillon casually "outs" his high-school English teacher—Mr. Brackett. A bachelor, perhaps 40, Howard Brackett (Kevin Kline) is about to be married to another teacher (Joan Cusack). When the citizens of Greenleaf, Indiana, glued to their sets, hear about his alleged homosexuality, they freeze (literally: No one moves). Brackett denies being gay, but a pack of reporters descends on the sleepy burg, led by a persistent tabloid-TV personality (Tom Selleck) who really is gay. In the idyllic countryside, the two men run into each other, and Selleck grabs Kline and kisses him on the mouth for what seems like an eternity. Bazoingas! The teacher is knocked silly, like Buster Keaton clobbered by a brick. So is he or isn't he? Kevin Kline's lightweight, I-can-do-anything style works for this cipher. Tom Selleck has finally found his way in movies, too. Joan Cusack has one of those abandoned-at-the-altar scenes that could be nothing but a cliché, but she triumphs, too. The laughs arrive in volleys, though many of them are cheaply earned. Still, there's that kiss between Selleck and Kline. People looking for boldness will seize on that kiss. The rest of us will have to live with it in every Oscar-night collage of Hollywood's most romantic moments. (Denby; 9/22/97) (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

In the Company of Men—At the beginning of *In the Company of Men,* Chad (Aaron Eckhart) and Howard (Matt Malloy) are flying to a six-week assignment in a branch office of their company. It's a lousy assignment, and they complain sourly about work and about the women back home—girlfriends—who have done them dirt. In the airport, Chad proposes, and Howard agrees, that they should claim some revenge. During their six weeks in purgatory, they will take turns attracting a defenseless woman and then dumping her. The two men get down to work and take turns flirting with the perfect victim—a secretary, Christine (Stacy Edwards), who is a lovely person, with a beautiful figure and dark hair and eyes. She is also stone-deaf, and Chad makes fun of her slightly hooty voice while tenderly seducing her; Howard, meanwhile, actually falls in love. Eckhart has a laughing charm; Malloy, as crawling-on-his-belly Howard, is really too sad to bear watching. The movie is a repellent experience—a schematic, coldly cynical work that pretends to expose coldness and cynicism. It's the season's conversation piece, no doubt, but far from a work of art. (Denby; 8/18/97) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Kicked in the Head—The loopy story of Redmond (Kevin Corrigan), an unemployed guy searching for the truth. With Michael Rapaport, James Woods, Lili Taylor, and Linda Fiorentino. Directed by Matthew Harrison. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Sutton; 84th Street.*

★**L. A. Confidential**—The best American movie of the year (thus far). Based on James Ellroy's 1990 novel about corruption and honor in the L.A.P.D., it's set in 1953 after the local Mafia boss has gone to prison. All of a sudden, power in the crime world is up for grabs; some of the greedier cops are trying to lay hands on it. A group of people is massacred, and as the apparent solution to the murders unravels, a larger pattern of evil reaches out to cover widely separated elements of Los Angeles society. A crumbbum named Sid Hudgens (Danny DeVito) is the publisher of a tabloid scandal sheet; he alerts the police to trivial forms of vice and then photographs for his magazine a celebrity cop, Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey), making the bust. A bull-headed cop, Bud White (Russell Crowe), is a man of abnormal rage and a tool of the seemingly benevolent but actually vicious chief of de-

Photograph by Robin Holland.

Talent

Fast Times

Errol Morris adjusts his blue blazer, sets down his coffee cup, and describes a conversation with the mother of a recently convicted mass murderer. "She looked at me," the documentary filmmaker recalls, "and she said, 'You know, I think Butchie has matured a great deal through all this.' I thought to myself, 'Wait a second. Is this about *growing up,* or is this about shooting four people in cold blood? What's going on here?' That's kind of the essence of my style: one foot in the real world and another in a land of private dementia, a land where anything goes. The land"—Morris pauses for half-serious dramatic effect—"*inside people's brains.*" From the caustic battles over the posthumous treatment of animals in 1978's pet-cemetery doc, *Gates of Heaven,* to Stephen Hawking's halting, voice-synthesized philosophizing in *A Brief History of Time,* Morris's films have charted a vast psychic terrain. But in his visually dense new movie, *Fast, Cheap & Out of Control* (Film Forum, October 3), Morris attempts his purest exploration yet of that off-kilter territory. Using no narration, Morris allows four mild eccentrics—a lion-tamer, an M.I.T. robot scientist, a topiarist, and a self-trained expert on naked mole rats (hairless African rodents that live like insects in subterranean colonies)—to discuss and demonstrate their obsessions. He then juxtaposes the men's comments in evocative ways, subtly building, out of their seemingly unrelated remarks, a conversation on the human condition. Ultimately, Morris acknowledges, *Fast, Cheap & Out of Control* (which takes its name from the scientist's description of his robots) is as much about filmmaking as it is about its nominal subjects. Just as his obsessives are motivated partly out of a desire for self-knowledge, Morris says, he's spurred by the question "When we point a camera at the world, are we taking a picture of the world or of ourselves?" When it's Morris doing the pointing, the answer is both.

ETHAN SMITH

tectives, Dudley Smith (James Cromwell). Ed Exley, played by Guy Pearce, is a straight-arrow cop, all ambition and calculation. Exley is the natural enemy of Bud White, but they both slowly change: Russell Crowe comes up from brutalism and Guy Pearce down from moralism, and they meet in the middle and join forces (to our relief). Kevin Spacey's Jack recovers his soul; so does the Veronica Lake look-alike played by Kim Basinger. Basinger, soft and saddened, is very touching as a guilty hooker, a good-bad girl worthy of the high forties. The movie is filled with wonderful actors—David Strathairn, in a pencil-line moustache; Simon Baker Denny as an eager-to-please young actor-stud. This violent story truly earns its quiet, ambiguous final note of exhausted calm. (Denby; 9/29/97) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

Latin Boys Go to Hell—A Mexican photo assistant in Brooklyn is pulled out of his lingering postadolescence into the drama of adulthood when his worldly cousin comes to visit. (1 hr., 30 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Lay of the Land—College professors Sally Kellerman and Ed Begley Jr. examine what's left of their long marriage after both have engaged in affairs. With Tyne Daly. Directed by Stuart Margolin. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

The Locusts—It's 1960, and a bourbon-swilling widow (played by Kate Capshaw) and her hardworking handyman (Vince Vaughn) sweat and smoke their way through a Kansas summer, fighting over who gets control of her feeble-minded son, played by Jeremy Davies. With Ashley Judd. Directed by John Patrick Kelley. (1 hr. 22 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

The Matchmaker—Janeane Garofalo is a campaign aide who finds herself in the middle of a matchmaking festival when her boss sends her to Ireland to uncover his ancestors. With Denis Leary and Milo O'Shea. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

★**Men in Black**—In this inventive and sometimes hilarious spectacle, Tommy Lee Jones plays a government agent devoted to monitoring aliens in the United States who recruits Will Smith from the NYPD as a new agent. Everything in *Men in Black* is a bit off, and most of the surprises have a charge of strangeness. By the middle of the picture, Will Smith, doing his street-smart thing, has pulled even with Jones. Arching his elegant eyebrows, Smith gets to engage in sexy badinage with Linda Fiorentino's mortician, who has a thing for dead bodies with strangely alien insides. *Men in Black* is a successful absurdist fiction. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin.*

Money Talks—Comedian Chris Tucker plays a con artist whose fate is in the hands of a TV newscaster (Charlie Sheen). Co-starring Heather Locklear and Paul Sorvino. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Criterion Center; 84th Street; Plaza Twin.*

★**Mrs. Brown**—Director John Madden successfully captures the immense weight of the imperial state as it awkwardly follows in the wake of Victoria's sorrow. At his wit's end, the queen's secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby (the baleful Geoffrey Palmer), hits on the idea of calling back into royal service Prince Albert's groom, John Brown (Billy Connolly), a Highlands Scot whom the prince had been fond of. Brown shows up and tells the queen, to the court's shocked dismay, that she looks awful. The queen suffers Brown's impertinence, and they become friends, at which point the London scandal sheets begin referring to her as "Mrs. Brown." *Mrs. Brown,* with its misty highlands and severely luxurious royal rooms, is very handsome, but the dim light of rectitude rules the court, and I was highly grateful for the presence of Antony Sher, who plays Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli. Sher's Disraeli is the only one shrewd enough to know that Brown, Victoria's half-mad imaginary lover, is the man to bring Victoria back into the public's eye, which is finally the only place she belongs. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Carnegie Hall Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

My Best Friend's Wedding—Julia Roberts plays a New York restaurant critic, Julianne—or Jules as everyone calls her—who is stunned when her old lover,

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Michael (Dermot Mulroney), a sports journalist in Chicago, tells her that in a few days he is going to marry a rich young woman (Cameron Diaz). Determined to break up the wedding, Jules rushes to Chicago, and for four days she plays one low, stupid trick after another. Rupert Everett makes a triumphant appearance as Jules's gay editor, George, who understands her better than she understands herself. At a certain point, the filmmakers throw up their hands and let Rupert Everett take over the movie. We're not entirely ungrateful. Everett, at least, knows what he's doing. Directed by P. J. Hogan. (Denby; 7/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Myth of Fingerprints—A New England family comes together but doesn't connect during the Thanksgiving holiday. Starring Noah Wyle, Julianne Moore, Blythe Danner, Roy Scheider, and Hope Davis. Written and directed by Bart Freundlich. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Nenette and Boni—A teenage brother and sister, their mother dead and their father abusive, try to sort out life's dramas together. With Vincent Gallo. Directed by Claire Denis. (1 hr. 53 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday.*

100 Proof—Two Kentucky women go on a daylong druggin'-and-drinkin' spree that ends in murder(s). Written and directed by first-timer Jeremy Horton. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**The Peacemaker**—*The Peacemaker* is powerful and consistently exciting. It's also a great deal too much like many other thrillers made recently. Playing a brilliant scientist (you can't make these movies anymore without one), Nicole Kidman may not be very convincing when she speaks techno jargon, but she's extremely charming. George Clooney, whose self-sufficient manner is the latest style in smart-ass one-upmanship, is the special-ops colonel who thinks he can teach the scientist the nasty facts of life. Here's the deal: A rogue Russian general has stolen the nukes from a train; the general then wrecks the train and detonates one of the warheads in order to cover his tracks. Clooney thinks that nothing but money is at stake—a quick sale to Iran, perhaps. Kidman fears a fanatic with a single warhead more than a greedy cynic with eight warheads. They are both right. The movie turns into an elaborate chase, with Kidman and Clooney tracking the thieves by means of electronic surveillance, then helicopter, and, at last, on foot through the streets of Manhattan. For all its professed horror of a nuclear catastrophe, *The Peacemaker* is rather casual about the bomb that does go off in the Urals. But director Mimi Leder can certainly move the metal with the best of them. (Denby; 9/29/97) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza .*

The Pillow Book—Peter Greenaway's erotic fable about a young Japanese woman with a wonderfully bizarre penchant for calligraphy. Starring Vivian Wu and Ewan McGregor. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; NR) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

★**Shall We Dance?**—Hollywood's virtual abandonment of dancing has been one of the industry's greatest follies of the past twenty years. To our chagrin, it is now up to other countries to put dance into the movies. The Japanese, perhaps, are not ready to make a full-scale dance musical, but in the gravely charming *Shall We Dance?* they have made a shy and tender pass at one. Ballroom dancing, we learn, is a secret passion in Japan. The hero, Shohei Suhiyama (Koji Yakusho), a fortyish accountant, with a wife and daughter tucked away in a suburban house, sneaks off to a dancing school as if indulging a hidden vice. There he meets the other guilty men, all of whom, overcoming hideous shyness, stumble through beginner's agonies in the waltz, tango, and rumba. The teachers, accomplished woman dancers, do what they can with this recalcitrant material, and Shohei falls in love with one of them, Mai (Tamiyo Kusakari), a tall, lovely girl who has her own guilty secret. At times, the movie (written and directed by Masayuki Suo) comes close to embarrassment: For us, all this exquisite Japanese tact seems so nuttily beside the point. Yet it's hard not to be touched when the men speak of their pleasure in movement, and when Shohei, though not a natural, dons a beautiful tux and achieves a proud competency in a ballroom competition. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

She's So Lovely—Sean Penn and Robin Wright Penn play heavy-drinking lovebirds in this John Cassavetes story directed by his son, Nick. With John Travolta. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 62nd and Broadway.*

Soul Food—An extended family learns how to stay together without the help of its matriarch. (1 hr. 14 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; National Theatre; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Nova.*

The Birth of Love—Two Frenchmen experience restless midlife crises concurrently, but differently, against the backdrop of the Gulf War. Directed by Philippe Garrel. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Anthology Film Archives.*

The Game—*The Game,* a grimly sportive new thriller directed by David Fincher (*Seven*), has the look and feel of postindustrial paranoia. Michael Douglas's San Francisco tycoon, Nicholas Van Orton, is a proud, cold American with freezing corporate curtness and an expression of haughty distaste. Then Nicholas's scapegrace kid brother (Sean Penn) pays for Nicholas's membership in some kind of outrageous recreational club, and from that moment on, odd things begin happening. The action is not always convincing at any level of reality; nevertheless, we're held by the picture. The awful thing is that after the enormous buildup of mystery, the explanation, when it comes, explains nothing and means nothing. In the end, it is the audience, not Nicholas, who is cheated by *The Game.* For all its skill, the picture turns out to be solemnly self-important about its own inconsequence. (Denby; 9/22/97) (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Kingsway; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

The Matchmaker—Improbably, Janeane Garofalo stars as an aide to a Massachusetts senatorial candidate. When she's sent to Ireland to research his Irish heritage, she lands in the middle of a matchmaking festival. Alternately strange and humorous; a mix of a sappy love story and an indie character-driven film. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) Opens Friday.

A Thousand Acres—Jason Robards is the family patriarch who distributes his farm among three daughters (played by Jessica Lange, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Jennifer Jason Leigh), dividing his family in the process. Also starring Colin Firth and Keith Carradine. Based on the book by Jane Smiley; directed by Jocelyn Moorhouse. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

The Toilers and the Wayfarers—The coming-of-age story of two young boys growing up gay in small-town Minnesota. In black and white. Directed by Keith Froelich. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Festival

The French Connection

Diplomatically refraining from using the term 'rip-off,' the French Institute/Alliance Française pairs twelve pretty Hollywood films (like 'Casbah,' below, starring Tony Martin and Yvonne de Carlo) with their pithy French inspirations and lets the audience draw the foregone conclusion. "From Paris to Hollywood: Originals vs. Remakes," which includes panel discussions with critics like Vincent Canby and Andrew Sarris, starts Tuesday. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph courtesy of the French Institute Alliance Francaise.

Opening

Single White Female

In *Washington Square,* Jennifer Jason Leigh is Henry James's plain-faced and mumbly heiress fighting to hold on to the one joy in her life: the furtive attentions of beautiful Ben Chaplin, an unemployed suitor who her prickly father (played by Albert Finney) can't believe is for real. Opens Sunday.

Washington Square—Jennifer Jason Leigh, Albert Finney, and Ben Chaplin star in this screen version of the Henry James novel. Directed by Agnieszka Holland. (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Opens Sunday at the Paris Theatre.*

Wishmaster—When a genie is awakened from his thousand-year sleep, horror ensues. Directed by Robert Kurtzman; presented by Wes Craven. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Nova; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld; Plaza .*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Full Monty; The Ice Storm; In the Company of Men; The Myth of Fingerprints; Shall We Dance?.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Cop Land; Money Talks.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Mondo Plympton; Riding the Rails; The Toilers and the Wayfarers.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Fast, Cheap & Out of Control; 100 Proof.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *A Life Apart; Fire; Latin Boys Go to Hell; The Lay of the Land; The Long Way Home.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Going All the Way.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *The Assignment; The Edge; The End of Violence; Kicked in the Head; She's So Lovely; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *In & Out; L.A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Wishmaster.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Soul Food.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Assignment; Cop Land; The Full Monty; Kicked in the Head; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *In & Out; The Peacemaker.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *The Edge; L.A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Soul Food; Wishmaster.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *In & Out.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *The Edge; L.A. Confidential; The Game.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Cop Land.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Game.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Going All the Way; Mrs. Brown.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Mrs. Brown; She's So Lovely; A Thousand Acres.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Edge; The Full Monty.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Air Force One; The Assignment; The Edge; Fire Down Below; Men in Black; Money Talks; Wishmaster.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Soul Food.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Career Girls.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Cop Land.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Mimic; She's So Lovely.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *A Thousand Acres.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Men in Black; Wishmaster.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Soul Food.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Lawrence of Arabia.* Opening 10/5: *Washington Square.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Hoodlum; In & Out; L. A. Confidential.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Kicked in the Head; She's So Lovely.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Austin Powers; Chasing Amy; Face/Off; My Best Friend's Wedding; The Pillow Book; Ulee's Gold.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Peacemaker.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *In & Out.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Edge; A Thousand Acres.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Cop Land; The End of Violence.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Closed for Renovations.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *The End of Violence; The Myth of Fingerprints; The Peacemaker; The Game.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Air Force One; The Assignment; Ponette.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L.A. Confidential.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Soul Food; The Game; Wishmaster.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Full Monty.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *She's So Lovely.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *The Assignment; Hoodlum; Kicked in the Head; Money Talks; Soul Food; Wishmaster.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Full Monty; The Ice Storm; In the Company of Men; Shall We Dance?.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *The Edge; The End of Violence; In & Out; L.A. Confidential; The Myth of Fingerprints; The Peacemaker; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Soul Food; The Game.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Fire Down Below; The Peacemaker; The Game.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *The Peacemaker; Soul Food; Wishmaster.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *In & Out; The Peacemaker.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Career Girls.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *The Edge; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Mimic; Money Talks; The Peacemaker; Soul Food; The Game; Wishmaster.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *George of the Jungle; Hoodlum; In & Out; Money Talks; The Peacemaker; Soul Food; The Game; Wishmaster.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Hoodlum; In & Out; L.A. Confidential; Money Talks; The Peacemaker; Soul Food; The Game; Wishmaster.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *The Edge; The Full Monty; In & Out; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *The Peacemaker; Soul Food; The Game.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *The Full Monty; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *L.A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Soul Food; Wishmaster.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Money Talks; Soul Food; Wishmaster.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *In & Out; The Peacemaker; Wishmaster.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Hoodlum; L. A. Confidential; Men in Black; Money Talks; Soul Food; Wishmaster.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *The Edge; In & Out; The Peacemaker; The Game.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *The Edge; The Game; A Thousand Acres; Wishmaster.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *The Edge; The Full Monty; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; A Thousand Acres.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *The Edge; The Peacemaker; Soul Food; Wishmaster.*

Photograph by Ron Batzdorff/Hollywood Pictures.

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *The Edge; The Full Monty; Hoodlum; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Money Talks; The Peacemaker; Soul Food; The Game; Wishmaster.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Air Force One; G.I. Jane; Money Talks; The Peacemaker; Soul Food; The Game; Wishmaster.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Soul Food; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *The Edge; The Peacemaker; The Game; Wishmaster.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Air Force One; The Full Monty; Soul Food; Wishmaster.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Air Force One; Cop Land; The Full Monty; Mimic; A Thousand Acres.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *The Peacemaker; Soul Food; The Game.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Soul Food; Wishmaster.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *The Edge; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Hoodlum; In & Out; L.A. Confidential; Money Talks; The Peacemaker; The Game.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Money Talks; Wishmaster.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Edge; L.A. Confidential.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *The Edge; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; The Game; A Thousand Acres.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Soul Food; The Game; Wishmaster.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *The Edge; In & Out; The Peacemaker; The Game.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *The Edge; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; The Game; A Thousand Acres; Wishmaster.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *A Life Apart; The Long Way Home.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *The Peacemaker; Wishmaster.*

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *The Peacemaker; Soul Food; The Game; Wishmaster.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *The Edge; The Full Monty; In & Out.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *In & Out.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *The Edge; George of the Jungle; Hercules; In & Out; The Peacemaker; The Game; A Thousand Acres; Wishmaster.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *The Edge; In & Out; The Peacemaker; The Game; Wishmaster.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *The Edge; The Full Monty; George of the Jungle; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Soul Food; The Game; A Thousand Acres; Wishmaster.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Jim Jarmusch: A Sad and Beautiful World." 10/4: *Dead Man* (1995) and *Tigrero: A Film That Was Never Made* (1994). 10/5: *Year of the Horse* (1997) and "A Discussion With Jim Jarmusch," 2 P.M. 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $8; ages 5-18, $4.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 10/2: *The Birth of Love* (1993) and *La Haine* (1994). Through 10/7: *My New Partner at the Races* (1989). 10/3-10/9: *Saratoga Trunk* (1946). "Remembering Richard Schwarz. Program One: Fritz Lang." 10/2: *The House by the River* (1950) and *Hangmen Also Die.* "Program Two: Polanski and Welles." 10/3: *Knife in the Water* (1962) and *Mr. Arkadin* (1955). "Program Three: Fellini and Godard." 10/4: *Juliet of the Spirits* (1965) and *Made in USA* (1966). "Program Four: Petri and Costa-Gavras." 10/5: *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion* (1970) and *The Sleeping Car Murders* (1965). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Axis Co. Independent Film Series—10/6: "Documentary Shorts." 136 Duane St., bet. Church and W. B'way (807-0869); 8 P.M.; free.

China Institute in America—"Visions of Old Beijing." 10/3: *Teahouse* (1982). 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181); $5, members free.

Cinema Village 12th St—9/12-9/18: *Riding the Rails* (1997) and *Wild Boys of the Road* (1933). Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

Different Light—10/5: *Dead Ringer* (1964). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Aspects of Asia." 10/1: *The Blue Kite* (1993). 10/8: *Maborosi* (1995). "Simply Blues." 10/2: *Good Mornin' Blues* (1978). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Through 10/2: *Sunday* (1997) and *Repulsion* (1965). 10/3-10/16: *Badlands* (1973). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Fantastic Journeys of Wojciech Has." 9/28-30: *The Noose* (1958) and *Farewells* (1958). 10/1-2: *How to Be Loved* (1963) and *Codes* (1966). 10/3 and 10/5: *The Hour-Glass Sanitarium* (1973). 10/3, 10/5-6: *The Doll* (1969). 10/4: *Memoirs of a Sinner* (1986) and *The Tribulations of Balthazar Kober* (1988). 10/6-7: *An Uneventful Story* (1982) and *Write and Fight* (1985). "New York Film Festival." 9/29: *Hana-Bi, From Today Until Tomorrow,* and *Orphans of the Storm.* 9/30: *Fast, Cheap & Out of Control* and *Whiplash.* 9/30-10/1: *Martin (Hache).* 10/1-2: *Kitchen.* 10/2 and 10/4: *Kiss of Kill.* 10/3 and 10/5: *My Life in Pink.* 10/3-4: *Washington Square.* 10/4: *Public Housing* and *The Year of the Horse.* 10/4-5: *Destiny* and *The Sweet Hereafter.* 10/6: *Voyage to the Beginning of the World.* 10/6-7: *Deep Crimson.* 10/7: *Fallen Angels.* Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level; $8.50.

French Institute—"From Paris to Hollywood: Originals vs. Remakes." 9/30: *Boudu Saved From Drowning* (1932) and *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* (1986). 10/7: *The Things of Life* (1970) and *Intersection* (1994). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, $10 double feature.

Museum of Modern Art—"Cavalcade: From British Stage to Screen." 9/30: *Hobson's Choice* (1953). 9/29: *On Approval* (1943) and *One Way Pendulum* (1964). 9/30: *Blithe Spirit* (1945). 10/2: *The Holly and the Ivy* (1952) and *The Admirable Crichton* (1957). 10/3: *The Homecoming* (1973) and *Butley* (1974). 10/4 and 10/10: *The Ware Case* (1938). "Agnes Varda Retrospective." 10/3: *Plaisir d'amour en Iran* (1976) and *Sans toit ni loi (Vagabond)* (1985). 10/3 and 10/5: *Le Bonheur (Happiness)* (1964). 10/4 and 10/6: Shorts and *La Pointe Courte* (1954). 10/5 and 10/7: *Cléo de 5 à 7* (1961). 10/7 and 10/9: *Les Créatures* (1965). W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 museum admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of October: *Duel* (1971). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

Screening Room—Midnight showing: *Swingers* (1996). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Truffaut: The Man Who Loved Film." 9/30: *Stolen Kisses* (1968) and *Bed and Board* (1970). 10/7: *Love on the Run* (1979) and *François Truffaut: Stolen Portraits* (1993). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 10/4-5: *Joiuchi (Rebellion)* (1967). 610 Lexington Ave. (735-9717); $5 members, $6 nonmembers.

Opening
Copycat Thriller

In *Kiss the Girls,* Morgan Freeman (above right, with Richard T. Jones) is a *Seven*-ish detective out to find his missing niece and collar a sicko who's collecting strong-willed southern women. One such maiden: Ashley Judd, his kick-boxing co-star. Opens Friday.

Photograph by Kimberly Wright/Paramount Pictures.

theater

Yoko Ono . . . *Alligator Tales* . . . Tricicle

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Side Show—Combining compassion with prurience, *Dreamgirls* composer Henry Krieger and Bill Russell have molded a musical out of the lives of Daisy and Violet Hilton, the Siamese twins who toured the vaudeville circuit during the thirties and appeared, briefly, in Tod Browning's *Freaks*. Emily Skinner and Alice Ripley star. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/16 opening. *Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 W. 46th. St. (307-4100).*

Triumph of Love—It's the Broadway musical-theater debut for F. Murray Abraham, an eagerly awaited return for *Sunset* diva Betty Buckley, and an excuse for Susan Egan, the especially belle Belle from *Beauty and the Beast*, to bend gender. The story, adapted from the eighteenth-century romantic comedy by Pierre Marivaux, twists and turns with each costume change. Directed by Michael Mayer (*Baby Anger*), adapted for the stage by James Magruder, music by Jeffrey Stock, and lyrics by Susan Birkenhead (*Jelly's Last Jam*). $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 10/23 opening. *Royale Theater, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. $40–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Marilu Henner and Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring David Alan Grier as Pseudolus. $60–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Lucy Lawless plays Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

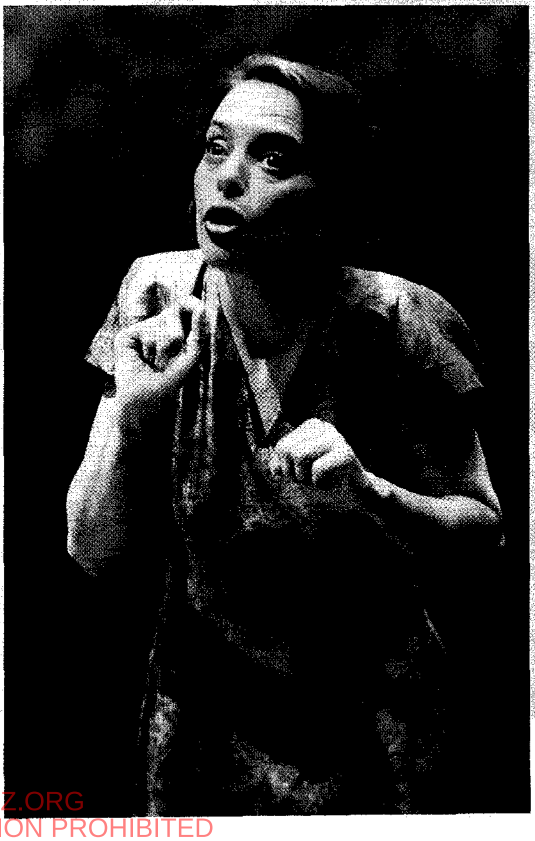
The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein re-

Previews

The Marshland Chronicles

Many solo performers have a tendency to hump the same, obsessively autobiographical note. Anne Galjour cannot be counted among them. "My personal life isn't worth the price of an admission ticket," she says. "I've had the same child, the same husband, and the same routine for sixteen years." The sense memories of Galjour's youth, however, do figure prominently in *Alligator Tales,* her one-woman show previewing this week at the Manhattan Theatre Club. The 39-year-old actress grew up in a small Louisiana town called Cut Off—it lives up to its name—dredging for oysters, facing down hurricanes, and staring, agog, as reptiles wandered nonchalantly across her neighbors' lawns. The eight interconnected characters she plays in *Tales* all have similar, if not freakier, experiences: One gets struck by lightning—twice—and excites metal objects whenever he walks into a room; another reels in a scuba diver—by the forehead—while fishing. Call it magic realism of the bayou. Galjour, who once told children's stories for a living, can't resist adding a pinch of fairy-tale whimsy. "It's nothing in children's literature for a fisherman to go out and hook a golden fish," she explains, "so I thought, 'What the heck?' " For New Yorkers whose only exposure to the Cajun cosmos comes in the form of James Carville and shrimp gumbo, the show should be a sensual, lushly drawn introduction. Says Galjour, "A lot of wild things happen down there."

JENNIFER SENIOR



Photograph courtesy of the Berkeley Repertory Theatre.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

naissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom,* in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, will soon be one of the ten longest-running musicals on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it—its blocking and pacing nowhere to be faulted, and here and there a deliciously new detail. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97). $65; kids 17 and younger pay half price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 11/16. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Alligator Tales—Unlike other solo performers, Anne Galjour does not hump the same, obsessively autobiographical note. Instead, she plucks vivid sense memories from her bayou childhood—dredging for oysters, facing down hurricanes, fleeing from alligators—and brings them to life through eight imaginary, interconnected characters. The result is a lush portrait of Cajun life that, at times, borders on magic realism. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Previews begin 9/30 for a 10/21 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way!—A modern, irreverent, and lovingly told Gaelic history by Frank McCourt, Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *Angela's Ashes.* $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/2 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

More Stately Mansions—The New York Theatre Workshop (*Rent*) inaugurates the new season with this 1939 Eugene O'Neill play, which the playwright never intended for publication. ("Unfinished work," said the note attached to the drama. "This script to be destroyed in case of my death.") The company is using the version completed by Karl Ragnar Gierow of the Swedish Royal Dramatic Theater. $10–$28. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 1 and 7. In previews for a 10/7 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Skyscraper—A romantic comedy, perched on the rooftop of a historic building slated for demolition. Written by David Auburn; starring John Wylie. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 9/28. Through 10/5. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (279-4200).*

10 Naked Men—See title. Written and directed by Ronnie Larsen, the author of *Making Porn,* which just closed after more than 500 performances. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 9/30 for a 10/16 opening. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. (239-6200).*

Three-for-All—A confection from the founding members of Tricicle, a popular Barcelona troupe that counts Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, and the brothers Marx among its influences. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/5 opening. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100) or (505-0700).*

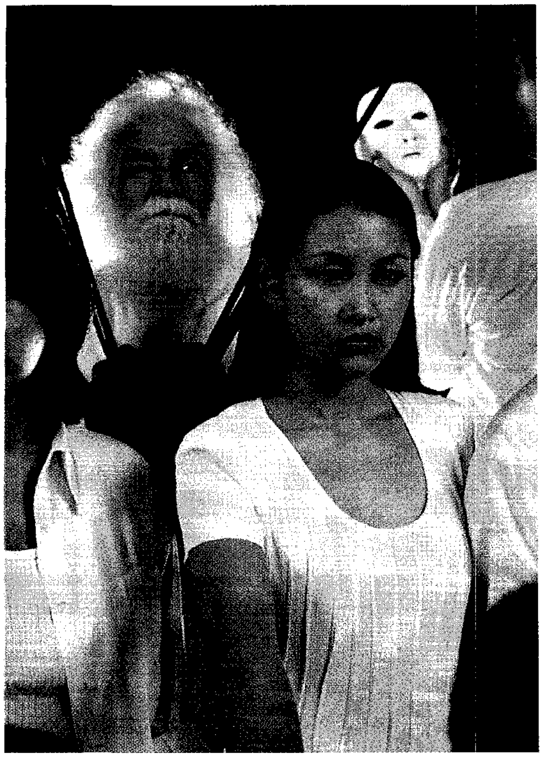
Now Playing

About Time—Paulette Attie's tuneful preserve of poetry, American standards, and songs unsung. In addition to piano and bass accompaniment, Attie relies heavily on the tuba—an underrated and unfairly maligned instrument, in her view. The combination ought to be interesting, especially with her soprano voice. $35. Wed. at 2, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/12. *Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Always . . . Patsy Cline—It's still unclear whether this musical can weather the transplant from Nashville to New York, but it does have its selling points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty-song score, and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewife. Off Broadway newcomer Tori Lynn Palazola stars. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened 6/24/97. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane (*To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*); alertly directed by Drama Desk Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Atwater: Fixin' to Die—The late Lee Atwater, a political strategist with an affection for Bo Diddley



Previews
Blue Sky

Original music by Yoko Ono, plus some of the dissonant, highly acclaimed strains from her 1995 album 'Rising,' accompany 'Hiroshima,' the newest psalm from Theater for the New City. The play interlaces the fates of twenty people who were affected by the 1945 bombing, interspersing their stories with haiku, choral odes, and blasts from two-headed drums. Written and directed by Ron Destro; performances begin October 2.

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

5 Street
Sq West

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Opening Los Locos

Physical comedy is, admittedly, an acquired taste. Or a discarded one—by anyone past the age of 5. But Tricicle, a Barcelona troupe of bouncing stumblebums, has been refining this vigorously maligned form for the past eighteen years, so maybe its newest, *Three-for-All*, will charm the pratfall-resistant. Maybe. Opens October 5 at Union Square Theater.

and a genius for mud warfare (remember Willie Horton?) died at the tender age of 40 in 1991. But Atwater still made his mark—not only because he played blues guitar at a 1988 inaugural ball but also because his ruthless, nihilistic approach to campaigning transformed dirty politics into an art form. In this one-man show, Bruce McIntosh plays the southern-fried legend, starting with Atwater's college years—when politics barely mattered to him—and ending with his dying days, when Atwater was riddled with not only cancer but the fear that he may have lived an ignoble life. $20–$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 10/26. *28th Street Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. (591-0019) or (307-4100).*

Bea's Nest—Three children are forced, with varying degrees of success, to cope with the imminent return of their father, who abandoned the family eighteen years earlier. Written by John DiGiacomo. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 10/5. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-6200).*

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 10/12. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the recluse's life. $20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Freak—The mambo energies of John Leguizamo are on thrilling display in this, his newest one-man show about an unholy and misspent adolescence. Horror tales about masturbation, the Fresh Air Fund, and evil grandmothers abound. To wit: "Grams had watched *The Exorcist* and thought it was a documentary." $30–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hard Times—The Pearl Theatre Company brings to life the lost souls of Dickens's Coketown. $18–$30. Tues. at 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 10/5. *Pearl Theatre, 80 Saint Marks Place (598-9802).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel acknowledges her debt to Nabokov's *Lolita*. She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Jayne Atkinson and Bruce Davison. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, passed away last June, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

John, His Story—A modern view of the miracles recorded in the Gospel of John. Written by Jeannette Clift George; directed by Lee Walker. $17.50–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/29. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Misalliance—This is not one of Shaw's best plays, but even at his second-best, GBS fascinates, entertains, and exercises the intellect, though this last seems to be the least of the concerns of David Warren, the director. Gradually, Shaw's ideas on the education of children crystallize, as do his views on marriage and the family, socialism, worldly success, the joys of literacy, and whatnot—a great deal of whatnot. The performances, for the most part, do their bit. With pleasant design by Derek McLane, Catherine Zuber, and Kenneth Posner, the play keeps the audience both amused and agog. It may even be that, amid the relaxed guffaws, some of the subversive ideas manage to strike home. (Simon: 8/18/97). Starring Brian Murray, Elizabeth Marvel, and Patricia Conolly. $45. Opened 8/7. Through 10/12. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat at 7:30, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels-Roundabout, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Only You—After a successful revival at the Trilogy Theatre, Timothy Mason's send-up of romantic mores moves to Off Broadway. $30. Tues.–Fri. 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/5. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (307-4100).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre,*

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Plunge—Christopher Kyle, who specializes in the angst of the postgraduate searching class, comes up with an age-appropriate *Big Chill*. Presented by Playwrights Horizons; directed by Ron Lagomarsino (*The Last Night of Ballyhoo*). $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. $25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Tibet Does Not Exist—Don Thompson's dialectical drama, which has earned the support of Richard Gere and a well-meaning flock of celebrity activists, pits three Yale professors against an exiled Tibetan monk in a debate over hemispheric values. Presented by the Theater for Human Rights; directed by Brian Clay Luedloff. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 2. Through 10/26. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center at BMCC, 199 Chambers St. (279-4200 or 346-8510).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Adjoining Trances—Red Light District presents a new drama about the friendship between Carson McCullers and Tennessee Williams. Written by Randy Buck. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/12. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (388-8062).*

As You Like It—Free Shakespeare. Presented by the Frog & Peach Theatre Company. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 10/19. *Theatre at the West-Park Church, 165 W. 86th St. (946-5321).*

Caught in the Act—A festival of short plays written by playwrights from around the globe. $12. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 6. Through 10/5. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

The First Picture Show—This week only. A work (in progress, actually) that examines the origins of silent film and the rise of censorship in the United States. Written by Ain Gordon and David Gordon. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Playhouse at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Fortinbras—A contemporary sequel to *Hamlet*. The Danish prince is caught in a Sony television set; Fortinbras frolicks with Ophelia's ghost. Written by Lee Blessing. $12. Through 10/12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *78th St. Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (873-9050).*

Freestyle Rep.—An evening of audience-driven, improvisational mayhem by veteran shtickers. $15; Wed. and 10:30 perfs. on Fri. are free. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (642-8202).*

Hedda Gabler—With Nora's final slam of the door still ringing in our ears, this Ibsen revival couldn't have come at a better time. The Jean Cocteau Repertory performs. $12–$29. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery. (677-0060).*

Hiroshima—Original music by Yoko Ono, plus some of the dissonant, highly acclaimed strains from her 1995 album *Rising*, accompany this new psalm from Theater for the New City. The play follows and interlaces the lives of some twenty people who were affected by the 1945 bombing, interspersing their stories with haiku poetry, choral odes, and blasts from two-headed drums. Written and directed by Ron Destro. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Previews begin 10/2 for a 10/9 opening. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at E. 10th St. (254-1109).*

Mickey's Home—An elderly couple receives a visit from a man who claims to be writing a neighborhood history but in fact has more personal matters to settle. Joel Friedman, Sylvia Gassell, and Ron Bagden—last seen as the sweet, underappreciated host in *My Night With Reg*—star; written by Stephen Fife. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

Tracers—Long before *Platoon*, *Full Metal Jacket*, and *Born on the Fourth of July*, there was this cannily restrained memory play by John DiFusco and eight Vietnam veterans. The 29th Street Rep now presents a revival, with company member and Vietnam vet Leo Farley directing. "What I really like about the play is that it doesn't offer any morality stuff," he says. "It's just these guys and their stories." $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 10/12. *29th Street Rep., 212 W. 29th St. (465-0575).*

Onstage Baby Anger

***The Sixth Commandment*, one of the most popular and least self-consciously weird entrants in August's New York International Fringe Festival, plays for three nights this week at House of Candles. The play dramatizes a murder at a family-planning clinic; be sure to ignore the improbably apt name of its main character (George Call, a defrocked minister, is the perp). Phone 420-1466 for tickets ($11) and show times.**

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

art

William Hawkins...Taíno Art...Sally Mann

Openings

More than 28 American and European dealers will be showing off the works of their photographers at the first **Contemporary Photography Fair,** taking place at the SoHo Grand Hotel, 310 W. Broadway, October 3–5 (Fri. 6–10, Sat. and Sun. 12–8). Admission is $10.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Peter Blume—Paintings, sculpture, and drawings from the thirties and forties by this American artist (1906–1992) known for his dreamlike narratives; through 10/11. Dintenfass, 20 E. 79th St. (581-2268).

Hal Hirshorn—Paintings of imaginary landscapes; through 10/18. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Jedd Novatt—Recent black-and-white collages; through 11/1. Montebello, 9 E. 84th St. (472-1496).

Theodore Roszak/Frederick J. Sykes—Paintings, drawings, constructions, sculpture, and photographs from the thirties and forties/Landscape paintings by this artist (1851–1926) who worked in Brooklyn, Staten Island, the Hudson River Valley, the Catskills, and Mexico. Through 11/15. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

57th Street Area

Marcel Broodthaers/Joseph Bartscherer—A selection of the Belgian artist's enigmatic sculptural objects/Narrow, vertical photographs of the Nevada landscape from a project begun in 1994. Through 11/1. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Cora Cohen—Recent abstract paintings; through 11/1. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Duncan Hannah/Allen Ginsberg—Recent paintings of figures in the process of arrival and departure—in the English country and seaside and in cities such as London and Rome/Photographs by the late poet-photographer, including self-portraits and portraits of his artist and writer friends. Through 10/18. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Tobi Kahn—Recent abstract paintings; through 10/18. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

John Marin—A survey of the American modernist's paintings spanning the years 1910–1952 and focusing on his most experimental works; 10/4–11/1. Kennedy, 730 Fifth Ave. (541-9600).

Robert Natkin—Lyrical abstract paintings based on the Stations of the Cross; through 10/30. Reece, 24 W. 57th St. (333-5830).

Tom Otterness/Israel Hershberg—Recent cast-bronze sculptures associated with the artist's public commissions in Portland, Minneapolis, and Roosevelt Island/Portraits and still-life paintings by the Israeli artist. Through 10/25. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Rona Pondick—An installation titled *tree head room* that takes everyday objects out of their usual context; through 10/25. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Robert Rauschenberg—"Arcadian Retreats," a series of frescoes from 1996 that depict landscapes, street scenes, figures, animals, and architecture; through 10/18. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Sean Scully—Paintings of vertical stripes on aluminum boxes from the series "Floating Paintings," begun in 1994, and photographs taken during the artist's travels in Mexico, Italy, Scotland, and Morocco, at Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470), through 11/1; recent paintings that depict vertically striated fields and are inset with panels of perpendicular orientation or contrasting color, at Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929), through 10/25.

Bob Thompson/Alfonso Ossorio—A survey of paintings made between 1958 and 1966 that show the artist (1937–1966) moving from his muted figurative compositions of the late fifties to his vividly colored allegorical landscapes of the sixties/A group of assemblages made by the artist in 1962 and 1963 that are known as the "Shingle Figures" and feature shells, bones, shards of mirror, and other found objects mounted on wood shingles. Through 11/8. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Steve Wheeler—Early paintings and works on paper made between 1938 and 1942, by this artist who developed a style that was a synthesis of Cubism, ethnographic art, and European modernism; through 10/25. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Jack Youngerman—New sculptures of twisted, laminated wood, installed to be walked through or circled like a grove of trees; through 10/25. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

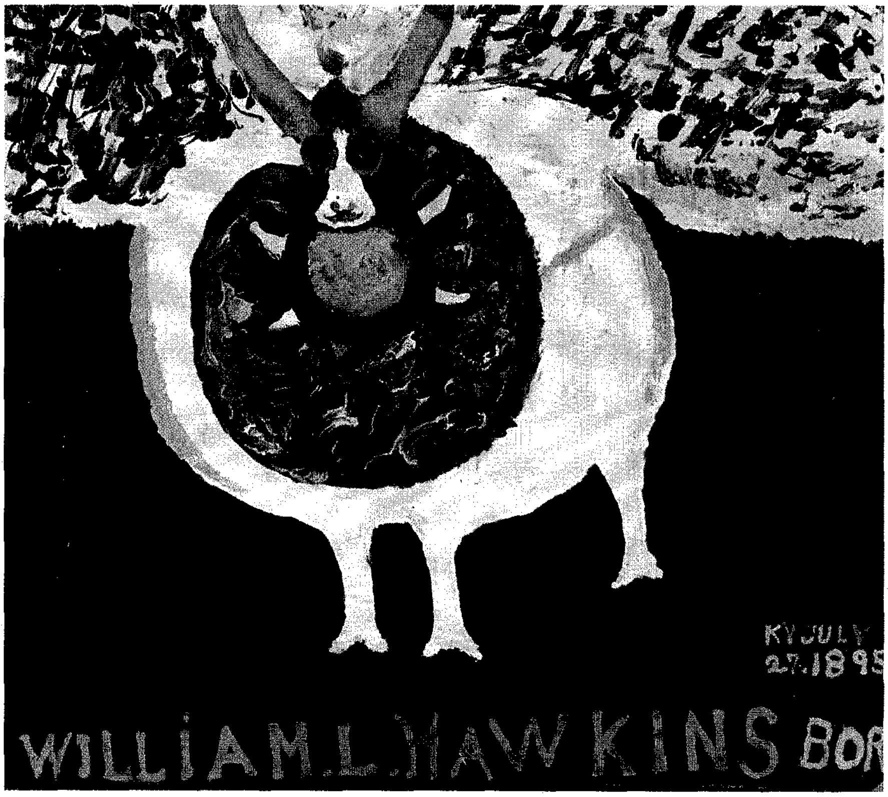
Joe Zucker/William Wood—New paintings that continue the artist's fascination with marine imagery as a metaphor for exploration, colonialism, and the destructive potential of nature/New works on paper that depict microcosmic biomorphic imagery. Through 10/18. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Anna Bialobroda—Paintings that depict close-up portraits of people against a solid colored background; through 11/1. Chanin, 625 Broadway (473-0120).

Willard Boepple/John Clement—Sculptures that re-create the basic forms of familiar objects, such as a

Retrospective **"If you can't make it one way in life, try something else," the self-taught artist William Hawkins (1895–1990) once advised. "I don't depend on no one thing." Fortunately for us, he did devote most of the last two decades of his life to painting. "William L. Hawkins," the first New York retrospective of the Kentucky-born artist's flamboyant images of animals and buildings, reveals the larger issues of his work—religion, race, man's relationship to nature—and its resonance with African-American crafts. At the Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Square; October 4 through November 2.**



Ground Rules:

In summer galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of American Folk Art.

tool, a ladder, or a bookcase/Abstract sculptures constructed from raw or painted steel, iron, and cables. Through 10/25. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Dinos and Jake Chapman—An installation of a mass graveyard overlooked by the artists' zygotic sculptural figures. Through 10/11. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Michael Ray Charles—New paintings and sculpture; through 10/25. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Paul Feeley—Abstract works on paper in watercolor and pencil. Feeley (1910–1966) showed with Betty Parsons Gallery and was given a retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum in 1968; through 11/1. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Raoul Hague—A selection of sculptures from the collection of the Raoul Hague Foundation, beginning with the artist's early figurative stone sculptures and ending with his monumental carved-wood abstractions; through 10/4. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Richard Jackson—Three large-scale kinetic works, two of which generate "paintings," the other "prints"; through 10/18. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Gregory Johnston—Recent abstract paintings; through 10/28. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Richard Long—New slate circles and wall works; through 11/8. Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (431-3685).

Matt Mahurin—Still lifes and landscapes on paper, board, and metal; through 11/11. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

Nam June Paik/William Wegman—A survey of works in all media by both artists; through 11/15. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Robert Rauschenberg—Mixed-media editions published by the Los Angeles artists' workshop, Gemini G.E.L., the sale of which will benefit Change, Inc., a nonprofit foundation founded by the artist in 1970 to assist artists in need of emergency aid; through 11/1. Gemini G.E.L. at Joni Moisant Weyl, 375 W. Broadway (219-1446).

Alison Saar—Sculpted wood and found-object sculptures that draw on African and Haitian folklore, contemporary African-American cultures, voodoo, and the black female experience; through 10/21. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Geneviève Seillé—Drawings in ink, crayon, and pastel on rough paper in which large built-up panels of writing and numbers are combined with repetitive, often architectural imagery and biomorphic shapes; through 11/1. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Lorna Simpson—A recent video installation that depicts the goings-on in a public park in Columbus, Ohio, and alludes to and mimics TV lighting, commercial film, and Hollywood *film noir* traditions; through 10/25. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Kiki Smith—New glass sculptures, videos, and drawings; through 10/25. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Julia Wachtel—Paintings in which cartoon figures mutely stand witness to the products of cultural activity from the beginning of civilization to the present; through 10/11. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Gillian Wearing—*10–16,* a work comprising seven short 16-mm. films that show adult actors lip-synching to a soundtrack taken from interviews the artist recorded with children between the ages of 10 and 16; through 10/25. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Yukinori Yanagi—Large-scale works on paper in which the artist has tracked every movement of an ant with a red crayon, and an installation of a map of the United States assembled from shards of broken glass found by the artist at Alcatraz prison; through 10/29. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Chelsea

Willie Cole—Recent sculptures constructed from found or carved objects, several of which are based on the form of an iron; through 11/8. Alexander and Bonin, 59 Wooster St. (925-2343).

Roni Horn—A two-part glass floor piece and a set of seven color photographs that depict the surface of the ocean off the coast of Iceland in varying degrees of magnification; through 11/8. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Karen Kilimnik—Recent paintings that mix imagery drawn from ballet, fashion, film, art history, and other sources, and a changing installation work; through 10/25. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Andrea Morganstern—Paintings of human figures and abstract forms constructed from recurring patterns in nature; 10/4–11/14. MBM, 529 W. 20th St. (691-6831).

Other

Julio Alpuy—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by the Uruguayan artist who developed his style of pictographic contructivism during the forties while working with the Uruguayan master Joaquín Torres-García at his workshop, El TallerTorres-García, and moved to New York in 1961; through 10/16. Baruch College, 17 Lexington Ave. (387-1006).

Antonio Martorell—A mixed-media installation, *Blanca Snow in Puerto Rico,* based on an event in Puerto Rican history in which the legendary mayor of San Juan, Doña Felisa Rincón, chartered a DC3, had it loaded with snow in New York and flew to the island in celebration of Christmas 1951; through 12/19. Hostos Center for the Arts & Culture, 500 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-518-4455).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Davis & Langdale—231 E. 60th St. (838-0333). A selection of works by Bloomsbury artists and their descendants; through 11/8.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Black-and-white drawings by 19 American artists, among them Alexander, Cadmus, Davis, Hartley, Lazzell, Marin, Nevelson; 10/2–11/1.

Stone—113 E. 90th St. (988-6870). "Talent 1997," with works by emerging artists; through 10/18.

57th Street Area

Associated American Artists—20 W. 57th St. (399-5510). Lyrical abstract paintings from the fifties and recent works by Francis, Jenkins, Mathieu; through 10/25.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. at 51st St. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Furniture of the American South: Masterworks From Colonial Williamsburg," an exhibition of more than 50 works dating from the late seventeenth to the early nineteenth centuries from the museum collections of Colonial Williamsburg; through 10/31.

Forum—745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545). "A Jewish Holiday Celebration," with works evocative of the Jewish experience by Gross, D. Levine, J. Levine, Podwal, Soyer, Weber; through 10/18.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). "Invited," with works by seven emerging woman artists from New York, Los Angeles, and London; through 10/25.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "The New Objectivity: Realism in Weimar-Era Germany," with paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints by Dix, Grosz, Hubbuch, Schad, Wegner, others; through 11/8.

Zabriskie—41 E. 57th St. (752-1223). "The Hansa Gallery (1952–59) Revisited: Works by Jean Follet, Wolf Kahn, Allan Kaprow, Jan Müller, and Richard Stankiewicz," an exhibition of works by several founding members of the Hansa Gallery, one of New York's first 10th Street cooperative galleries; through 11/1.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Between the Acts," with works by Allen, Achjadi, Buss, Peppito, Phillips, others; "The Observatorium: Collected Reflections," with works by Dekker, Reutelingsperger, and Van de Camp; "Hanging in There," a window installation by Barbara Siegel; "Insider; Ups and Downs," an audio project in the elevator by Freya Hansell; through 10/25.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Permutations," with works by Arnold, Breitz, Katchadourian, Lindberg; "Savor," an installation by Karen Kimmel; through 11/1.

Bose Pacia—580 Broadway (966-3224). Works by contemporary Indian masters from the collection of Thomas and Martha Keehn; through 10/25.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Public Notice, Art and Activist Posters: 1951–1997," an exhibit examining poster design in art and culture from the post-War years to the present; 10/4–11/8.

123 Watts—123 Watts St. (219-1482). Recent works by Cuenca, Danieli, Frankel, Simonis; through 10/19.

Roeder—545 Broadway (925-6098). Works on paper that depict accumulations of repeated units, by Ensminger, Gasteiger, Weggenmann; through 10/25.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). Sculpture by Anselmo, Boetti, Laib, Merz, Nauman, Paolini, Pistoletto, Vtal, Zorio; through 10/18.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "The Ascent of Western Civilization, American Independent Music 1976–91," an exhibition of photographs, fliers, posters, original artwork, video, music, and ephemera documenting the evolution of American indie rock; through 11/1.

TZ'Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). Works by Armando, Beuys, Findlay, Horn, Jones & Ginzel, Quinn, Zakrzewski; a flowchart by Peter Halley on the gallery's "Testwall" facing Wooster Street. Through 10/18.

Chelsea

Harris—529 W. 20th St. (463-9666). Recent paintings by twenty artists, among them Acheson, Humphries, Magee, Purdum, Schiowitz, Williams; through 10/18.

Kirkland—504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930). "Word to Word," with works that incorporate words, by Anastasi, El Hanani, Gissler, Kruger, Lieberman, others; through 10/18.

Marlborough Chelsea—211 W. 19th St. (463-8634). Large-scale sculpture by Abakanowicz, Bourgeois, Caro; through 10/25.

Weber—529 W. 20th St. (691-5711). "Land Marks," with works by artists who have made direct contact with the landscape, among them Ashkin, Aycock, Fulton, Goldsworthy, Hamish, Hayes, Mori, Smithson, Stuart, Weiner; through 10/11.

Other

Cooper Union—Houghton Gallery, 7th St. at Third Ave. (353-4158). Working drawings by Holzer, Gwathmey, Lin, Stella, others; through 10/27.

One Great Jones—1 Great Jones St. (460-8456). "Normotic," an exhibition of works that appear to be excessively normal or generic, by Albenda, Gallace, Harrison, Selger, Steinbach, others; through 10/25.

Photography

Lisa Bowman—Collage works in which black-and-white cheesecake photographs from the fifties have been re-photographed and affixed with colored stick-on images of internal organs, skeletal structure, and musculature taken from medical textbooks; through 10/25. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Bromm—90 W. Broadway (732-6196). Works by nine photographers who have exhibited with this gallery for the past 20 years, among them Adams, Cutforth, De Sana, Incandela, Leatherdale, Sonneman; through 12/23.

Tseng Kwong Chi—Photographs of New York's downtown club and art scene of the eighties; through 10/25. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The American Century: Photographs and Visions, Part 1," a survey of American photography covering the years 1900 to 1935, including works by Cunningham, Curtis, Stieglitz, Strand, White, others; through 10/25.

Danielle Epstein—Photographs that layer together images to suggest isolation; through 10/25. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Ralph Gibson—Vintage prints from his trilogy of dreamlike photo-novels *The Somnambulist, Deja-Vu,* and *Days at Sea*; through 11/1. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

ICP Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas, at 43rd St. (768-4682); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4; $2.50 seniors and students. "Eye of the Beholder: Photographs From the Avon Collection." Ninety photographs from the Avon Collection by woman photographers; through 11/13.

International Center of Photography—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Brett Weston in New York." Photographs of New York taken between 1943 and 1945, when Weston was stationed on Long Island in the United States Army Signal Corps; through 11/30. . . . "Soul of the Game: Images and Voices of Street Basketball." Black-and-white images of the game being played at Harlem's Rucker Park, Nat King Cole Park in Chicago, and other famed courts by sports photographer John Huet; through 11/19.

Photograph by Sally Mann/Edwynn Houk Gallery.

Photography

Southern Gothic

Previously known for enigmatic photographs of her children, Sally Mann has created similarly haunting images of another close-at-hand subject, the landscapes of Georgia and her native Virginia. At Edwynn Houk Gallery, 745 Fifth Avenue; through November 8.

Ann Mandelbaum—Close-up photographs of portions of the human body whose ambiguity is heightened by solarization and other darkroom manipulations; through 10/25. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Sally Mann—Recent photographs of landscapes in the artist's native Virginia and its neighboring Georgia; through 11/8. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

Tim Maul—New Cibachrome photographs of Parisian interiors; through 11/4. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Robert Rauschenberg—A selection of the artist's black-and-white photographs taken since the late forties; through 10/25. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Jan Staller—Color photographs of random arrangements of materials at military and industrial sites; through 11/1. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Seneca Ray Stoddard—Vintage albumen photographs of the Adirondacks by this self-taught photographer (1843–1917) who was a contemporary of William Henry Jackson, Eadweard Muybridge, and Carlton Watkins; through 11/1. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through 11/2. . . . "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection"; through 11/2. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Mandala: The Architecture of Enlightenment." Mandalas from Tibet, Nepal, China, Japan, Bhutan, India, and Indonesia, and a Kalachakra sand mandala constructed by monks from the Namgyal monastery, His Holiness the Dalai Lama's personal monastery; through 1/4. 725 Park Ave. at 70th St. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25/98. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.—Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Design for Life: A Centennial Celebration." An exhibition examining the role of objects in daily life through works from the museum's collection, among them architectural drawings, graphics, textiles, ceramics, glass, jewelry, rare books, and industrial design products; through 1/4. . . . "Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors"; through 10/19. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8420), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"The Dahesh Salon: Art, Patronage, and Presentation in America, Part II." A selection of late-nineteenth-century paintings by Adolphe-William Bouguereau, Jules LeFebvre, Hans Makart, and others, displayed to re-create a nineteenth-century American salon in a private home, including works from the museum's permanent collection and on loan from private collections; through 11/29. 601 Fifth Ave. at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Richard Serra: Torqued Ellipses." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14/98. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture." Sculptures created from yarn, including new works and earlier works from Dia's collection; through 1/4. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. and 545 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 3/29. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Fashion Institute of Technology—"Fifty Years of Fashion: New Look to Now." A selection of historically significant clothing from the museum's own collection, beginning with Christian Dior's controversial "New Look" of 1947 and ending with the contemporary fashion scene; 10/7–1/10. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5966), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Frick Collection—"The Spirit of the Place: Selections From the Carmen Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection." Fourteen paintings and four sculptures from the collection of Baroness Carmen Thyssen-Bornemisza; through 11/30. . . . "Franklin and Condorcet: Two Portraits From the American Philosophical Society." An exhibition documenting the relations between the American statesman and the French mathematician, philosopher, and revolutionary through letters, manuscripts, and eighteenth-century publications on loan from the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the Maryland Historical Society; through 11/16. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery and Study Center—"Nahum B. Zenil: Witness to the Self." A retrospective of paintings by the Mexican artist whose collages, mixed-media works on paper, and paintings invoke the history of Mexican art while confronting current social issues; through 11/2. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; free.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." The first full career retrospective of the artist's work since 1976, including paintings, drawings, sculpture, and prints; through 1/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $15, $10 seniors and students (this is a special admission fee for the Rauschenberg exhibits and includes entrance to the Guggenheim Museum SoHo).

Guggenheim Museum at Ace Gallery—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." *The 1/4 Mile or 2 Furlong Piece*, an ongoing project begun in 1981 that comprises 189 paintings and sculptures; through 11/9. 275 Hudson St. below Spring St. (255-5599), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; free.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." The first full career retrospective of the artist's work since 1976, including paintings, sculpture, prints, drawings, and performance and technology-based pieces; through 1/4. 575 Broadway at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $15, $10 seniors and students (this is a special admission fee for the Rauschenberg exhibits and includes entrance to the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum).

Jewish Museum—"Facing the New World: Jewish Portraits in Colonial and Federal America." The first comprehensive survey of rare, early American Jewish portraits, by Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and other artists, dating from 1700 through the 1830s; through 1/11. . . . "Camille Pissaro in the Caribbean, 1850–1855:

Drawings From the Collection at Olana." Drawings, oil sketches, and watercolors by the Impressionist of scenes in St. Thomas, where he was born, and on other Caribbean islands, that were originally thought to be the work of the Danish painter Fritz Melbye; through 11/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Private Collection of Edgar Degas." More than 250 works drawn from the collection of the nineteenth-century French artist, including paintings, pastels, watercolors, drawings, and prints by such masters as Ingres, Delacroix, Daumier, Manet, Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Degas himself; 10/1–1/11. . . . "Master Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yoruba Sculptors." Masks, free-standing figures, containers, and architectural posts by male and female Yoruba masters who were active from the mid-nineteenth through the first half of the twentieth century; through 3/1. . . . "Picasso the Engraver—Selections From the Musée Picasso, Paris." Approximately 150 engravings, etchings, and woodcuts made by the artist between 1900 and 1942; through 12/21. . . . "Wordrobe." Words, letters, and numbers in art and clothing; through 11/16. . . . "Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz." An exhibition that reconstructs and expands on the museum's 1978 exhibition of Stieglitz's portraits of O'Keeffe through the inclusion of an additional 30 images; through 10/5. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Medieval Bestseller: The Book of Hours." 100 Books of Hours from the library's collection; through 1/4. . . . "Romanticism to Realism: Nineteenth-Century German Drawings." A survey of the Library's collection of nineteenth-century German drawings; through 1/4. . . . "Cultural Curios: Literary and Historical Witnesses." A selection of objects owned by famous literary figures from the library's permanent collection; through 1/4. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"William L. Hawkins." The first New York museum retrospective of the self-taught African-American artist (1895–1990), whose themes included religion, race, struggles, and man's place in nature; 10/4–11/2. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"On the Edge: Contemporary Art From the Werner and Elaine Dannheisser Collection." Paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and video installations given to the museum by Elaine Dannheisser and the Dannheisser Foundation last year; through 1/20. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 1: Peter Halley." Artworks created by Halley as digital files on computer disk, comprising wallpaper and rub-down flowcharts that are fabricated by professional printers whenever a site-specific installation is planned; through 2/8. . . . "Projects: Franz West." Sculptures, drawings and collages by the artist, and a work titled *Synchrony* that incorporates works by the artist's friends, colleagues, and assistants; through 11/11. . . . "Object and Abstraction: Contemporary Photographs." A selection of photographs from the eighties and nineties that are at once literal and abstract; through 10/7. . . . "From Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec to Andy Warhol: Exploring Techniques." An exhibition focusing on various printmaking techniques, featuring more than 70 works from the museum's collection; through 2/8. . . . "A Decade of Collecting: Recent Acquisitions in Contemporary Drawing." Installation-scale drawings collected by the museum over the past decade; through 1/13. . . . "Toward the New Museum of Modern Art: Sketchbooks by Ten Architects"; through 10/7. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Beyond the Grave: Cultures of Queens Cemeteries." Photographs of cemeteries in Queens taken by Dr. Ilana Harlow; through 3/8. . . . "A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . . "Creative Lives: New York Paintings and Photographs by Maurice and Lee Sievan." Paintings by Maurice Sievan (1898–1981) and photographs by his wife, Lee Sievan (1907–1990) made from the thirties through the fifties; through 11/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum & School of the Fine Arts—"The Tenth Street Studio Building: Artist-Entrepreneurs From the Hudson River School to the American Impressionists." Photographs, paintings, manuscripts, and memorabilia documenting the history of New York's first studio building; through 11/16. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New York Public Library—"Dry Drunk: The Culture of Tobacco in 17th- and 18th-Century Europe." An exhibition covering the history of tobacco in Europe through the library's own materials; through 1/3. . . . "The George Arents Tobacco Collection: Works on Paper"; through 1/3. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"To Hell With Reform: The Race to Become Mayor of Greater New York." An exhibition of illustrations and other materials from the 1897 campaign in which New Yorkers elected the first mayor of Greater New York; through 1/4. . . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 10/5. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 11/30. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Queens Museum—"Cai Guo-Qiang: *Cultural Melting Bath*." An installation by the Chinese artist on the theme of social healing; through 10/26. . . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection"; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The Tate Gallery Selects: American Realities." The museum's third "Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art" exhibition, curated by Nicholas Serota, director of the Tate Gallery, and Adam D. Weinberg, curator of the Whitney's Permanent Collection; through 10/5. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Tunnel Visions." Large-scale photographs of Grand Central Terminal by Accra Shepp; through 10/10. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 10/7 at 10: "The Property of the Giannalisa Feltrinelli Library, Part 1." On view from 10/2.

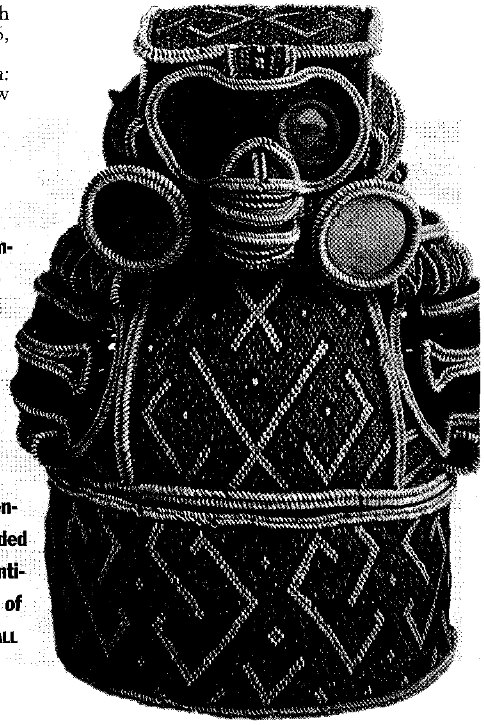
Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 10/7 at 1: "American Paintings and Sculpture." On view from 10/3. 10/9 at 1: "Impressionist and Modern Art." On view from 10/5.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 10/1 at 10:15 and 2: "Continental Furniture." On view from 9/26. 10/3 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture and Decorations." On view from 9/28. 10/4 at 10:15: "Tyrannosaurus Rex." On view from 9/28.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 10/7 at 10:30 and 2:30: "Photographs." On view from 10/4.

On View
Treasure Islands

They left behind such evocative words as *barbecue, hurricane,* and *hammock,* as well as ceramic and carved objects of extraordinary refinement and beauty. Still, for many years, archeologists paid scant attention to the Taíno, the indigenous people that Spanish explorers found on Puerto Rico, Cuba, Hispaniola (Haiti and the Dominican Republic), and other islands of the Greater Antilles. Since the seventies, however, it's been established that Taíno chiefdoms, which had virtually disappeared by the mid-sixteenth century, were complex political entities and that their art, like their worldview, shared distinct similarities with that of Aztec, Maya, Inca, and Moche societies. For many Americans, the 140 objects gathered in "Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean" (at El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Avenue; through March 29) will be their first encounter with the art, rituals, and daily life of the Taíno. Among the exhibition's rarest items is a Beaded Zemi (right), circa 1515, a religious image used by the Taíno to refer to their gods and wrongly identified as an African work until 1952. Above all, the exhibit rectifies the common misperception of Caribbean culture as merely a product of British, European, and African imports. EDITH NEWHALL



restaurants

Mike & Harvey's...Great Grapes...Petite Too

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

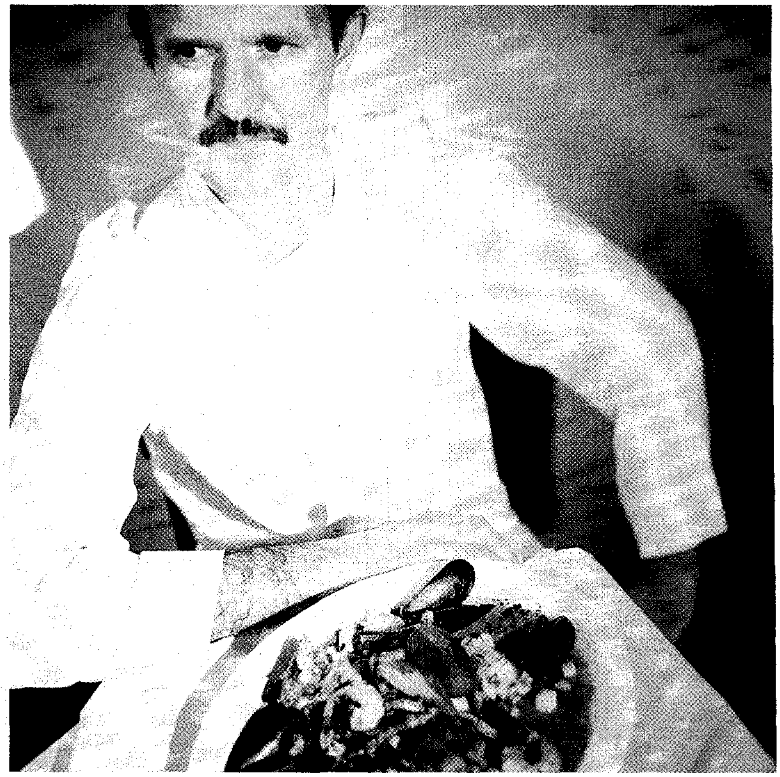
Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Opening The Food Chain

Ever since chef Neil Ganic wowed brownstone Brooklyn with his affordable French fish at Atlantic Avenue's La Bouillabaisse and the adjacent fish market–café Petite Crevette, he's been beseeched by fans to expand to their neighborhoods. His brand-new Park Slope Petite Crevette caters to the stroller-pushing crowd by adding chicken sandwiches and goat-cheese omelettes to a menu of perfectly seasoned, impeccably fresh seafood soups, shellfish-strewn pastas, and grilled fin fish. (168 Seventh Avenue, at 1st Street; 718-832-9575.)



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Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken pot pie, baked peasant meat loaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Strausman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—This duplex restaurant, under the same ownership as Match uptown and down, offers a similarly clubby, cigar-friendly environment on the second floor, while the ground floor, done up in bordello red and gilt mirrors, is given over to a sophisticated modern Creole menu. Try the crayfish-and-white-bean salad or the jerk-crusted pork chop. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Stock & Tankard—Those looking to unwind after a hard day at the office can find comfort in this low-key bar, which serves over 50 microbrewed beers, twenty wines by the glass, diverse martinis, and frozen drinks. The steakhouse menu includes alligator and other offbeat options. *587 Third Ave., nr. 38th St. (661-3181). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

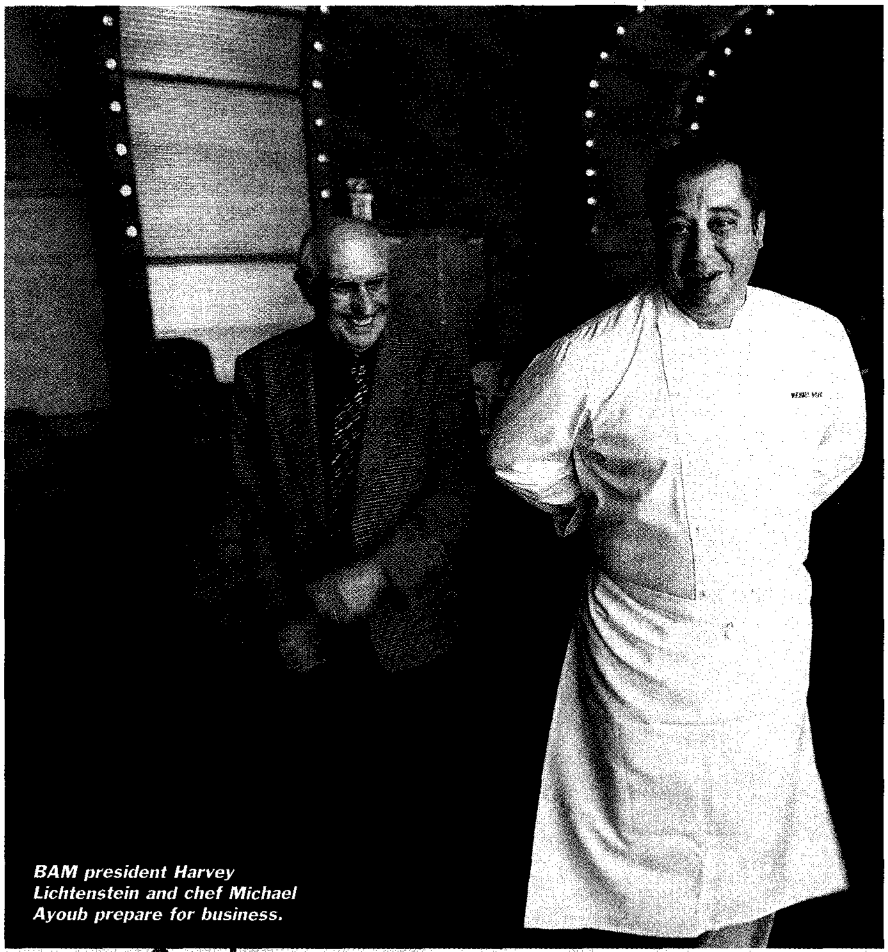
Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: No meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



BAM president Harvey Lichtenstein and chef Michael Ayoub prepare for business.

Opening

Cutting (Board) Edge

Chef and restaurateur Michael Ayoub enjoys a symbiotic relationship with the Brooklyn Academy of Music: On show nights, his two Park Slope restaurants, Cucina and Mike & Tony's, do megabusiness. This weekend, with the opening of the academy's BAMcafé, run by Ayoub in the third-floor Lepercq Space, the collaboration becomes official. The fit seems perfect: Ayoub has been called the borough's gastronomic ambassador, while BAM, the city's nexus of edgy avant-garde art, has historically attracted far-flung audiences to Brooklyn. The café is part of BAM president Harvey Lichtenstein's ambitious $20 million plan to make the city's oldest arts center more relevant to its neighbors, with features like a four-screen art cinema and a bookstore slated to open next fall. Visits to London's National Theatre inspired Lichtenstein to create a place at BAM where, he enthuses, "people can talk about the work and the implications of the work." Or, if they prefer, just meditate over Ayoub's spice-braised duck with rigatoni. "Harvey travels throughout the world, finding rooms for schmoozing," says the chef, who will share parquet-floor space with free musical performances and readings prior to curtain in the adjacent Opera House: "We're the show before the show." Ayoub appreciates Lichtenstein's populist ambition for the café, which, in a way, spiritually restores the 5,000-square-foot Lepercq hall to its original function as the social heart of BAM. Built as an ornate ballroom 90 years ago, it's been redesigned by architect Hugh Hardy, whose firm also renovated the New Victory and Majestic theaters. "We wanted to make sure it felt informal, that people wouldn't be intimidated by an institutional room," says Hardy, who accomplished the transformation with oversize armchairs, bridge lamps, and potted palms arranged beneath a series of industrial metal arches. Décor and programming aside, Ayoub divulges exactly what distinguishes his foray into concessiondom from the usual theater snack bar: "No wrapped turkey sandwiches." (30 Lafayette Avenue; 718-636-4100.)

Robin Raisfeld

Photograph by Sam Erickson.

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Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the house quaff (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The elegant restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cocktail Terrace at the Waldorf-Astoria—A midtown roost for an elegant breakfast or afternoon tea. At night, to accompany your cocktail, there's live piano music and the occasional fashion show. *301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (872-4818). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with smoked bacon, corn chowder and pommes Anna. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place to kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick-and-stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors, from honey-lacquered foie gras to grilled Angus sirloin. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent

Happening
Bubble Bash

Don't expect to stomp any grapes at the Bubble Lounge's Champagne Harvest Festival on October 7. Instead, sample bottlings from Bollinger, Moët & Chandon, Mumm, and more, plus an assortment of imported cheeses, foie gras–stuffed prunes, and the culinary contributions of chefs from L'Absinthe and Les Célébrités. A portion of the $65 ticket benefits City Harvest. (228 West Broadway; call 431-3433 to reserve.)

Illustration by Alli Arnold.

American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Regency—This Chinese-Japanese hybrid is located conveniently in midtown's hotel nexus. Try any of the noodle dishes or a sampling from the sushi bar. Private-party facilities are upstairs. *850 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (247-6440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from the meat loaf platter to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—Still a favorite celebration destination, this deluxe perch 65 floors above sea level offers a variety of entertainment options. Follow a feast—now prepared by acclaimed chef Waldy Malouf—with old-fashioned cocktails in the Promenade Bar or cabaret at Rainbow & Stars. Try the prix fixe and pretheater menus. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

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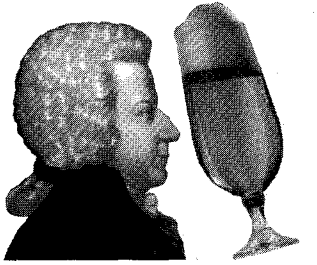

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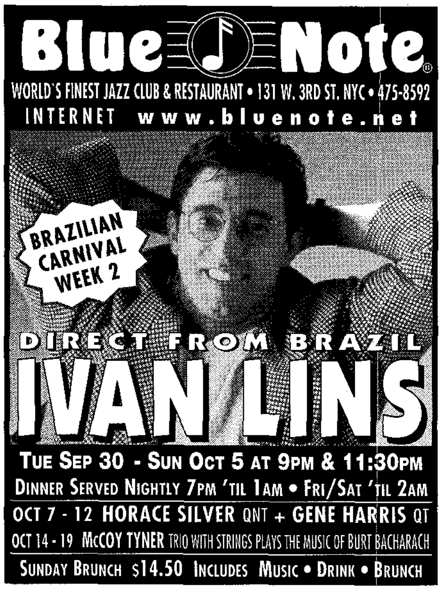
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'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Bella Donna—Creative pastas and thin-crust pizzas at extremely affordable prices keep this cheerful Upper East Side trattoria full of budget diners, first dates, and neighborhood regulars. *307 E. 77th St. (535-2866). (I–M) ($).*

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat, or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

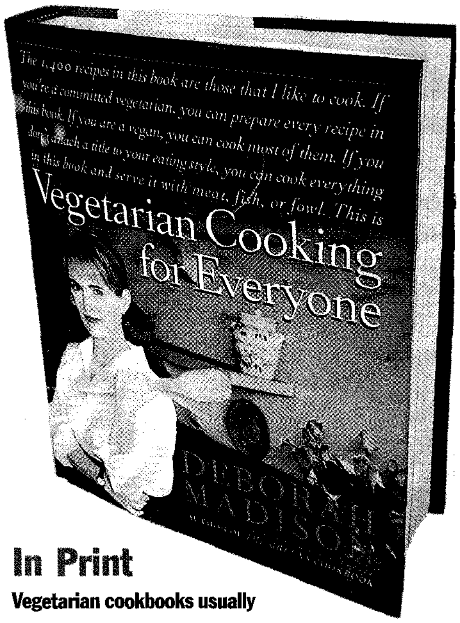
El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has its fans, including the telegenic likes of Dan Rather and Tom Brokaw, who partake of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with bottles from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*


The 1,400 recipes in this book are those that I like to cook. If you're a committed vegetarian, you can prepare every recipe in this book. If you are a vegan, you can cook most of them. If you don't attach a title to your eating style, you can cook everything in this book and serve it with meat, fish, or fowl. This is
Vegetarian Cooking for Everyone
DEBORAH MADISON

In Print

Vegetarian cookbooks usually follow one of two narrow tracks: the dogmatically moralistic, or the drearily ascetic—where flora is made to masquerade, mostly unsuccessfully, as meat. But Deborah Madison, founding chef of San Francisco's pioneering Greens restaurant (and an occasional carnivore), has taken a more accessible approach in her encyclopedic *Vegetarian Cooking for Everyone* (Broadway; $35). Basics on shopping, cooking techniques, and wine pairings accompany exhaustive chapters on pasta, eggs and cheese, gratins and casseroles, stews and stir-fries, plus odes to individual vegetables—all of which renders deprivation a thing of the plant-eating past.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Ici—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed, contemporary French fare—like grilled scallops with asparagus, and Cajun red snapper—and a fashionably chic clientele. *19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. *519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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Phipps *continued from page 48*

geles–based computer-graphics designer who is art-directing the "Filmharmonic" project, says Amano "can send doodlings to video-game companies and have huge successes with them, again and again." Games like Front Mission and Gun Hazard came out of drawings Amano executed in seconds.

AMANO'S UNDENIABLE DEPTH OF COMMITMENT to his work is what finally redeems his story from being just the latest example of crass commercialism in the art world; art is what he does. Though one contemporary-art expert likened the artist's Puck Building exhibition to a "vanity-publishing phenomenon," Amano is no dilettante; he is closer in spirit to the Yugoslav surrealist artist Frama, who recently used a corporate event at the Guggenheim Museum to unveil *Discovery of America,* a painting of Christopher Columbus's ship's log, which then fetched $25 million, the highest price in history for a work by a living artist. Amano and Frama can afford to buy a high profile yet consider themselves serious artists (whatever the judgment of history).

Amano's art is devoid of ironic self-awareness. "The childishness, the tameness, the sweetness of this is what makes it new," says *New York*'s art critic, Mark Stevens. "Historically, modern artists out to make a name for themselves have tried to shock, surprise, titillate, and overwhelm you, for reasons that are interesting, pointed, provocative, ironic. This is most surprising because there's no irony involved, no edges."

His marketing team is presenting Amano, one member says, "as from another planet, not from Japan." The team chose his "Amanoisms," the thoughts of someone who makes his own rules, as the basis for the ad campaign. He is intended to come across as a free-floating creative force who defies tagging. On the one hand, such an artsy approach might seem like so much Madison Avenue slickness. In fact, however, Ten Productions is just twelve associates (ten in Japan, two here) with little experience in the fast-track world of New York art—or marketing.

Exhibitions in Japan involved no press at all, except for some dealer ads. During fifteen years of mostly commissioned work—video-game design, book illustration, costume design for theater productions, and so on—Amano worked with various dealers. But he hasn't in New York because, he says, "I'm a newcomer here, and I don't want to be placed in some sort of frame that belongs to somebody else. I wanted to present my work to the public my own way." (He also saves the 50 percent commission dealers earn on the sale of works.)

AMANO MADE HIS FIRST VISIT TO NEW York in June 1996. After one week in the city, Amano decided that "this is the place to see the end of the century." He also felt that he'd realized all his goals in Japan and was at a crucial juncture in his career. The Philharmonic project turned his attention to North America. And then he experienced New York, and felt a kind of karmic release from his past. Once he moved here, Amano's uncommissioned work—his paintings—could push his commercial obligations to the side, the reverse of his priorities up to now.

He quickly found a broker and looked around for a living space that had enough light and room to double as a studio. The search turned up the Greene Street loft—the space in which *Ghost* was filmed—which he bought on the spot and moved into last February.

At the same time, he was directed to the Puck Building by someone hired to scout out an appropriately large and dramatic location. It was only the second site Amano had seen, but he sensed he was home. "It felt good to be there. If I wanted to be present there, why not bring my exhibition into the space?" Before leaving, he had booked it for a ten-day run.

AMANO'S OTHER REASON for making his move at this time had to do with numbers. The main number, of course, was $40 million, the earnings that translated into the freedom to mount an exhibit as big as he wanted in New York. Then there was the number 15, which is the interval at which seismic shifts seem to have happened in his life: He began his career at 15, became a freelancer at 30, and now was attempting a solo fine-arts career at 45.

This was the final significant number for Amano. He turned 45 this year, the age at death of both his revered father and his first boss and mentor, Tatsuo Yoshida, the onetime head of Tatsunoko Productions. Amano felt this was a watershed year in his life, the time for a major change.

Once he had floated the idea of a New York show, the organizational plan that is now a *fait accompli* slowly began to come together. Segoshi hired publicist Lloyd Kaplan. Everyone agreed that the next move was to hire a freelance copywriting team. This was a somewhat naïve approach, considering the breadth of the media plan and the seven-figure-budget. A full-service advertising agency would have been the more obvious choice; but then again, the people at Ten Productions knew they were not dealing with a typical product.

As it happened, they made the right choice. Jeff Alphin and Jane King, a husband-and-wife copywriting team from Baltimore, got the gig because their pitch centered on an understanding of "this being," as one of them describes Amano. "We saw him as a creature from one of his video games."

The winning line they came up with—the line people are going to love, hate, or be bored by—is "Think like Amano."

Segoshi also hired Grey Entertainment, a division of Grey Advertising, because the other agencies in the pitch kept speaking in terms of a product. Grey Entertainment, used to working with creative clients in the arts and entertainment, quickly grasped that Amano was not only a man but a singular creative "force." Amano also liked the idea of an agency called Grey; the name sounded appealingly "soft" to him.

The art direction was taken from fragments of Amano's nonfigurative pictures. The headlines came out of research and conversations the copywriters had with the artist, in which they picked up idiosyncratic phrases like "imagine the subway filled with fallen angels" (one that the captive subway audience will be musing over come October), and "mistrust certain flowers."

Amanoism is about the unreliability of information, how your imagination can be corrupted when other people's observations are accepted as news or reality.

"I think of flowers as information," he says. "You have to see reality, and not rely on what the flower represents."

RIGHT NOW, YOSHITAKA AMANO IS PROBABLY in his Greene Street loft, lost in a swirling field of ink and oil paint, gradually filling a 12-by-54-foot roll of paper with color and form.

Uptown, however, in a midtown conference room, a marketing team is putting the finishing touches on an ad campaign that will disseminate a great deal of information about Yoshitaka Amano. Is anyone ready to trust the flowers? ▬

nightlife

Moore and Taylor...Gallagher and Gallagher

Concerts

Backstreet Boys—Five young Orlando hunks who crooned their way to international hugeness without so much as a minute of home-front airplay finally hit the jackpot in the U.S. with this year's infectious "Quit Playing Games (With My Heart)." Call them what you will (and they've been called plenty, from the "Spice Boys" to the "white Boyz II Men"), but these kids know there's always a new generation of unjaded teenagers out there ready and willing to snap up the newest flavor of bubblegum. 9/30 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $19.50.*

Alasdair Fraser's Skyedance—Mercifully, the Scottish sextet is not to be confused with Michael Flatley's glitz-and-glam "Irish culture" spectacle, Riverdance. Fiddler Fraser leads the ensemble with energy, verve, and wit—but without the kitschy costumes and Hollywood production values of his Irish counterpart. 10/5 at 7 P.M. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $20.*

The Jenny Burton Experience—The first installment of the Y's annual "Cabaret in Concert" series stars the explosive R&B-pop diva, leading a ten-voice choir. With the Accidentals and Elixir. 10/4 at 7 and 9:30 P.M. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $30–$35.*

Denis Leary—New York's bitterest Irish-guy comedian, in the second week of taping his HBO special, *Lock 'n' Load.* 10/2–10/5 at 8 P.M. *Angel Orensanz Arts Center, 172 Norfolk St. (307-7171). $35.*

Oasis—See box, this page. 10/7–10/8 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 313 W. 34th St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

Dave Pietro—The young saxophonist and vet of many an old-time big band—from Maynard Ferguson's to Lionel Hampton's—takes a turn leading his own outfit 10/1 at 8 P.M. *Jazz Performance Space, the New School, 55 W. 13th St. (995-1552). Free.*

Squirrel Nut Zippers—They may come from the indie-rock hotbed of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, but these seven swing-crazy kids make no secret of their desire to take audiences back a good 60 years, to a time when jazz was hot and Louis Armstrong was king. Hence outrageous small-band horn workouts like "Hell" and "La Grippe," which conjure pre-rock roadhouses and Fats Waller with amazing verisimilitude. And apparently, fans are willing to be brought along in the sonic time machine: Period costumes and full-on lindy-hopping-mania complete the picture of *hi-de-ho*-ing abandon. 9/30 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $20.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Steve Winwood—Winwood's trajectory has been so long and tangled, it's almost difficult to conceive of him as one person. From the soaring organ line in the Spencer Davis Group's "Gimme Some Loving" to a mid-eighties solo foray into slick pop (think "Higher Love")—with a healthy interlude of soulful, jazz-tinged jamming with Traffic—the 49-year-old has occupied virtually every spot in the blue-eyed-soul continuum. Winwood's latest solo album, *Junction Seven,* won't rewrite the book on R&B, but his live set promises favorites from every stage of his career. 10/7 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $35–$50.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 10/2: Waterson-Carthy; Susan McKeown & the Chanting House. 10/4: John Dee Graham; Connie Kaldor. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 9/30: The Mommyheads. 10/3: Monopuff. 10/4: Lauren Hoffman; Mer. 10/5: Sportsguitar; Karate. 10/8: Kevin Salem. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's, uh, cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the

Performance

Meet the Beatles

As the title of Oasis's new disc, *Be Here Now* serves as a vague allusion to the live-for-the-moment, no-regrets sixties ethos to which the band seems to aspire. As an invitation to Oasis's two-night stand at the Hammerstein Ballroom (October 7 and 8), "be here now" couldn't be more apt: In their ongoing quest to become the Beatles, the five Mancunian lads are well on their way to retiring altogether from live performance—the gig is their only scheduled U.S. appearance. A reluctance to play out, though, isn't all the Gallagher Bros. have in common with their musical idols. There's also younger sib Liam's nasal, Lennon-esque growl, the dynamic duo's mop-top haircuts, and their need to be larger than life—if not larger than Jesus himself. But those who think Oasis lacks the Beatles' sense of irony may be missing the mark: *Be Here Now*'s generally oblique lyrics are so loaded with overt references to the band's Liverpool heroes ("It's keeping me from walking / Down the long and winding road"; "The fool on the hill and I feel fine"), it's clear they know who bought *their* ticket to ride.

venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 9/30: Flotsam & Jetsam. 10/1: Bruce Dickinson; Geezer. 10/3: D Generation; Clowns for Progress. 10/5: The Spitters; Corrupted. 10/7: The Dictators. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—Who could have foreseen, listening to Cecil Taylor's gnarled, dissonant piano workouts in the sixties, that the seemingly impenetrable music would inspire both a cohort of jazz players and an entire generation of experimental-minded young punks to go atonal? No one, of course, if for no other reason than because punk rock hadn't even been invented. On 10/3 and 10/4, the free-jazz granddaddy and one of his most prolific spiritual progeny, Sonic Youth singer-guitarist Thurston Moore, take over the club for several hours of clanging, wailing, chugging, *out* sounds. Each night's program comprises three sets: Moore and friends take the stage at 10; then Taylor leads a trio, just as he did at his recent weeklong stint at the Vanguard; closing out the show will be a midnight set of piano-guitar duets from the two bandleaders. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Deep down, everyone loves a good cover band, and Fez's long-running series of tribute gigs has consistently featured the finest in such Holiday Inn–esque entertainment. The club's newest glam-themed offering, "Tribute to the 20th Century Boy: Marc Bolan and T. Rex," is no exception, with guest singers Joey Ramone, Lloyd Cole, and Patti Rothberg joining the all-star house band for "Bang a Gong," "Metal Guru," and dozens of other Jurassic classics. The proto-metal fun lasts throughout the weekend, 10/3–10/4. Thursdays still belong to the Mingus Big Band. 10/5: Allan Harris. 10/6: Jenifer Jackson; Ivy Markaity. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 10/3: From Good Homes. 10/4: Britain's angry, funny, poetic social conscience, Billy Bragg, wields his guitar with trademark acerbic wit. 10/6: The Samples. 10/7–10/8: Son Volt; Apples in Stereo. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—Perhaps inspired by the mellow vibe of the Lilith Fair tour she co-headlined this summer, Suzanne Vega brings an acoustic combo to TriBeCa for four nights of lovely pop-philosophizing, 10/2–10/5. Given the extremely understated nature of Vega's electrified work (in which amplified guitars are used to supply decorative filigrees more often than they're employed as sonic bludgeons), we've got to wonder how necessary it is to pull the plug entirely. 9/30: Terje Rypdal; Magnet. 10/1: Jad Fair; Hammell on Trial. 10/7: Colin Quinn. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Mercury Lounge—With twanging, whiskey-throated downtempo numbers emerging as the overworked device of the moment, it's heartening to know that some countrified rockers are doing more than just going through the motions. All-too-rare case in point: the Continental Drifters, an alterna-roots supergroup starring Susan Cowsill and sometime R.E.M. keyboardist Peter Holsapple. Not to be confused with irksome *Saturday Night Live* guitarist G. E. Smith's outfit, the *High Plains* Drifters, the Continentals specialize in unassuming, evocative stuff that's short on glitz, long on grit. They play 10/8, with Steve Wynn and Baby Steps. 9/30: Clem Snide; Siren. 10/1: Slobberbone. 10/2: Sportsguitar; Fuck. 10/3: Gary Lucas; D. Davis. 10/5: Throneberry. 10/6: Big Sandy & His Fly Rite Boys. 10/7: Robert Mirabal; Bill Kirchen. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 10/2: South Asia meets the South Bronx at the monthly party "Basement Bhangra," in which Bombay film scores accompany funky hip-hop beats. Break dancing ensues. 10/3: Finley Quaye. 10/4: Juliana Aquino. 10/6: Vocal Sampling. 10/7: Culture, featuring Joseph Hill. 10/8: The Klezmatics headline S.O.B.'s newest ethnic-themed party, "Rhythm & Jews." *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band pays tribute to various big-band heroes of yesteryear, after which the next generation of swingers takes over, from midnight till 4 A.M. 10/2: Third Eye Blind; the Dambuilders. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for roots music, indie rock, and just about everything in between, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 9/30: Skunk Anansie. 10/1: Jai Uttal & the Pagan Love Orchestra put on a carnivalesque world-music rave-cum-sideshow. 10/2: Stiff Little Fingers; Gang Green. 10/3: Less Than Jake; Blink 182. 10/4: Morris Day & the Time. 10/6: Dervish. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 10/3: Dread Zeppelin; King Chango. 10/4: Victor Wooten; Percy Hill. 10/5: Slackers. 10/6: Brooklyn Funk Essentials. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 9/30: Rick Margitza. 10/1–10/5: Pat Martino Quartet. 10/7–10/8: Rodeanna Vitro. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 9/30–10/5: Ivan Lins. 10/7–10/12: Horace Silver Quintet; Gene Harris Quartet. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium—One of Archie Shepp's finest albums is the growling, churning (and recently reissued) 1964 suite of John Coltrane compositions titled *Four for Trane.* So it's only fitting that now, amid all the other Trane-birthday hoopla, 9/30–10/5, Shepp should bring a quintet to town. The tenor legend may have mellowed a bit in the three decades since *Four,* but he's lost none of the brainy conviction that made him a suitable Coltrane interpreter. 10/7–10/12: Gonzalo Rubalcaba Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. 10/3: Andrew Cyrille Trio. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 10/2: Myron Walden Trio. 10/3–10/4: Jonny King Quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 9/30–10/5: Ray Bryant Trio. 10/7–10/12: The French Connection. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

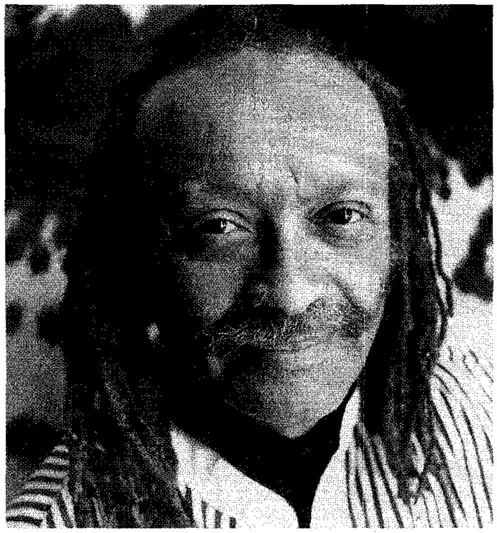
Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 9/30–10/4: Singer-comedian Lisa Carroll. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Marcus Roberts's excellent new CD, *Blues for the Next Millennium,* is pretty much what the title implies: Following a pair of classics (by Robert Johnson and Jelly Roll Morton), the pianist delves into his own, for-

Talent

Free Range

Calling all alterna-teens and grizzled avant-jazz-heads: Infinitely challenging keyboard vet Cecil Taylor shares a bill with Sonic Youth's experimentally inclined singer-guitarist Thurston Moore at the Cooler, October 3 and 4.



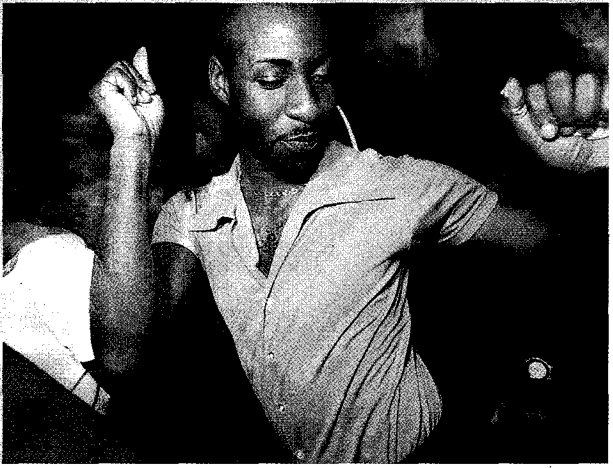
Photographs: left, Chris Felver; right, Stefano Giovannini.

Phenomenon

Phab Farm

The late Notorious B.I.G.'s current hit, "Mo Money, Mo Problems"—which endlessly samples Diana Ross's 1980 gay-pride anthem "I'm Coming Out"—is emblematic of something more than the failure of contemporary hip-hop artists to make original music. Indeed, it represents a touchstone for today's gay urban youth, a generation that identifies with Lil' Kim, not Judy Garland, as its tragic diva icon. And finally there's a hip-hop party where these homeboys can groove together: the ingeniously named Phab (Wednesday nights at Cheetah, 12 West 21st Street; 206-7770). The Tommy-clad clientele at Phab is more *phat* than *fabulous,* as is 30-year-old promoter Rob Fernandez. A six-foot-three former bouncer, Fernandez shatters the stereotypical image of a New York "queen"; he may occasionally greet homies with "What's up, *bitch?*" but he also designs flyers that warn NO VOGUEING. Unlike other gay clubs, Fernandez's attracts an energetic mix of races, genders, and sexualities, and the B-boys actually wear shirts—oversize and emblazoned with labels—instead of parading gym-perfected pecs. D.J. Honey D. (the drag queen also known as Honey Dijon) is in the house, inspiring a hands-in-the-air frenzy on the main floor, while superstar spinner Danny Tenaglia plays old-school classics in the downstairs lounge. "Gay guys already embraced the 'homeboy look'—baggy jeans with underwear showing—and now they're embracing the music," confirms a Tysonesque break dancer. "Back in the day, there was *no* fashion," adds his Kangol-capped acquaintance, "just Adidas suits and sneakers. But then Biggie and Puffy brought Versace to the ghetto, so other rappers began representin' Versace *real* good." Which might explain why Calvin Klein personally worked Phab's velvet rope for two hours on opening night, later remarking, "Maybe it's time for a career change."

JAMES PATRICK HERMAN



Photographs by Evan Kafka.

ward-looking realm of blue tones. The muddy banks of the Mississippi Delta it ain't, but that's to Roberts's credit. He plays 9/30–10/5. 10/7–10/12: Charles McPherson Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinc Bar—A tiny subterranean hideout, sheltered from bustling Houston Street by heavy red drapes. Weeknights, sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M.; weekends at 11 P.M., 12:30 and 2 A.M. Mondays, the Ron Affif Trio. 10/7–10/8: Swinging Irish guitarist David O'Rourke. *90 W. Houston St. (477-8337). $.*

Comedy

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Caroline's hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 10/2–10/5: George Lopez. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—Wednesday night's "This Is Not a Test" broadcasts live on the Web. Ill-advised as it sounds, this marriage of high-tech and high jinks is novel, fresh, and entertaining—thanks in large degree to its ratio of cost (free) to talent (Janeane Garofalo, Conan O'Brien, Jon Stewart). Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 9/29–10/5: Jerry Diner; John Rizzo; Lenny Varnedoe. 10/6–10/12: Matt Burke; Richie Byrne; Quentin Heggs. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 10/3–10/4: Rod Reyes; Cory Kahaney; Susie Essman. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Only a couple of round tables, and no viciousness, in the Oak Room—just a classy performance space so intimate, you can reach out and touch the performers. 9/30–10/3: Bandleader and crooner Alex Donner. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $35; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, ext. 154).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Barbara Cook's mien may be that of the brassy blonde matriarch, but her voice is something else: warm, crystalline, downright angelic. Forty-one years after debuting the role of Marian the Librarian in *The Music Man,* Cook inevitably inspires the epithet *unsinkable*—especially singing *Damn Yankees*'s "Heart." But she'll just as likely rend hearts asunder with a song like *Fiorello's* "Tomorrow," especially when she gives it the showstopping a cappella treatment. Both moments are offered in Cook's latest show, "Hail Prince," an unusual tribute that fêtes director Hal Prince rather than a single songwriter, and so lets Cook cover a wide range of material—from Sondheim to Webber to Bernstein—all culled from the Broadway giant's productions. As for the performances themselves, they are unparalleled and eminently well received. On Cook's opening night, Beverly Sills, Eartha Kitt, and Stephen Sondheim himself were seen swept into reverie or reduced to tears. She sings with her longtime accompanist Wally Harper. Through 10/11. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, 35 E. 76th St. (744-1600).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Through 10/11: Singer, actress, and "The Rose" author Amanda McBroom blends jazz crooning and country-pop twanging as she tackles Kern, Carmichael, and King (that's Carole), among others. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Bars

Drinkland—The East Village's newest lounge eschews thrift-store scruffiness in favor of a clean-lined retro-futurism reminiscent of Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress's great 1965 sci-fi flick *The Tenth Victim.* Look for more young professionals than the place's stone's-throw-from-Avenue B location would lead you to expect. *339 E. 10th St. (673-5350). $.*

Subway Inn—Twenty minutes here and you're practically waiting for the latest update on the Cuban Missile Crisis. The Subway is 64 years old and looks it: Communist-red walls studded with Americana and photos of Marilyn Monroe; a beautifully maintained old oak bar (and a beautifully maintained old bartender); an unstudied mix of blue- and white-collar patrons. If someone lit up a cigar in here, it would be an old bald guy reading the *Post,* not some yuppie talking Dow after the final bell. *143 E. 60th St. (223-8929).*

the mix

The Blessing of the Animals...Marietta Tree

John Leonard's Television Notes

Naked to the Bone—(9/30; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is a history of looking inside us, by X-ray, fluoroscopy, radiology, sonograms, slice-by-slice tomography, CAT scan, and magnetic resonance imaging, as seen through the eyes of Roentgen, Edison, and their successors, and the cameras of veteran documentarian Bill Jersey, with time out to worry about the side effects of radiation and to raise serious questions about health-care delivery systems.

Rachel's Daughters: Searching for the Causes of Breast Cancer—(10/1; 7 to 9 P.M.; HBO) unites eight afflicted women, of various races and cultures, in a quest for answers from scientific and academic experts to hard questions about the epidemic of this disease in America and why so little money has been spent to stop it. So we get life stories, and an introduction to the politics of science, and a medical education on hormones, alcohol, pesticides, genes, contraception, radiation, toxic waste, nuclear reactors—even power lines, computer terminals, and microwave ovens. The Rachel these remarkable women are the daughters of is Rachel Carson, whose *Silent Spring* rang the first alarm bell. (See *Say It, Fight It, Cure It* below.)

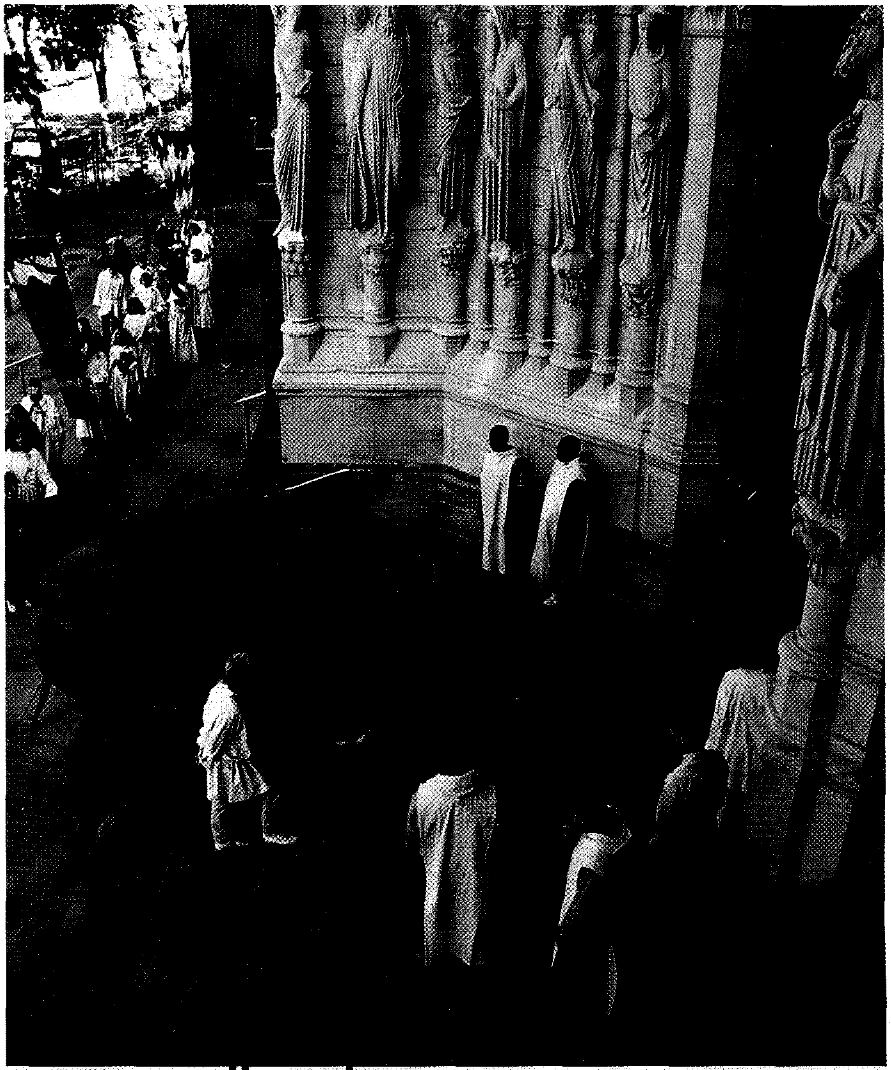
The Tony Danza Show—(Wednesdays; 8 to 8:30 P.M.; NBC) brings back the agreeable potato face as a single-father computerphobic sportswriter upstaged in his own apartment by Maria Canals, his excitable and hilarious assistant, and by Shaun Weiss, "the youngest doorman in New York," who also has a key. Dean Stockwell was also added at the last minute as Tony's father, full of ambivalent child-rearing advice. For fans of Danza only.

Built to Last—(Wednesdays; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; NBC) stars Royale Watkins as the good son who will sacrifice his promising career as a California designer of computer software to stay home in Washington, D.C., and take over the family construction business from a father with a bad heart (Paul Winfield) while the rest of the extended family makes Halle Berry and Garth Brooks jokes. There's some nice implicit criticism of virtual reality vs. socially conscious house-building.

Into the Blue—(10/2; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) kicks off a new season of *Mystery!* with John Thaw—better known to all of us as Inspector Morse but here impersonating a failed garage tycoon on loyal retainer to an ex-government minister to whom he once upon a time gave a job—accused of murder on the island of Rhodes. To prove he didn't do it, he must return to England to track down schoolmasters, scientists, doctors, bureaucrats, and an assortment of young lovelies who have an assortment of suspicions about the untimely demise of other young lovelies, all of whom were known to have been in the vicinity of Thaw's troubled benefactor. Not nearly as sharp as the Morse series, but even lukewarm Thaw is a pleasure.

Say It, Fight It, Cure It—(10/5; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Lifetime) kicks off more than twenty hours of October programming for National Breast Cancer Awareness Month with a documentary directed by Lee Grant on the feelings and fears of survivors as well as friends and relatives of victims, including an interview with Rosie O'Donnell about her mother.

Rescuers: Stories of Courage—(10/5; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) begins a series of dramatized accounts of "righteous gentiles" who saved Jews in Europe during the Nazi occupation—with Elizabeth Perkins as Mamusha, a Polish Catholic governess who raised a little Jewish boy as her own, and Sela Ward as the "Woman on a Bicycle," a French Catholic who helped hide Jewish families in convents and distributed everything from false I.D.'s to explosive gel to members of the Resistance. Al Waxman, Anne Jackson, and Fritz Weaver co-star in these two true stories that remind us how courage is as mysterious and inexplicable as evil. "I want to apologize for the way the world is treating you," says Perkins to Waxman. "It is a sin against God, and I don't un-



Photograph by Martha Cooper.

Happening
Holy Cow

Back when he was studying the natural harmony between humans and animals, St. Francis of Assisi could not have envisioned the annual spectacle held in his honor at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Everything from an elephant to fish will be on hand October 5 for the "Blessing of the Animals" (after the ceremony, at an outdoor fair, you can bring your own pet to be blessed by the clergy). Admission is free, although tickets are required; they're available at the cathedral beginning at 9 A.M. on the day of the event.

Happening **Plenty of New York's grandest neighborhoods were once its shabbiest precincts, and vice versa. Still, it's startling to learn that Sutton Place was among the slummier of addresses (and headquarters to the Dead End Kids street gang) until World War I. The Abigail Adams Smith Museum tells the story of this East Side enclave with a walking tour on October 4. (Call 838-6878.)**

derstand." But she does, and that is grace.

Truman—(10/5, 8 to 10:30 P.M., and 10/6, 8 to 10 p.m.; Channel 13), narrated by Jason Robards and produced by David Grubin, is another installment of the *American Experience* series on presidents, and a fine one on every aspect of Truman's career, including the national railroad strike, the dismissing of Douglas MacArthur, and the marriage to sourpuss Bess, except for the atomic-bomb decision, which is treated far too casually even if at length, and the civil-liberties question, with Truman's role in trying to appease the witch-hunters rather scanted. Still, these days, can you imagine a Clinton or any other man who's bought the presidency actually firing a MacArthur? What would Jesse Helms say?

The Written Word

Valley of the Dolls—9/29 at 7 P.M.: Drag queens read from the notorious camp classic. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Paul Muldoon and Susan Wheeler—9/29 at 7:30 P.M.: A reading at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360).

George Dickerson, Sharon Dolin, Michael Graves, Jill Hoffman, Suzanne Noguere & D. Nurske—9/30 at 6 P.M.: Phoenix reading series at Border Books, 3 World Trade Center (839-0806); $3.

Melanie Myle, Naomi M. Melendez—9/30 at 7:30 P.M.: A reading at Carpo's Cafe at Bleecker and Macdougal (353-2889).

Douglas Collura—9/30 at 7:30 P.M.: Saturn Series at Revival, 129 E. 15th St., at Third Avenue. $3.

Clark Strand—10/2 at 7:30 P.M.: The respected Zen Buddhist monk discusses the art of haiku based on his new book *Seeds From a Birchtree: Writing Haiku and the Spiritual Journey*. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-0816).

Carolyn Forché and Robert Pinsky—10/3 at 7 P.M.: A reading which will adjoin two of the most engaged political voices of our time. Award-winning poet Forché and U.S. Poet Laureate Pinsky will share work exploring the links between action and the written word. Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566); $5.

Bernie Sanders—10/3 at 7:30 P.M.: *Aye! Aye! Bernie!* The first independent elected to the U.S. House of Representatives will discuss progressive politics, the failure of the two-party system, and his new book *Outsider in the House: A Political Autobiography*. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-0816).

Five Slovenian Authors—10/3 at 7 P.M.: Join Andrej Blatnik, Drago Jancar, Brane Mozetic, Boris A. Novak, and Tomaz Salamun for a reading and a discussion of the role of the poet in post-Communist society. Poets House, 72 Spring St., second floor (431-7920).

John Leguizamo—10/6 at 7 P.M.: The award-winning actor will discuss and sign his new book, *Freak: A Semi-Demi-Quasi-Pseudo Autobiography*. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

Douglas Crase and Trevor Winkfield—10/6 at 7:30 P.M.: A reading at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360).

Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson—10/6 at 7:30 P.M.: Join the couple for a discussion at the Actor's Studio. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. Call to register, course # 9025 (229-5690); $245.

Doris Lessing—10/6 at 8 P.M.: The renowned author of the critically acclaimed *Under My Skin* returns with the second volume of her autobiography, *Walking in the Shade*. 92nd St. Y, call for tickets (996-1100); $12.

Gus van Sant—10/7 at 6:30 P.M.: Acclaimed director of *Drugstore Cowboy* will read from his new novel, *Pink*. Benetton's é Cafe, 597 Fifth Avenue, at 48th St. (593-0290).

Philip Lopate—10/8 at 7:30 P.M.: The writer is joined by contributors Vivian Gornick, Lynne Sharon Schwartz, Daniel Harris, and Cynthia Ozick for this reading of excerpts from the new anthology *The Anchor Essay Annual*, a collection of today's best prose. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

Bernadette Mayer and Barbara Guest—10/8 at 8 P.M.: These two accomplished poets will read at the Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910).

David Henry Hwang—10/9 at 6 P.M.: The Tony Award–winning playwright will discuss *M. Butterfly* with host Jessica Hagedorn. Donnell Library Center Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0663).

Lectures and Panels

Citizens or Scapegoats?—9/29 at 6:30 P.M.: Leaders of the Asian-American community debate media coverage of Asian-American participation in and influence on U.S. politics. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-2742); $15.

Women Over 30—10/4 at 1 P.M.: A luncheon and conference exploring menopause and nutrition. Call for tickets and location (718-624-2529); $100.

Jim Jarmusch—10/5 at 2 P.M.: Join the inventive and uncompromising filmmaker for a discussion at the screening of his latest film, *Year of the Horse*, a rockumentary about Neil Young's band Crazy Horse. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St. in Astoria (718-784-4520); $24, including museum admission.

Tours

New York Financial District—10/4 at 1 P.M.: From the edge of the wilderness to the cutting edge of finance. Join historian Joyce Gold and learn how old New Amsterdam became the financial center of the world. Tour covers 370 years of rich history and fascinating sites. Meet at Trinity Church, Wall St. and Broadway (242-5762); $12.

World Series/Brooklyn Dodgers—10/4 at 12:30 P.M. and 10/5 at 2:30 P.M.: In honor of the fortieth anniversary of their last New York season, see the many sites in Brooklyn Heights made famous by baseball legends like Duke Snider, Leo Durocher, and Jackie Robinson. Call for reservations and meeting place (465-3331); $10.

Ladies' Mile—10/4 at 2 P.M.: See where Lillian Russell got her hats, Diamond Jim Brady bought his diamonds, and First Ladies were fitted for their wardrobes in the hottest shopping district of the Gay Nineties as well as the 1990s. Meet in front of the Flatiron Building at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Ave., and 23rd St. (969-8262); $10.

Ghostly Greenwich Village—10/4 at 6 P.M.: New York can be a very scary place. Visit the haunts of dearly departed New Yorkers, the eery sites of public executions, the "cursed" Twain house, and more. Meet at the Washington Square Arch at the southern end of Fifth Ave. (969-8262); $10.

Irish New York—10/4 at 1 P.M.: Stroll through what was Little Ireland in lower Manhattan and visit Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, the founding site of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the former sites of Tammany Hall and the Five Points slum. Meet on the front steps of City Hall. (439-1090); $9.

The East Village—10/5 at 1 P.M.: Explore the area made famous by radicals and immigrants alike, combining the rich cultural history of German, Ukrainian, and Jewish immigrants with that of labor activism and the Second Avenue Stage. Meet at the Black Cube at Astor Place (439-1090); $9.

Sunday Movie Matinee Tour in Central Park—10/5 at 1:30 P.M.: Film historian Ginny Rachmani shares 50 years of cinema sites ranging from locations from *Portrait of Jenny* to *Ransom*. Meet at the Sherman Monument at 59th St. Call for reservations (722-1400); $10.

Historic Houses—10/7: The first of a four-part series of walking tours offered by the New School for Social Research in conjunction with Urban Explorations. Call for information (718-721-5254).

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); $8.

Exhibitions

Public Notice—10/4–11/8: A retrospective examining innovative poster design and its impact in art and culture from the post–World War II years to the present. The exhibit highlights the intersection of graphic design, fine arts, and political activism. On view at Exit Art/The First World, 548 Broadway, at Spring St., second floor (966-7745).

Ambush in the Streets—10/7–12/6: A collection of Jules Backus's photographs concentrating on

Photograph from Archive Photos.

pochoirs. Paris's constantly changing works of stencil and site-specific wall art range from whimsically indulgent to wickedly political. It is on view at Cooper Union's Herb Lubalin Study Center for Design and Typography, in the Historic Foundation Building, 7th St. at Third Ave. (353-4214).

This Is a Pair of Levi's Jeans—10/10–10/31: A retrospective celebrating nearly 150 years of the label's innovative advertising and graphic design techniques. The show will chronicle Levi Strauss & Co.'s evolution as the world's symbol of American style and the company's continually groundbreaking contributions to the industry. It is on view at the Art Directors Club, 250 Park Ave., at 19th St. (674-0500); free.

A Community Oasis—Through 11/16: "Sixty Years in the Conservatory Garden." Through photographs and Garden memorabilia, this exhibition celebrates the beauty of this botanical treasure and its importance to the surrounding communities. It is on view at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, in Central Park at 110th St. near Fifth Ave. (860-1370); free.

Online

Don't Mess With This Crew—Thanks to city officials making some lucrative contracts with cleaning companies, that most public art, graffiti, has lost its illegal forum. Sure, the rush from tagging up on your computer can't compete with throwing up some mad styles on the downtown 6, but it's a small price to pay for a nicer city. Design your own page, or check out tags from around the world. *www.artcrimes.com*

Weird Al, Look Out—Bob Rivers and Twisted Radio are here to give the original king of tacky tunage a little competition. Soon to be revamped with Microsoft technology, including streaming audio to bring such timely ditties as "Media Killed the Royalty Star" to you quicker than ever. And if two verses of "What If God Smoked Cannabis?" aren't enough, check back for three new CDs due out this fall on Atlantic Records. Mister Yankovic might consider ditching his recent attempt at Saturday-morning entertainment so he can concentrate on keeping his title. *http://198.68.188.212/*

Infernal Internet—My tenth-grade English teacher made us each write a canto for our own circle of sinners to place in Dante's *Inferno*. I reveled in the image of my cruel, Slavic ballet instructor forced to choreograph for tantrum-throwing toddlers ad infinitum. At Columbia University's Digital Dante Project, read six different translations of the *Divine Comedy* and play God by sending a contemporary public figure to Heaven or hell. They suggest browsing the New York *Times* for help. As if we'd need any. *www.ilt.columbia.edu/projects/dante/index.html*

I Found It First—Since most of your time on the Web is probably spent cruising, surfing, whatever, with no real goal, it might be a nice change to have a purpose in life. This week, registration begins for CyberSurfari, a monthlong online treasure hunt run by Lycos: They provide clues; you click on their sponsoring Websites and get answers. And there is treasure to be had, mate—over $100,000 in cash and software prizes, as well as certificates of completion (woo-woo!) and T-shirts. Better put in requests for I CONQUERED THE JUNGLE AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT early. *www.spa.org/cybersurfari/*

Sports

Baseball—*See if you can guess who said the following:* "It's more important to be in the best shape than to try to win the division."? Was it a) Divorce lawyer Raoul Felder attempting to convince an overmatched client that he should give up on even getting half and settle for the StairMaster, or b) Yankee manager Joe Torre candidly admitting that with a playoff spot secure he would rather rest his regulars than burn them out trying to catch the Orioles? The answer is not so obviously b, since up until just three years ago, when baseball introduced the wild card, if a manager said something like that, he'd be strung up a pennant pole. But such is the current state of the game that Torre's opinion sounds not like blasphemy but good baseball sense, and it underscores exactly how the sport, in search of a new revenue-making identity, has made complacency as virtuous as competitiveness. Yanks face Cleveland in the A.L. Division Series. 9/30: Game 1 at home; 10/3: Game 2 at home; 10/5: Game 3 at Cleveland. Television and game times TBA.

Football—**GIANTS:** A worrisome footnote to the Giants' worrisome debacle against the Rams: Was Dave Brown suffering yet another out-cold concussion? Atrocious line play is mostly to blame for the constant pounding Brown receives, but too often he puts his head down when he should be sliding. And during every timeout taken while Brown comes to, fans dream a little more about the Giants snagging Peyton Manning in next year's draft. That might sound insensitive to Brown's well-being, but maybe the best way for him to keep his health is to lose his job. 10/5: Vs. Dallas at 1 P.M. (FOX). **JETS:** After 700 days, the drought is over. By beating the Raiders in a squeaker, the Jets won their first home game since October 22, 1995. Back then, Bill Parcells was just a little tuna minnow coaching a big ole crappy Patriots team. And look what happened to them! Super Bowl runner-ups! Joking aside, the Jets are showing progress and could be looking to dust off and don the long-unshouldered mantle of respectability. 10/5: at Indianapolis at 4 P.M. (NBC).

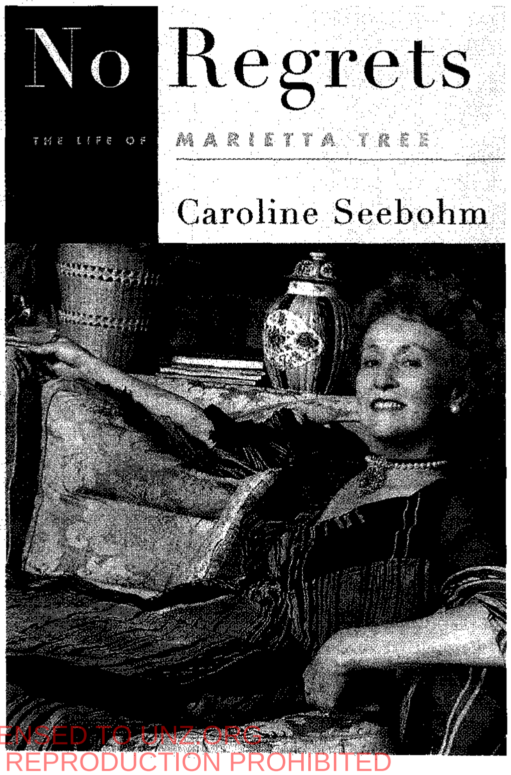
The Nike Cup Roller Hockey Tournament—10/3–5: Rollerball on the Hudson. Forty teams slash away at each other for three days until only one is left standing. Roller Rinks, Chelsea Piers. Fri: 6:30 P.M.–midnight; Sat. and Sun: 8 A.M.–midnight. Call 336-6200 for information. Free. Chase Corporate Challenge Championship: 10/4, 9 A.M. The top finishers from the Challenge races held this summer in sixteen U.S. cities and London and Frankfurt come together in New York to compete for professional bragging rights in the only race held on Park Avenue. You can't join in, but you can have fun watching Big Apple analysts leg it out with Boston bean-counters. Race starts at 49th St. and Park Ave.

Oktoberfest at Belmont Park—10/4–5: Ah, nothing goes together like ponies and potato pancakes. Two bucks gets you admitted to both the races and the Oktoberfest tent featuring beer, oompah bands, and the very wurst (brat and knock) German cuisine has to offer. Call 516-488-6000 for information. First post, 1 P.M.; $2 general, $4 Clubhouse.

In Print

Branching Out

A friend of mine wishes there were a witty classification for a certain kind of information available in women's magazines. He is referring not to items on the invention known as clear mascara but to those that generally—and erroneously—fall under the rubric of "social history." Penelope Tree, who for a fraction of a moment was the "face of the decade" (she filled fourteen pages in a 1967 *Vogue*), qualifies for this category. Her sister, Frances FitzGerald, having written several books and won a Pulitzer, does not. Their mother, Marietta Tree (née Mary Endicott Peabody), fits it perfectly. Democratic Party activist, consummate hostess, and lover to Adlai Stevenson and John Huston, Tree is painted in a new biography—*No Regrets,* written by Carolyn Seebohm—as a kind of pioneer (of what, though, is not made clear). Seebohm is also the author of *The Man Who Was Vogue: The Life of Condé Nast*; Marietta Tree, one imagines, would have wanted a biographer with somewhat meatier interests. The persistent note of the book is Tree's dissatisfaction with her own role. "What do I have to do not to be called a socialite?" she was once quoted as saying. The answer—not to socialize—proved elusive. "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity," she wrote to herself, but she had other things on her mind, too, such as the desire to have a dessert named after her. Tree idolized the decorative Babe Paley, and when she returned to her boarding school to give a commencement address, her advice sounded like Miss America's: "1. Exercise. 2. Keep out of the sun. 3. Be punctual, and 4. Always do what you say you are going to do." Indeed, she lived not to disappoint, but had a curious sense of what that meant. Informing no one but her daughter Frances about the cancer that would kill her in 1991, Tree deprived her innumerable friends of a final chance to voice their love for her. The life of the woman who inarguably brought joy to so many people makes, in the end, for a curiously sad story. Among the entries under Tree's name in the book's index are "Asian fact-finding lecture tour of," "urban planning courses of," and "face-lifts of." Within these pages is a recipe for no regrets, perhaps, but not exactly for emancipation. (Simon & Schuster; $27.50.) **LINDA HALL**



in concert

Pierre Hantai...Traditional Indian Dance

Classical Music

Tuesday, September 30

New York Philharmonic—Performs Brahms's Symphony No. 2 and Symphony No. 3; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7000), at 8; $20–$75.*

Pierre Hantai, Harpsichord—Performs Bach's *Goldberg Variations,* as well as works by Couperin and Rameau. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

Thursday, October 2

Bargemusic—Quartet performances of Brahms and Dvořák. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

Friday, October 3

New York Philharmonic—Performs Brahms and Schubert; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7000), at 8; $20–$75.*

DROP—A psychedelic rock opera by Puak Mascotta and Hank Wagner. *NADA's House of Candles, 99 Stanton St. (420-1466), midnight; free.*

The World of Karol Szymanowski—WQXR's June LaBell hosts this program of music and commentary about the American composer, with performances by the Penderecki String Quartet, pianist Piotr Folkert, and soprano Laura Grazyna Kafka. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave. (247-7800), at 8; $20.*

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Performs two Mahler songs arranged by Schoenberg, with Annette Markert, contralto, Thomas Young, tenor, and William Sharp, baritone. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; $30.*

Dmitry Rachmanov and Cullan Bryant, Pianists—Perform Beethoven's music for piano, four hands. *Nicholas Roerich Museum, 319 W. 107th St. (864-7752), at 8; free.*

New York Philharmonic—See 9/25, at 11.

Saturday, October 4

Seoul Symphony—Performs Beethoven and Mozart; Christopher Lee, conductor. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8:30; $25.*

Manhattan School of Music Philharmonia—Performs works by Corigliano, including *Campagne Di Ravello,* composed in celebration of the recently deceased Sir George Solti's 75th birthday; Glen Barton Cortese, conductor. *120 Claremont Ave. (749-3300), at 8; free.*

New York Philharmonic—See 10/3.

Sunday, October 5

Queen's Chamber Band—Singers from Asia, Europe, and the U.S. compete for prizes and the opportunity for a New York recital. *Jewish Theological Seminary, Broadway and 122nd St. (308-6728), at 3; $15.*

Euginia Zukerman, Flute, and Ariana Zuckerman, Soprano—Perform Bach cantatas. *Le Refuge Inn B&B, 620 City Island Ave., Bronx (718-885-2478), at noon; $12.*

Bargemusic—See 10/2, at 2.

Monday, October 6

New York Philharmonic—See 10/3.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Massenet's *Manon,* with Renee Fleming, 10/1 and 10/4 at 8; Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos,* with Deborah Voight, 10/2 at 8:30 and 10/6 at 8; Bizet's *Carmen,* with Denyce Graves and Plácido Domingo, 10/3 at 8; and Puccini's *Turandot,* 10/4 at 1:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $24–$200.*

New York City Opera—Performs Rossini's *L'italiana in Algeri,* 9/30 at 7:30 and 10/3 at 8; Mozart's *The Magic Flute,* 10/4 at 1:40; and Gluck's *Iphigenie en Tauride,* 10/4 at 8. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$85.*

Amato Opera—The smallest opera house in the world begins its fiftieth season with a bilingual version of Verdi's *Falstaff;* Anthony Amato, conductor. 10/3 and 10/4 at 7:30, 10/5 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dicapo Opera—Performs Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci;* Mark Flint, conductor, 10/3 and 10/4 at 8, and 10/5 at 3. *184 E. 76th St. (288-9483), $25.*

Yu Opera—Performs excerpts from *The Princess, Pearl Pagoda,* and *Dream of the Red Chamber,* 10/5 at 2; and a full-length production of *The Butterfly Lover,* the first opera about a homosexual relationship, 10/5 at 7. *Pace Downtown Theater, Spruce St. (431-9740); $25.*

Dance

Pina Bausch—Performs *Der Fensterputzer,* a new work by the head of the Tanztheater Wuppertal, 10/3 and 10/4 at 8, and 10/5 at 3. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (307-4100); $20–$50.*

Forever Tango—The Argentine form interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Riverdance—Irish step dance performed by a telegenic 80-person troupe, 9/30–10/5 at 8. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave., at 51st St. (307-7171); $37–$77.*

Stars of the Kirov Ballet—The company's principal dancers perform classics and contemporary ballets, 10/5 at 3. *Lehman Concert Hall, 250 Bedford Park Blvd. West, Bronx (718-960-8833); $20–$30.*

Dancemakers—Performs Serge Bennathan's *Les Arbres d'Or,* 9/30–10/5 at 8. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $28.*

Nrityagram Dance Ensemble—Performs traditional Indian dance, 10/4 at 8. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (545-7536); $20.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

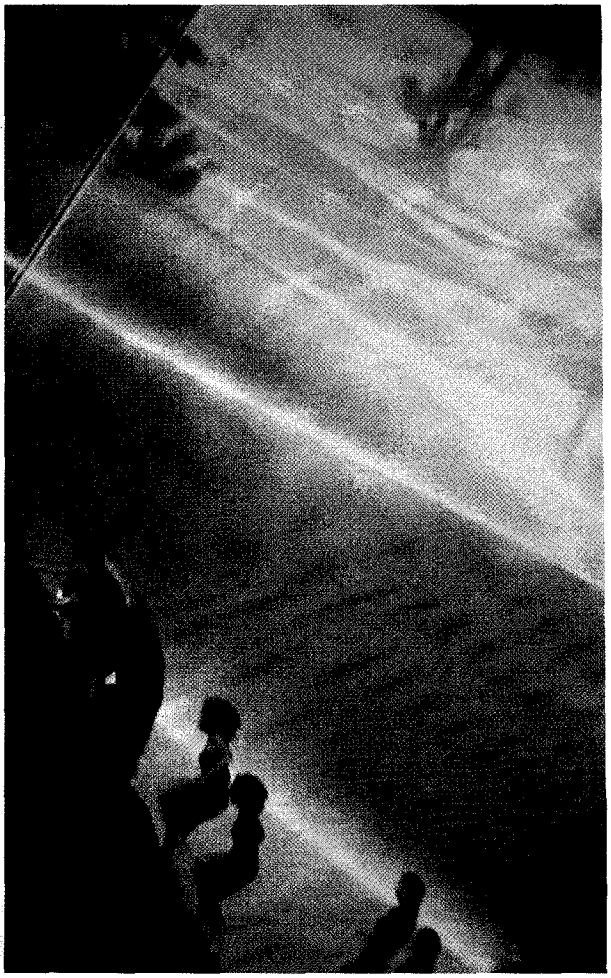
Indrani—Preeminent thirties Indian dancer Ragini Devi's daughter, Indrani, presents three styles of classical Indian dance, 9/30 at 8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448); $24.*

UnderFoot—For its first concert, this troupe performs three new works by emerging choreographers, 10/3 at 9, 10/4 at 8, and 10/5 at 3. *Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (718-599-3222); $10.*

Regina Miranda and Sandro Borelli—These two companies perform works from their native cities, Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo, respectively, 9/30 at 8. *Dixon Place, 258 Bowery (219-3088); free.*

Previews
City of Glass

Window washers creeping around the Hong Kong skyline are the main characters in German choreographer Pina Bausch's *Der Fensterputzer,* a 170-minute dance-theater collage about the former crown colony. It's her fifth piece with a city as its subject. Brooklyn Academy of Music, October 3–5.



Photograph by Francesco Carbone.

kids

Brain Surgery...Cheap Seats

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Barney Alert—His Purpleness is coming to Long Island's **NASSAU VETERANS MEMORIAL COLISEUM** for *Barney's Big Surprise Musical Stage Show,* where he'll sing that "I Love You" song and cavort with Baby Bop and other characters familiar to adoring fans of the public-television show. 10/15–10/19. Call for times and directions (516-888-9000); $15–$30.

Opera ABC—*Lights, Action, Opera*, a program where kids find themselves part of the performance, is designed to make the mystery and beauty of opera accessible to children ages 6 to 12. Upcoming performances of the **METROPOLITAN OPERA GUILD** production are 10/4 at 1 and 3 and 10/5 at 2 and 4, at Theater of Riverside Church, Claremont Ave. (bet. 120th and 122nd Sts.) and 10/18 and 10/19 at 1 and 3 both days, at HERE! Performing Arts Space, 145 Sixth Ave., bet. Spring and Broome Sts. (769-7008).

Cultural Benefits—Thousands of $5 tickets are on sale at all Ticketmaster locations through the end of January specifically to teenagers—through an organization called **HIGH FIVE TICKETS TO THE ARTS.** To buy tickets to a huge range of events and exhibits at venues that include Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, MOMA, and BAM, "kids"—from anywhere in the world—need to show proof of age. To order a High Five catalogue, call 445-8587; to access information on the World Wide Web: *www.high5tix.com.*

Winging It—Freestyle Repertory Theatre, a group of fearless and accomplished improvisers, performs several shows each week that aren't specifically for kids but are nevertheless wildly entertaining for older children. The group's signature format, *TheatreSports* (Thursdays at 8) divides the company into competing teams, with the audience determining the subject matter of plays, and judging who's best, by how loudly they cheer. **GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE,** 39 Grove Street, west of Seventh Ave. South (642-8202); $15, half-price for seniors and students (Wed. and Fri. nights at 10:30, shows are free).

Tales of Silk and Bamboo—Margaret Wolfson, author of *Marriage of the Rain Goddess,* gives dramatic retellings of myths and fairy tales from China, Japan, and Korea, with live musical accompaniment, at "Asian Stories for an Autumn Afternoon," 10/4 at 4. **BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART,** 200 Eastern Parkway (638-5000). Free with suggested admission of $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors, free to children under 12.●

It's All in Your Head—Visitors to the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE'**s new exhibit on the brain (up 10/4–1/18) can stroll though a pulsing replica of a human brain twelve times the size of the one in their own skulls. The yucky aspect of the subject matter is also celebrated with a "Living Brain Horror Film Festival." Saturday, 10/4, at 2, there are Frankenstein shorts; Sunday, 10/5, the original 1931 film with Boris Karloff is shown at 2. 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-699-0005). Free with museum admission: $6, $4 children (ages 4-15) and seniors.

Legend of Sleepy Hollow—Washington Irving's classic tale of Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horseman launches the Family Folk and Fairy Tale series at the **TRIBECA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER.** Come early for games and a party—Katrina's Halloween Frolic—included in the price of admission. 10/5 at 1:30; $13, $8 children. 199 Chambers St. (346-8500).●

Gadget Man—Professor Putter and his Gadgetorium, a self-styled mad scientist with props, shows off his latest gizmo: the hollerometer. **WEST END CHILDREN'S THEATRE,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. 10/4 at 1:30 (lunch available before or after the show). Reserve; $8.50.●

Carnival of the Animals—Camille Saint-Saëns's humorous musical sketches get rod-, shadow-, and string-puppet accompaniment by Puppetworks, Sundays 10/5 through 11/16. Recommended for ages 3 and up. **CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY,** Greenwich Village Center Theatre, 219 Sullivan St. (for reservations, call 718-965-3391).$7, $5 for children.

Art and About—Kids ages 5 to 10 can peruse downtown art galleries with a couple of art educators—and parents or other adults—in tow. ARTime tours are Saturdays at 11. Through 10/25, the group will take a look at Greg Crewdson's aerial photographs of staged events, Lezly Saar's memory pieces made of painted and collaged books, and other work that appears under the auspices of the **DOWNTOWN ARTS FESTIVAL;** $20 per child and adult, additional children in the family $5; sketching materials are provided. Call to reserve space (718-797-1573).●

Noah's Ark, Manhattan—Children are invited to bring Fido the dog and Iggy the iguana to a day at **ST. JOHN THE DIVINE** that honors the natural world and all its creatures. Elephants and goldfish are expected to attend the 10/5 service (at 11) honoring St. Francis's life; both the Paul Winter Consort and the Forces of Nature dance troupe will perform. Pets can be blessed by cathedral clergy at a fair (from 1 to 5) that also offers healthy snacks, environmental booths, and a petting zoo. The day ends with Choral Vespers by candlelight (at 7). Free tickets to the popular morning service are available on a first-come, first-served basis beginning at 9 at the cathedral, 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave. ●●

Performance

Strings Attached

"I feel responsible for keeping them alive," Vít Hořejš explains, referring to the antique wooden marionettes that sometimes seem to be pulling his strings—rather than the other way around. Thirteen years ago, Hořejš came upon a troupe of hand-carved puppets from his native Czechoslovakia that had been languishing for 50-odd years in the closet of Jan Hus Church on East 74th Street. It was a happenstance that inspired the actor and storyteller, who'd been straying into the avant-garde, to dedicate himself to bringing the puppets and stories of his childhood to the stage. In *The Insatiable Rooty and Other Czech Tales With Strings* (for children four and up, at the Vineyard 26th Street Theatre's Magic of Czech Puppetry Festival, October 1 through 26), a childless couple, steered by fairy-tale logic, adopts a section of tree trunk because of its faintly human appearance. "Rooty," their piece of wood, comes to life and begins eating everything in sight, including them, until a quick-thinking grandmother sets things right (in a somewhat violent fashion).

Although the same toy theater Hořejš played with as a youngster is frequently pressed into service, many of his dramas challenge the notion, widely held in this country, that puppetry is the exclusive domain of preschool children; *Hamlet,* albeit an abridged version, is also on the bill (performed with more than 50 puppets). Little kids might squirm a bit during this miniature Danish spectacle, but anyone over 10 is likely to enjoy the rich quarry of double entendres that occur when an actor who's not alive, in the conventional sense of the word, ponders: "To be or not to be?"

BARBARA ENSOR

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

Cue

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Patricia Falvo
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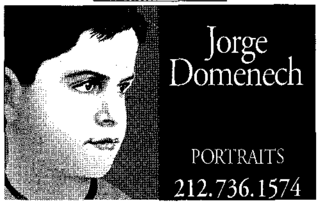
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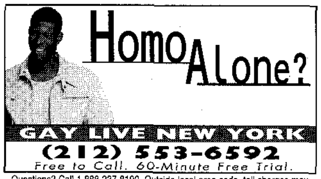
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Mission Possible—Good morning; your mission: be a 30-34 year old, educated woman with (un)common sense. Must be quick-witted, playful, enjoy rollerblading, cycling, a game of catch. Assignment: ocate this 37 year old, black-American, avid Yankee fan. Infiltrate his Ivy-educated, computer systems professional mind. Retrieve his creative, sentimental heart. This ad will self-destruct in six weeks. Good luck! Photo required. 8681 ✉

Scoop Me Up!—Pretty, fit, slim, affectionate Jewish gal, smart and savvy, desires a tallish, warm, nonsmoking male, 47-54, who's handsome, fit, accomplished, worldly and playful, for delicious romance. Note and phone. 8558 ✉ ☎

Let's Create Magic Together!—A kind, onsiderate, prominent CEO/inventor, ffectionate, easygoing, cultured man with izzazz, lots of fun, very fit, slim, 5'10", unny, 43. Seeks warm woman under 37, incere, 5'6" plus, for best friend, lover or life. Phone/photo a must. 8666 ✉☎

Dance To A Different Drummer—legant and proper yet sexy and passion-te, pretty CT socialite seeks kind, very enerous, financially accomplished gentleman (55-75) for a playful relationship. Just like fun, frolic, lunch, brunch 'n' lunch. CT/NYC/So FL. Photo. 8639 ✉

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Playful, Sensitive, Down-To-Earth—Man of fair looks, very good brains... financially secure, 44, 5'7". Never married, but would make a kind and faithful husband to the right woman (who is not in any hurry to have kids). Very respectful of cultural diversity, and capable of love with great passion and commitment. A consultant on public policy issues, with Ivy League graduate degree. Would like to share the joys and triumphs of life as well as its sorrows and tragedies. Though shy by nature, I'm an intelligent conversationalist - who also loves the Lindy Hop and ballroom dance. I strive to lead a life that is constructive and good. Thirst for a love relationship that is enduring. Seek a woman who is gentle, unpretentious, expressive and giving. 8579 ✉

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Gay Male—48, 5'7", 146, attractive, fit, in the arts, good sense of humor, seeks professional male who's attractive, outgoing and "relationship oriented". 8642 ✉ ☎

Bright-Eyed Brunette—Slim LI resident, 42, pretty, with lots of personality, enjoys theater, working out, music and fine dining. Seeking "happily ever after" with intelligent man who is warmhearted, sincere and friendly. Nonsmoker. 8667✉☎

Real Potential—Loving, athletic, successful lawyer/writer/father desires beautiful, brilliant, cultured woman, 30-40, who loves children. Note/photo, please. 8659 ✉

I Know You Are There—Handsome sports doc, 47, romantic and artistic, seeks a unique, passionate, successful, fun lady, beautiful inside/out. Photo. 8640 ✉

Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

Who says meeting Mr/Ms Right is easy? I do!!!

Somewhere out there is that *special* someone waiting to meet you. This individual is not someone you will meet in a bar, at a singles party or through the personal ads. The clients I represent are very prestigious, attractive, successful, healthy in mind, body and spirit. If the people you have been meeting are not of the caliber you desire...then call me for an appointment. Afford me the opportunity to make the ***right*** introduction for you.

With my professional and sensitive approach, you can...

LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

Barbra K. Brooks
Professional Matchmaking Service

WHERE DREAMS REALLY DO COME TRUE!

By Appointment Only (212) 753-3003 (516) 889-9058

All I'm Missing—Is a picture of you on my desk. I'm 33, 5'3", pretty, sweet, thin and fit, with a great sense of humor. This single, Jewish professional female from NJ is looking to meet a handsome, intelligent, sincere, single Jewish professional male for a lifetime of love and devotion. Photo please. 8594 ✉

Attractive, Financially Secure—NJ professional female, 47, seeks similar male, 46-58, for lasting relationship. 8661 ✉☎

Fun-Loving, Beautiful LI Blond—5'8", 44, Jewish MD and mom of one, seeks professional, nonsmoking man. Single dads welcome. Photo helpful. 8571 ✉ ☎

Single, White Catholic Female—47, youthful face and figure - who has lived alone, on my own and celibately throughout adulthood. Seek spiritual, sensitive, sharing, nonmaterialistic, independent male, approximately 44-52, for courtship, marriage and possible family. Widowers with children welcome. Please send photo and note. 8616 ✉

Blond, Bright—Pretty, sexy, seeks fine, 37-47 gentleman to love/wed. 8668 ✉

Attractive Lawyer—45, athletic, Ivy-educated, with diverse interests, seeks ambitious, educated, attractive and very nice guy. I'm nice too. 8560 ✉ ☎

WELCOME BACK!!!

Summer's over (almost), but the fun is just beginning. New York Magazine's Strictly Personals celebrates your return with an amazing September special. Place your personal ad in New York Magazine between **Sept 1-30** and receive the following: **10%** off any ad, any size! Try our very popular and very successful (and we mean it!) phone service and get an additional **5%** discount, for a total savings of **15%** off your ad.

Call 212-779-7500
or fax your ad to 212-779-2449...

But not before you call 212-545-3695
to hear about an additional special that is
so hot we can't print it here!!!

Happy Forever—Very attractive brunette, funny, scientist, down-to-earth, European-born, 29, female, slim 5'8", looking for a kind, witty, funny, 28-38 man to share a life of love, laughter, compassion and more. If you enjoy books over bars, rock/folk over rap, intimacy over crowds, then I'm your type. Note/photo. 8645 ✉

Attractive, Green-Eyed—Italian woman, 40, smart, happy, fun-loving; enjoys travel, boating, music and more... Seeks similar man for lasting relationship. Please be tall, fit, successful, 35-55, with integrity and wit. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 8566 ✉

Slowly—Professional Italian male, 47, seeks pretty lady who is adventurous but still likes to take things slowly. 8644 ✉

Isn't This Fun?—Intelligent, good-looking banker, 6', 41 years old, seeking sweet, pretty and pleasant Jewish female, to 36. 8609 ✉ ☎

Woman Of The Arts Wanted—I'm a 40-something professional male. Are you independent and creative? Do you enjoy these pleasures of life: long walks to nowhere, real conversation, the beach, '70s music, fine wine and photography? Are you looking for friendship and possibly more?... Note/phone. 8557 ✉

Handsome, Irish, Harvard-Educated—Financially independent, fit, 5'10" gentleman, early 50s, seeks beautiful, blue-eyed, wholesome, petite, smart, athletic, financially independent, 40-plus lady for long-term relationship. Photo. 8632 ✉

Looking For My Second Love—40, fit physically and mentally, widow, MD, two sons. I dive, ride (horses) and enjoy life. Needed: one man to share mine. 8626 ✉

European Professional Man—33, 6', attractive, successful, seeks intelligent, attractive lady for marriage. 8620 ✉ ☎

Brutally Honest Guy—5'7", Italian, 38, looks and feels 28 (really), handsome, healthy and in great shape. I ski, cycle, rollerblade, scuba, paddleball and dance (salsa, hustle). Open-minded and patient, with wacky sense of humor. I seek a "life of the party" type, sweet, beautiful and never boring... Exotic, Asian or Latina a plus. Photo. 8625 ✉ ☎

Cute Romantic Man—With great sense of humor, seeks younger, sweet cutie pie who loves to laugh, to be best friend and fall head-over-heels in love with. Marriage-minded, down-to-earth gentleman, sweet, honest, affectionate, 45, 6', 175, healthy life style, athletic body, caring heart. Loves beach, boat, sports, running, dining, Italian food. Photo a must. 8628 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Elegant, Affluent—Woman seeks doctor/lawyer/CEO, 58-65. 8577 ✉ ☎

Japanese, Long-Haired, Grace—Sophisticated, ambitious. Model-looks/smile, 5'4", entrepreneur, 39, seeks handsome, well-dressed, refined, MBA/lawyer-type, 29-45. Financially secure, Park Ave lifestyle. Both enjoy French cooking, grand piano. Leading to marriage. 8675 ✉

Born Abroad But Not Yesterday—Pretty, witty, fit, sensual, warm. Seeks droll, handsome, 48-plus gent for urban adventures, bucolic escapades. 8589 ✉☎

Shy Teddy Bear—Divorced Jewish male, 45, seeks single/divorced Jewish woman, 35-48, who likes intellectual banter, good cuddling, the beauty of the Sabbath, and my 8-year-old daughter. 8550 ✉

Looking For My Soulmate—If you are as comfortable with the thought of yoga as you are with a corporate black tie event, we should meet! 33, 5'7" female professional who is athletic, attractive, communicative, well-traveled, open-minded intelligent, spiritual, independent, affectionate and a good friend seeking same in man 30-40. Note/photo. 8672 ✉

Handsome, Successful—Athletic New Yorker, 45, 5'7". I enjoy snowboarding, tennis, travel, antiques, art, most movies, dining out, and, most of all, laughing. 8627 ✉

Los Angeles/Coup De Foudre—Striking, shapely Asian, 5'6", 115 lbs, long dark hair, sophisticated, ultra-feminine. Prefers witty, wise, 40-plus gentleman in pursuit of excellence. 8621 ✉ ☎

Handsome Jewish Cardiologist—41 (Boca Raton, Florida), tall, athletic, great sense of humor, classical pianist. Missing only one thing: a sweet, intelligent, family-oriented, musical and/or artistic, 26-33-year-old woman to share a lifetime of love and happiness. Must be willing to relocate to Florida. Please send note and photo. 8553 ✉

The Best Of Both Worlds—My European savvy and my American creativity taught me how to really be there for the man I love. I am a divorced, attractive, vivacious and warm lady, mid 40s (who loves life, and loves sharing it), successful fashion designer with varied interests... Would like to meet an accomplished Jewish man with integrity and class, and become best friends and more. 8618✉☎

Very Cute, Very Secure—Sexy, fit, wealthy Jewish male, 31, seeks smart, pretty, fit lady to pamper. Photo. 8631 ✉

Very Tall (6'8")—Professional male, 33, looking for tall female with sense of humor, for friendship/relationship. Phone/photo/note. 8615 ✉

What Can You Really Tell—From an ad? If you are a warm, professional Jewish man, 54-64, and interested in meeting an attractive, spirited, educated widow... let's talk. Note and photo, please. 8593✉

Formidable, Funny, Foreign—40ish, facetious, flirtatious, faceted, faintly fuller figured femme-fatale, fancying fidelity, fishing for fusion with fortunate, feeling, fervorous, fit, festive, flourishing fellow for ever...Photo, phone and feedback. 8677 ✉

Nice Man—Unpretentious, easygoing handsome, sensitive, shy, with a good sense of humor. Nonsmoker, 40s Note/photo/phone. 8563 ✉

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Honest And Caring—Single white male, 44, educated, successful, handsome, supportive, always there as a friend, fun to be with, also has herpes. Looking for attractive female, 28-37, who is understanding, adventurous and is looking for the right person to settle down with and start a family. Note/photo. 8680 ✉

Sassy And Soulful—Still turning heads at 50! Black female with open heart and open mind. High energy! Lover of books, travel and music. Seeks male counterpart, 50s and fit, who is intellectually curious, adventurous and financially secure. Race not important. Please send recent photo and bio. 8548 ✉ ☎

Searching For Love And Romance—I'm a successful businessman, 44, tall, dark, good-looking and willing to take a chance. I'm trying to find someone who is Jewish, 27-42, with a special personality, and, I guess this is a weakness of mine, but also someone who is slim, shapely and very attractive. For the last couple of years I've had my fill of clubs and discos. Maybe we can find the chemistry that we're both looking for together. Willing to take a chance? Recent photo a must. 8600 ✉☎

Let's Connect—Dynamic, unpretentious, warm, 52, petite Westchester charmer with looks, smarts and sensitivity, seeks professional male with character. 8656✉☎

Blue-Eyed Attractive Maid Marian—33, seeks intelligent Robin Hood for adventurous Jewish life. Athletics are a big part of my life; send note and photo if you feel the same. 8673 ✉

Intelligent Asian Beauty—Classy, sexy, attractive, sweet, caring, passionate, educated, sincere, 31, younger looking, 5'2", 100. Seeks marriage-minded, very successful, competitive Caucasian who deserves the best. 30-40. 8649 ✉

Gay NYC Male—35, 5'9", cute, fit, Ivy professional, HIV-negative. Enjoys travel, laughter, nature, sensuality. Seeks similar, 30-40. Note/photo. 8650 ✉

Hoping To Find—One sincere, honest, caring male for me: a thin, Catholic, white female, 35, nurse - with a big heart, good sense of humor and old-fashioned values. Note/photo/phone, please. 8549 ✉ ☎

50ish, Fun-Loving Jewish Widower—Seeks friendship first: petite nonsmoker, loves teddy bears, country life. 8647 ✉ ☎

Worth The Wait—Expressive, spirited, smart, divorced, Jewish professional female - 48, petite, cute, giving, refined, with character, humor and good heart... Seeks outgoing professional male with similar qualities and varied interests, as life partner. Photo. 8555 ✉

Art Director—52, described by friends (when asked) as smart, honest, eclectic, with offbeat sense of humor. Continues to seek a little direction from woman, to mid 40s, described by friends (without being asked) as a witty, attractive professional - perceptive and independent, with an easy laugh. Note/photo. 8562 ✉

Children/Marriage-Oriented—38, 170, 5'10", blond/blue, soft-spoken gentleman. Midwestern values. Kids okay. 8655 ✉ ☎

Introspective, Secure Academic—Seeks slim female companion (45-55) to enjoy home life, videos, sharing, city life and suburbia. Photo, please. 8604 ✉

Normal, Attractive, Successful—Female, 30, 5'6", 115, nonreligious Jewish - seeks normal, attractive, successful, good-humored male, 30-38, for long-lasting love (who can keep a secret how we met). Note/photo/phone. 8630 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Petite, Smart—Early 40s attorney, great shape, warm, sophisticated but down-to-earth. Loves arts, biking, skiing. Jewish (you need not be) - more spiritual than religious. Seeks 30s-50, educated, intelligent man with similar traits. Ability to laugh at life's absurdities a plus. Note/photo. 8570 ✉

Attractive Male Educator—Very fit, 50, loves outdoors. Seeks white Christian female, 30s-early 40s. Note/phone/photo. 8623 ✉

Successful Media Professional—55-year-old widower seeks sensitive, caring, intelligent female, 40-55. Enjoys travel, theater, sports, books and intimate conversations with good food. Seeks companion and best friend to share rewarding and stimulating life. Photo/note. 8575 ✉ ☎

Dynamic, Pretty, Chic—Witty, petite, articulate, interested and involved in art world. Enjoy music, movies, tennis, learning. Seeking male of similar sense and sensibility, 55-65. 8671 ✉

Looking For Something More—Easygoing, funny, very fit and handsome Manhattan male, 36, seeks bright, warm, playful Jewish woman for laughter, friendship, true connection. Favorite pastimes and places include all kinds of movies and theater, Central Park, bookstores, outdoor cafes, piano bars. Photo, please. 8596 ✉

New To New York—Very successful, well-educated corporate exec, 40, Jewish, 6', 185, handsome, funny, divorced. I seek a pretty, well-educated Jewish female, 30-38, no children. You have a career and are worldly, artistic, sensual. I seek friendship and commitment. Photo/phone. 8629 ✉ ☎

LEGS THAT GO ON FOREVER

Beautiful, tall, thin and very athletic with legs that don't stop best describes this exceptional and elegant woman. Equal parts CEO and creme puff, this head of a large manufacturing company is confident, down to earth, has an infectious smile and boundless energy. She loves children, has a heart of gold, wants to slow down and find a perfect partner. If you are between 35-50, exciting, successful and posses a real spirit for living, call THE GODMOTHERS. Great looks will attract her but a quick mind will hold her.

"A gift from us to you".

THE GODMOTHERS©
212-245-7175
Romantic Heart Hunters© Since 1979

Fabulous And Funny Gay Female—Who loves disco when housecleaning... I'm very attractive, 5'6", 36, fit, career in the arts - eventually want a family. Love tah love ya baby...if you're funny, attractive, 32-40s, fit and can throw a ball. Sexy is everything. No Saturn returns. Sorry, but smoking is a big no. 8612 ✉

Are You Looking For A Special Friend?—I'm 35, 5'11", very attractive...highly successful professional and financially secure, Ivy educated (MBA, MS). I'm a fun-loving, outgoing type, living in NYC, who seeks similar traits in a woman, 28-34, who is looking for a special friend. Note/phone/photo a must. 8583 ✉

Simply The Best—Attractive professional woman, 31, athletic, intelligent, fun, fit, warm, stable...seeks professional male, 28-35, who is handsome, ambitious, intelligent, athletic and considerate, for friendship, laughter and romance. Note/phone. 8569 ✉ ☎

Successful Entrepreneur—35-year-old, very handsome Jewish professional, 5'11", with athletic build, seeks beautiful, sexy, slim Jewish professional, 24-32, with a good sense of humor. Photo. 8633 ✉

Slender Baby-Boomer—5'8", 117, warm, beautiful, creative, three Ivy degrees, Southampton/NYC - seeks slim, 6', single professional, 47-60. Note/phone. 8551✉☎

Directors:
Andrea McGinty
Debra DeJean
Pamela Mohr
Nancy Kirsch
Jacqueline Castellitto
Jennifer Guterman

The Best Way To Meet People Is Through Friends.

"Even busy professionals want to find romance but they don't have much time to look for it often. An upscale dating service now helps business people improve their personal lives." -*CNN*

"There had to be a civilized and convenient way to meet potential partners. Wouldn't it be nice if there was a dating service that arranged pre-screened lunch dates for busy professionals? So, McGinty did. Her clients are highly educated: About 95% graduated from college, and 80% have post-graduate degrees." -*FORBES Magazine*

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IT'S just LUNCH! life, love & dessert.

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You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date.
PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, 1211 6th Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 852-7700

Strictly Personals

Warm, Wonderful, Very Pretty—Slender blond professional/investor who enjoys tennis, travel, fine dining and all life's joys...seeks successful male counterpart, 40-53, for all the magic two people can create. Photo/phone. 8617 ✉

I Am Writing This Ad—For my wonderful friend... Adorable, blue-eyed man, fit, funny, fifty, creative, sharp, responsive, kind - looking for an easygoing, attractive, active, playful, genuine woman who loves the outdoors. 8586 ✉

Male Seeking Copacetic Female—30, 5'11", slim, lots of light brown hair, blue eyes, dimples, Jewish. Good-looking! Business owner. Live in city, summer in Hamptons... Love sports, especially football. Work hard but believe fun is essential (fun can be noisy, exciting or just quiet times for being close). Would enjoy your company if you're 22-29, beautiful, curvy/slim/sexy, comfortable with yourself, career-oriented with desire for family and close ties, Jewish... Photo, phone (212)/(914) and get-to-know-you note. 8572 ✉

Nice-Looking Man—Professional, warm, youthful, trim, 5'10", 57. Seeks a down-to-earth, stimulating, slender woman for friendship and romance. I love the arts, music, films, travel...or just a good conversation. Photo, please. 8611 ✉

Richmond, Virginia Area—Considered beautiful, tall blond seeks cultivated, witty man, 50 plus. Photo/note. 8682 ✉

New Season, New Beginnings—Handsome, warm, outgoing, fit, LI, single Jewish male, 40, professional, enjoys romantic dining, Broadway, movies, tennis/golf, Sunday brunch, fall foliage and more. Seeks pretty, intelligent, fun-loving, single Jewish female, nonsmoker, 30-38, to share life's happiness for all seasons. Note/photo. 8669 ✉

Help! Country Girl At Heart—Trapped in NYC. Very upscale Jewish model/actress, 5'8", 125 lbs. Yes! A head-turner but very down-to-earth. I am accustomed to the finer things in life, but what really makes me happy is to love and be loved. I adore animals, nature and children. You: rugged but gentle, easygoing, soft-spoken, masculine but refined, a Levi's type guy with old-fashioned values and morals. You must know how to treat a lady like a lady. Mid 30s and up. Note/phone/photo, please. 8591 ✉ ☎

A Man For All Seasons—36, 5'11", handsome, trim, Wall Street professional. Enjoys Chinese food, Seinfeld and good conversation. Seeks meaningful relationship with down-to-earth, very feminine woman. Note/photo. 8582 ✉

PARTY IS TOMORROW!!

FUN
FABULOUS
FUNKY

New York MAGAZINE & GRAMERCY PICTURES

Invite **150 GREAT Men** and **150 F**[illegible]**men**
SOLD OUT!!!
between the ages of **21-39** to party with us on

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30TH

6-9 PM at: Flowers
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$15 GETS YOU AN EXCEPTIONAL BUFFET SPREAD,
A DRINK ON US AND A FREE MOVIE PASS
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STARRING: JANEANE GAROFALO

CALL 212-545-3668
FOR RESERVATIONS

Beautiful Blond—Bright, sensuous professional seeks emotionally/financially secure, good-humored, romantic man, 35-45, who is ready for a monogamous relationship - a good communicator and comfortable with emotional intimacy. Nonsmoker. Photo, please. 8599 ✉ ☎

Westchester Exec—Seeks adventurous, bright, sensitive, white/Asian lady. I'm a youthful 48, healthy, handsome, easygoing, honest, secure. I love nature, the arts, the national parks, NYC... and would love to start a family. Photo. (914)/(212)/(203). 8613 ✉

Attractive Female Professional—Slim, 34, 5'4", Jewish, seeking handsome, sincere, marriage-minded male professional, 34-42. 8602 ✉ ☎

Attractive Professional Woman—Compassionate, intelligent, cultured, liberal, good humor - seeks compatible man, mid 50s-mid 60s. 8574 ✉

Aesthete Seeks Enchantress—A man of personal integrity, 40s, passionate about film, music, museums - nurturer, athletic, romantic. Seeks sensuous, tallish female, 38-47, to love forever. 8636 ✉ ☎

Single Male, Musician, 42—Sensitive, intelligent, emotionally mature, great sense of humor; seeking a woman who possesses similar qualities. 8654 ✉

Helen Hunt/Tatum O'Neal (Type)—Seeks leading man. Pretty, petite, slim, blond, green-eyed, athletic female, 34, seeks funny, smart, menschy guy, 30-40, for lifelong romance. I'm bright, successful in business, and thoughtful - with a generous spirit and readiness to laugh. I enjoy sports, travel, good food, wine and dogs. You are kind, gentle, playful, honest, successful and handsome. Note/photo, please. 8638 ✉

Great Legs, Smile And Career—No great man! 37, white, Catholic, with 6-year-old son. Enjoys cuddling, romance, dancing. You are 35-45, secure, honest, nice. Photo appreciated. 8606 ✉

Yes! Adventuresome, Good-Looking—Male dentist, 31, 5'9", slim, sexy; wavy dark hair, hazel/green eyes; one dimple, Jewish. Drive harness horses. Radio show host. Love city fun, country relaxation, football (Bills). Romance and quiet times are great, but so are noisy times - with jeans, good people, laughter... Want to share my active lifestyle with female, 23-29, beautiful, slender, curvy, sexy, happy with herself/others; works hard at career but plans on raising children/enjoying family life. Photo/phone - (212), (908)/note... Help me get to know you. 8573 ✉

Best Of Both Worlds—Dark-eyed, petite brunette beauty, Christian, late 30s, MBA, who lives in NYC and CT, is looking to share "both worlds" with single white male, 40s, sophisticated, well-educated professional, nonsmoking, fit and fun. I'm fun-loving, stylish, honest, and enjoy travel, the arts, languages, romantic walks and exercise. Note/phone. 8595 ✉ ☎

Highly Successful—39-year-old, handsome Jewish doctor seeks very pretty female, 23-33, for possible relationship. Race unimportant. Photo a must. 8561 ✉

Marriage-Minded Male—43, Protestant, professional, fit, upbeat, traditional values, sense of humor. Seeks woman under 37 who believes the best is yet to come. Note/phone/photo. 8605 ✉

Classical Music—Is my passion, corporate law my profession. I seek a graceful, age-appropriate (30-45) kindred spirit to share this passion, as well as the rest of life's bounty. I'm Caucasian, Ivy-educated, financially independent, fit, trim and attractive in appearance. Photo and detailed letter, please. 8610 ✉

Very Attractive Jewish Female—(Nonreligious), 36, 5'8", slim, active, sweet, funny, spiritual, financially secure. Loves travel and music. Seeking a kind, funny professional man to share my life. 8646 ✉

Gay Black Man—36, 5'11", likes movies, cycling and music. Seeks easygoing, gay Latin man, 30 plus, long hair, straight-acting, epicure. Photo. 8648 ✉

CT Gentleman—Mideast-born, US-bred, 54, seeks soul mate. Photo. 8585 ✉

Bronze Beauty—34-year-old professional woman, 5'10", model looks, seeks sincere, honest, energetic man with style and substance. Note and photo. 8660 ✉

Simply Irresistible—42-year-old, blond, blue-eyed professional seeks everlasting love with a kindhearted, honest, loving man with a great sense of humor, to share commitment, marriage and children. A note from the heart and photo a must. 8657 ✉

Waiting For You—Fine NYC novelist, 61, athletic, still handsome, witty, secure, seeks a cultured, truly pretty, loving woman, 40-55, who wants bright days, vivid nights. Note/late photo. 8614 ✉

You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To—Attorney, 34. Attractive, warm, good sense of humor. Diverse interests include music, poetry and literature. Seeking nonprofessional, 20-something female with similar qualities, for long-term relationship. Note/photo. 8559 ✉

Greek, Stunning Female—Professional... seeks Jewish MD/DDS, 48-58. 8619 ✉

Wannabe Dad—Stable, financially secure, trim, healthy, nonreligious Jewish man - loves kids, never married. Would like to co-parent with emotionally mature woman who has the need to nurture. 8622 ✉

Sexy Jewish Beauty—39, brains, heart... seeks caring man for forever. 8564 ✉ ☎

Sophisticated, Classy Lady—51, 5'7", attractive Jewish professional. Love NYC - the arts, great food, intimate honest conversation, travel, walks hand-in-hand, romance and love. Thoughtful, caring, warm. How about you? 8624 ✉

Very Successful—Rock music exec, 6', 185, 39, really cute...has it all except for a loving woman. Photo. 8607 ✉

Handsome Conservative—Attorney, 30, 5'9", dark hair/eyes, dry humor, seeks beautiful, intelligent, confident, classy professional woman, 25-32, to enjoy fine restaurants, Lincoln Center, exploring America, scuba. Note/photo. 8603 ✉

Intrigue—This Jewish white female, magnificent in mind, appearance and spirit, seeking successful, sensual, smart, sensitive, spontaneous, family-minded Jewish male, 48-56. Recent photo. 8676 ✉

It's Time To Think Skiing—Looking for someone to share an outdoorsy, athletic life style, with equal amounts of fun and competitiveness. Tall, in-shape professional, non-custody dad - seeks like-minded. Let's swap photos. 8590 ✉

MARY ANN MADDEN #892

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

AAA ALLSTATE BATTING PRACTICE—Quilting for beginners.

MR. FELIX—Toad groomer to Her Majesty.

LEASE-A-BEAST—Bring this ad and get a free leash.

ZOLTAN'S JUJU PARLOR AND SPA—Edible garments our specialty.

Above, excerpts from our Bitter Business Directory. Competitors are invited to submit *one* original, awful listing, please.

Results of Competition 889, in which you were asked to supply a limerick to conclude with the mangled version of a famous name.

Report: How fortunate we feel when your untrammel'd ear collides with a swell pun. Often the case here, see below. And yet, and yet . . . deep cleansing breath . . . sometimes scansion was not up to the mark. Ah well. Popular subjects: John Paula Jones, Donald Trompe L'oeil. Net and Yahoo. You'll have to confess / It's a bit of a mess. / Dahdahdahdah see that you do.

First prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

There was a young Aussie named Hollidge
Attending Marsupial College.
Never the slouch,
He studied each pouch
And expanded his kanga Roone Arledge.
Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.

My lawnmower sputtered last fall.
The shop said, "No problem at all.
When cutting the grass,
Go light on the gas
Or your mower will doubt Lesley Stahl."
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Moynihan, unlike D'Amato
Pronouces tomato tomatto
But Al, unlike Pat
Will use "dis," "dem," and "dat"
And thinks *The Republic*'s by Platto.
Jim Czajka, N.Y.C.

Hunger forced Alice to look
At the Wonderland recipe book
For edible fare.
White rabbit? March hare?
Oh, dear, what would Alice dare cook?
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

And Honorable Mention to:

A thrice-married magnate from Texas
Was picking out gifts for his exes.
"An Audi for Rhonda.
To Mildred a Honda,
And this year I'll send Kim a Lexus."
Linda Giordano, Florence, Al.

A brewer keeps beers in his stock:
An ale for his favorite doc,
A kvass for his tout,
For his broker a stout,
And, best, for his barber a bock.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

Henry Higgins a brute sans comparison
His way with Eliza? Embarrassin'.
Had he been a crusader
Predating Ralph Nader
He might have been known as "Wrecks"
Saracen.
David G. McAneny, Paoli, Pa.

She sang Verdi, Rossini, Vivaldi
Every note from High C down to small d
Now they shaved her poor pate
For a new opera date
As Samson—Renata the Baldy.
Albert Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

In China, the farmers are hopping
Manure's what they need for their cropping.
So they turn the TV on
And buy what they see on
A network that's just for dung shopping.
James M. Rose. White Plains, N.Y.

Peter, Paul and Mary all
Still can fill a concert hall,
Pete still sings
And Mary swings
But I could do with much less Paul.
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

The *Bounty* went down with a roar.
A lifeboat was struggling to shore.
The waves were a killer,
So Bligh took the tiller
And someone gave Christian Dior.
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

He was famous at home and abroad,
Though his practices often were flawed,
And his colleagues would crack,
"That fellow's a quack—
He ought to be called Sigmund Fraud."
Skip Livingston, Hopewell, N.J.

Uncouth biographical sleuths
Researching celebrities' youths,
Seek to tarnish the glow
Of the late Jackie O.
And have even declared Clare Boothe Looths.
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

Today's magazines print obscenity.
The New Yorker itself, it has plenity.
If you don't want to gorge
On these f-words, by George,
Your option is John-John F. Kennity.
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

Miss Macpherson, a traveler quite classy,
Found that traces of dirt made her gassy.
With full pharmacopoeia
She toured Ethiopia
And was known as the High-Lysol Lassie.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

A young Boston man with a ca
Traveled both neah and fa
But roam though he might,
When back within sight
Of his home, he would yell, "Yo, yo, MA!"
Jill Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

Mattel has a toy that, by golly,
Is sure to make Christmases jolly.
Barbie thinks he's a ten,
He's called Narcissist Ken,
A mustachioed self-adore dolly.
Lars Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.
sp. ment.: David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

"A Food Network theme park—how witty!"
Exclaimed the fund-raising committee.
One tourist had starred in
The Dave Rose 'n' Garden
And ended in Emeril'd City.
Len Schiff and Jenn Still, Queens, N.Y.

I'm partial to trees that are floral,
Like tamarind, primrose, and sorrel.
With blooms a bit tardy,
The olive is hardy;
However, I cannot stand laurel.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

While I welcome rehanging my prints,
Remounting Monet's, Homer's tints
May I speak from the heart?
I gogh more for the art-
Ist formerly known as, um, Vince.
Allan G. Sperling, Rye, N.Y.

Ms. Munson (Belle to an insider)
Once rode at a track near Oneida.
Amid jeers from the touts,
There were these hopeful shouts:
"Go for it—win, Ona, ride 'er!"
Anthony G. Bowman, Washington, D.C.

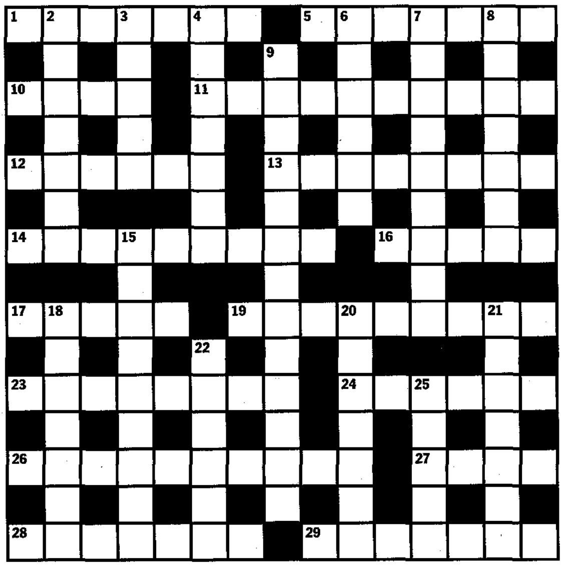
Was someone asleep at the switch?
These lim'ricks are tough as a witch.
The one that was set
Might be best to forget,
And the prize should make no Buddy Rich.
Adam Doyle, Blacksburg, Va.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 892, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by October 10. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the November 17 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Sloping round to gain intelligence in obscene setting. (7)
5 Arm pinioning King (English lecturer). (7)
10 Turned up cut. (4)
11 What autumnal fir tree does to confections. (4-6)
12 Ecstasy interrupting nurse's professional life. (6)
13 Hermaphrodite organizes old flame's funeral. (8)
14 Steer into marches: they seem absurd. (9)
16 Tree housing holy simian. (5)
17 Malice puts point on end of skewer. (5)
19 Fish and chips cooked with lard . . . (9)
23 . . . tail o' fish or the middle bit? (8)
24 Traveller's gold rejected by a good number. (6)
26 Not calling a spade a spade could make a pitch more original. (10)
27 Binder of rank. (4)
28 Mild oath to scatter half of them. (7)
29 Carriage being delivered. (7)



DOWN

2 Fruit many wrapped in kerchief. (7)
3 Compiler's to be held underground with soak. (5)
4 Cook insufficiently rounded off. (7)
6 A steep fluctuation of currency. (6)
7 A dad about to weep with laughter, reading sacred texts. (9)
8 Oriental gets go-ahead to keep the French in the dark. (7)
9 Sensational literature featuring gambler, one among dancers. (6-7)
15 Passionately love Alberta's old instrument. (9)
18 Joke on man with taste. (7)
20 Forecaster under cold vessel. (7)
21 Boost fertility, getting long time in prison. (7)
22 Pain gets in the way of small holder. (6)
25 Fasten boat carrying model car. (5)

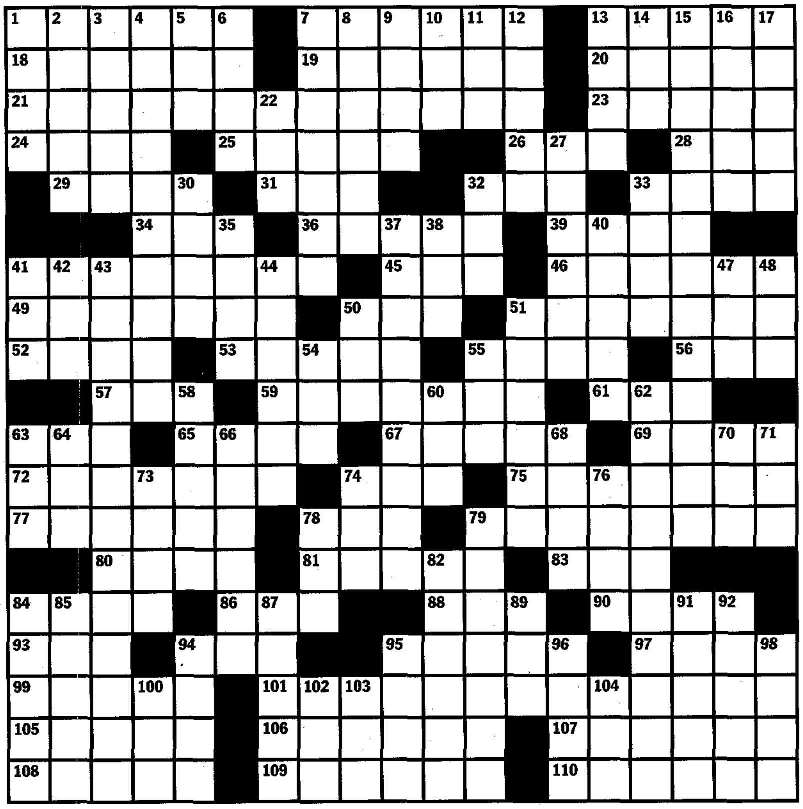
'A Penny in Your Thoughts': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Go over the same ground
7 Paid church dues
13 African republic
18 Oscar winner for "Cocoon"
19 Take a deep puff
20 Great English architect Jones
21 "Meet Me in St. Louis" director
23 Just before the present
24 Pay —— mind
25 Faust's tempter
26 Pres. before Herb
28 Shoebox trio
29 Desert abundance
31 Encountered
32 T-man
33 Boxing segments: abbr.
34 Synonym and anagram for aye
36 Majestic
39 Welsh leader Glendower
41 Jacob Bronowski series, with "The"
45 Rogers of the range
46 Tire type
49 Look-through
50 "Mighty —— a Rose," 1901 song
51 Proportion in every hundred
52 Door sign
53 Gunned down
55 Ornithologist's specimen
56 In the bass range
57 Home-loan gp.
59 Well-read
61 Sneaky
63 Symington, to friends
65 Jodie's destination, in "Contact"
67 Horse-legged men of myth
69 "Able was —— I saw Elba" (palindrome)
72 Kind of thermometer
74 Samovar
75 French brandies
77 Dry cleaner's problems
78 Balin or Claire
79 Certain registered voter
80 Like the ten o'clock scholar
81 Protrude
83 Brian of British rock
84 Light-switch positions
86 Alphabet middle
88 Dos Passos trilogy
90 Otherwise
93 Toy retailer Schwarz
94 Explorer Johnson
95 Animal-rights org.
97 Balm
99 Rubber city of Ohio
101 "On the ——," 1978 musical
105 Loaded with francs
106 Haile Selassie sectarians
107 Connected with something relevant
108 Quarter-moon shape
109 Motivation
110 Insurgents do it

DOWN

1 Sitarist Shankar
2 Spews
3 Would-be redhead's dye
4 Sylvia Sidney film of 1935
5 Harry Connick Jr. album
6 Sews the edge
7 Wordsworth Abbey
8 Genetic
9 Now's antithesis
10 Computer in "2001"
11 Room extension
12 Remove frost
13 G.S.A. member
14 Scottish single
15 1976
16 Gave the once-over
17 "The Highwayman" poet
22 Reddy's "—— Woman"
27 Idolater
30 Dict. info.
32 Outfielder's catch
33 Not worth a ——
35 You love, in Latin
37 New York terminal
38 "All systems go," in space
40 Hospital areas
41 Gibraltar beast
42 Dr. Ruth's topic
43 Influence on a rotating body
44 Assert without proof
47 What to give it
48 Kareem's former name
50 Southampton coll.
51 Perforate
54 Coach Parseghian
55 Abbr. used in air-conditioning
58 ——-garde
60 One of the Flemings
62 Manhattan arts complex
63 Fragrances
64 —— for tat
66 Detroit duds
68 Unspecified amount
70 NBC's onetime parent co.
71 Part of i.e.
73 Fjords
74 Burma's first premier
76 No longer here
78 Son of, in Arabic names
79 Really hate
82 Composer Mahler
84 Joan ——
85 Hindu ascetic
87 Mother: prefix
89 Top fighter pilot
91 Citizen of Riyadh
92 "To —— is human . . ."
94 "Not —— for tribute" Pinckney
95 Opposed
96 Outermost Aleutian island
98 Unit of force
100 Understanding utterances
102 Pallid
103 Ending for opal or fluor
104 Where to shoot from



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 7

If you already have an opinion about New York's finest heart hospitals...

here's a second opinion.

A recent study by the New York State Department of Health confirms that LIJ has the best record for coronary bypass outcomes among all New York City hospitals.

At **Long Island Jewish Medical Center**, we've always known that our cardiovascular team is among the most highly skilled and innovative in the nation.

And the Department of Health's independent study confirms it.

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